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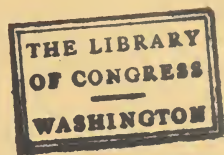




Yours affectionately
Howard Crosby

MEMORIAL PAPERS

AND



REMINISCENCES

OF

✓
HOWARD CROSBY, D.D., LL.D.

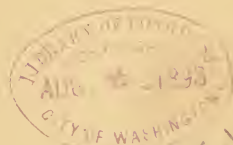
Crosby, Mary, ed.

*See also
M. E. Crosby
Mary
Crosby*

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1892.



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1892.

Miss Grace Crosby

Printed for Family Distribution.

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DEDICATION.

I DEDICATE to the youth of our family and their descendants this collection of memorials of my dear brother, Howard Crosby, whose life was a "living epistle" of the grace of God, with the prayer that they may follow in his footsteps, inasmuch as he followed Christ, and become partakers of "like precious faith."

May Crosby
M. C.



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(*Written one hour before his death.*)

I write *finally* ; I know
I can never see you again.
I give up my pulpit.
I bid good-by to all.
God is with me.

Yours, faithfully,

HOWARD CROSBY.

March 29, 1891.

MR. G. E. STERRY,
239 Madison Avenue,
New York.

HOWARD CROSBY.

HE in his Life built his own Monument :
We who remain the Epitaph indite :
“ A Citizen, chivalric as a Knight ; —
His mail — a courage wrought of pure intent
That Civic wrong give place to Civic right.
A Scholar : he with Plato often trod
The Academic groves in quest of light,
Yet with a full, clear vision of the God
Great Plato dimly saw.

A Teacher, wise,
He held God's word as God's : in its defence
Stood as a rock. He made no compromise
'Twixt Truth and Error ; and where zeal intense
Failed to persuade, he oft with love beguiled,
Since in his Faith he was a little child.”

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

MARCH 29, 1891.

CHAPTER I.

[*From the New York "Evangelist."*]

HOWARD CROSBY

HOWARD CROSBY was born in this city on February 27, 1826. A book of genealogy has been published, which traces the Crosby family back to the time of Edward I. of England. In America the family has long been prominent. One of Howard Crosby's great-grandfathers was Judge Joseph Crosby of Massachusetts; another was General William Floyd, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a member of the First Congress. His paternal grandfather was Dr. Ebenezer Crosby, a graduate of Harvard College and of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, a distinguished surgeon in Washington's army during the Revolutionary war, an original member of the Society of the Cincinnati, and a professor and trustee of Columbia College.

His father, William Bedlow Crosby, inherited from his mother's uncle a large property, which enabled him to follow his inclination and devote both time and money to works of public benevolence and private charity. Among the public enterprises which he helped was the founding of the University of the City of New York.

Howard Crosby's education was carefully attended to, and he was graduated from the University of the City of New York in 1844, at the age of eighteen. After passing some time in travelling and in continuing his education under private tutors, in 1851 he was called to his *Alma mater* as Professor of Greek. While holding this chair, he found time to give instruction in the Bible to a large class of young men, and to assist in organizing the Young Men's Christian Association in this city, there being at that time only two others in the country—at Boston and Providence. In the second year of the Association he was its President, and to his personal efforts was largely due the erection of the commodious Association building at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street.

After eight years of devotion to numerous activities, Dr. Crosby found his health was being

undermined, and he therefore cut himself loose from overtaxing demands upon him by accepting the chair of Greek in Rutgers College. Lessened duties and quieter surroundings completely restored his health, and, in 1861, he began his ministerial life as pastor of the Presbyterian church at New Brunswick, retaining his professorship. In 1863 he resigned both pastorate and professorship in order to become minister of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church in this city, a connection which lasted until his death.

In 1859 Dr. Crosby received from Harvard College the degree of Doctor of Divinity. This was before he had been licensed to preach. In 1861 President Lincoln offered him the position of Minister to Greece, but he declined it. In 1871 Columbia College conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. In 1870 Dr. Crosby was elected Chancellor of the University of the City of New York, of the council of which he had been a member since 1864. In 1873 he was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church which was held that year in Baltimore, and he was in all eleven times a delegate to that body. In 1877 he was a delegate to the first Presbyterian General Council at Edinburgh.

Dr. Crosby had a strong reforming tendency, which led him to take the liveliest interest in subjects outside the strict delimitations of his office as a minister of the Gospel, and to perform an immense amount of additional work. The boldness and zeal of this reforming tendency often led him to act in a manner that startled his more timid or conservative brethren. Before the Hartford Congress of Churches he pointed out unhesitatingly the inconsistency and evil of a Christendom divided into hostile camps, and advocated a closer union of all denominations. He rapidly applied his reforming energies to political and social problems, writing and speaking vigorously in advocacy of a restriction of wealth, and contending boldly that the accumulation of great fortunes endangered the welfare and happiness of the community. He held and taught the doctrine of temperance as opposed to the fanaticism of prohibition by legislative enactment, and became the recognized leader in this country of those who would check intemperance by high license. The extreme prohibitionists, however, within and without the churches, bitterly opposed Dr. Crosby on this question, and some of them assailed him with a most unchristian-like virulence. But strength of

conviction and immovableness under attack were among his most marked characteristics, and he remained to the end a powerful barrier to the spread of prohibition fanaticism in the churches.

Dr. Crosby was principally instrumental in founding the Society for the Prevention of Crime, in 1877, and was its President from its organization until his death. The objects of the Society are to put down illicit liquor traffic, to suppress concert saloons and theatres of the baser sort, to purify the criminal courts, and to secure better legislation for this city; and it has been a potent agent for good from its beginning. In furthering its purposes as a member of the State Commission on the Excise Laws he did yeoman's service. He lent his assistance to the cause of international copyright, and that of the proper treatment of the Indians. He was a very voluminous writer. Besides almost innumerable magazine articles, he published "Lands of the Moslem," written after a tour in the East (1851); "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, edited with notes (1851); "Scholia on the New Testament" (1861); "Social Hints" (1866); "Life of Jesus" (1870); "Bible Companion" (1870); "Healthy Christian" (1871);

"Thoughts on the Pentateuch" (1873); "Notes on Joshua" (1875); "Commentary on Nehemiah" (1876); "The Christian Preacher" (1879); "The Humanity of Christ" (1880); and "Commentary on the New Testament" (1885). He was also a member of the American Committee on the Revision of the New Testament.

[*From the Mail and Express, March 28, 1891.*]

CROSBY DYING!

THE DISTINGUISHED CLERGYMAN VERY NEAR HIS END.

ALL HOPE WAS ABANDONED TO-DAY.

BUT HIS VITALITY AND WILL MAY CARRY HIM
THROUGH THE DAY.

His Case very much like that of General Sherman—Too weak to relieve the gathering in his throat—A review of his life and work in the pulpit, in politics, and in the cause of Social Reforms.

THE friends of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby are hourly expecting the death of that eminent clergyman and reformer. He has made a gallant fight against the attack of pneumonia which followed

the cold which he caught on his trip to Troy to see his dying daughter, but his own strong will and the untiring efforts of Drs. Conrad and Bosch, his attending physicians, have not availed to conquer the disease.

A large number of people have called at his home, No. 116 East Nineteenth Street, since yesterday afternoon to learn the doctor's condition, but have received no encouraging reports. At one time yesterday he was thought to be dying, but his wonderful vitality came once more to the rescue.

His case resembles closely that of General Sherman, and he has been battling in much the same way that marked the last illness of the old soldier. As absolute quiet was ordered by the physicians, a policeman is kept constantly on guard outside the house to answer questions and prevent the ringing of the door-bell.

After 11 o'clock last night Dr. Crosby continued to grow weaker steadily. He had lost the power to expectorate, and the choking which resulted weakened his pulse and the action of the heart. At 1 o'clock this morning he was in a state of coma, and the announcement was that he would probably live only a few hours.

MAY SURVIVE THE DAY.

During the morning there was no striking change in Dr. Crosby's condition. His alternating periods of unconsciousness were the only times that he was free from great pain. Drs. Conrad and Bosch took turns in relieving each other at the bedside. Dr. Bosch left the house at 7.45 o'clock this morning. He said the patient's condition was serious, and that he was slowly dying.

The worst symptom was his inability to discharge the rapidly collecting mucus. Like General Sherman, Dr. Crosby's heart was in good condition, and it was thought that this fact would enable him to survive longer than it was at first thought possible.

Dr. Conrad visited Dr. Crosby at 9.30 and remained twenty minutes. When he left the house he said to a *Mail and Express* reporter :

"Dr. Crosby is very low, but I believe he will survive the day. The only rest he gets is now and then a few minutes, when his great pain leaves him for a short time. He is occasionally conscious, and knows me then."

Dr. Conrad said that Dr. Crosby's high temperature was not so dangerous a symptom as the

difficulty he had in coughing. Both doctors felt that Dr. Crosby could not survive this illness. His wife, his son, Prof. Nicholas E. Crosby, and his youngest daughter, Miss Grace, were at his bedside. His son Ernest, the ex-Assemblyman, is at Cairo as one of the international court, and his eldest daughter, Miss Edith, is visiting her brother in Egypt. Up to the hour of going to press no material change had been reported in the patient's condition.

DOOMED NEARLY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

In 1844 Howard Crosby graduated from the University of the City of New York. At that time his physicians assured him that he could not live a year. He was informed that one of his lungs was destroyed, and that he would soon die of consumption. But happily for the world this medical prediction did not prove true. Nearly half a century has past since then, and during these many years Dr. Crosby has been one of New York's leading clergymen—robust, strong, helpful. But within the last few years he has been very susceptible to colds.

Last May when attending the General Assembly

in Saratoga, he went to Troy one week to preach for his son-in-law, the Rev. Arthur Huntington Allen, pastor of the Woodside Presbyterian Church. On his return to Saratoga he caught a severe cold.

He carried on his work at the Assembly—he was one of the seven living ex-moderators present at that eventful gathering—but on his return to New York his physicians counselled him to rest for a time. He went to Pine Hill in the Catskills, and a few weeks' rest brought him round.

HIS CAMPAIGN WORK.

It was while at his Pine Hill country house that he wrote the address which he read in the autumn before the People's Municipal League. This gave the initial momentum to the campaign for the "purification of local politics." Many of Dr. Crosby's old Republican friends thought that the movement was ill-advised, and that it could only help the Tammany ring, but no one doubted the Doctor's courage, strength, honesty, and patriotism.

After gaining strength he came back to New York and busied himself with the work of his

large church, and with other duties that his high position laid upon him. He was a strong supporter of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and he gave his time and talents to every cause made for the betterment and welfare of his fellow-men.

DR. CROSBY'S DAUGHTER.

The funeral of Mrs. Allen took place last Saturday, and during the services he was ill in bed. On Saturday he rallied, and it was thought that his remarkable recuperative powers would stand him in good stead.

On Monday the hopes of those who watched by the bedside were bright; but on Tuesday there were unmistakable signs of pneumonia. It was even feared that he would not live through the night. Then for a few days there was a fluctuation of hopes and fears until the sad report of last night.

HIS REVOLUTIONARY DESCENT.

Dr. Howard Crosby is one of the keenest scholars among the American clergy. The New Testament Revision Committee recognized this

when he was made one of its members. He comes of a good revolutionary family. Ebenezer Crosby, his grandfather, was surgeon to General Washington's guards. Joseph Crosby, his great-grandfather, was an old Massachusetts settler in the early days of the colony, and the old homestead at Braintree was in the family for years. His father was William Bedlow Crosby, the noted philanthropist, who died in this city in 1865. He, in early youth, was adopted by Colonel Henry Rutgers, and it was in this way that the Crosbys became connected with the Rutgers estate.

HIS RAPID RISE.

Howard Crosby was born in this city on February 27, 1826. In 1844 he graduated from the University of the City of New York. He took up post-graduate studies, and in 1851 was made Greek professor of his alma mater. For eight years he held this chair, and then, in 1859, he was called to the professorship of Greek in Rutgers College.

Early in 1863 he gave up his chair at Rutgers and accepted the pastorate of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, in this city. There his best work has been done. The "Old Fourth Church"

has been the center whence his influence has gone abroad into all places.

A ripe scholar, a keen thinker, a bold and honest speaker, he has made an impression on the social life of his time that is in itself a monument. In 1872 he was made Chancellor of the University of New York—the college in which he had studied as a boy, and taught as a man. This position he held until 1881, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. John Hall. Ever since 1864, however, he has been a member of the University Council.

In 1859 he received a D.D. degree from Harvard, and in 1871 he was honored with the highest degree that Columbia can bestow—that of LL. D.

WORK FOR SOCIAL REFORMS.

He was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in 1873, and both before that time and since has been many times a delegate to the assembly. In 1877 he was a delegate to the first Presbyterian General Council at Edinburgh. In addition to his church work, and the official duties that his ecclesiastical prominence imposed upon him, he has been active in social affairs and a prominent supporter of all

movements that made for good government. For many years he has advocated the principle of temperance as distinguished from total abstinence. The Moderation Society was a direct outcome of his teachings.

In 1877 he took a leading part in establishing the Society for the Prevention of Vice, and he has never hesitated to lend it every assistance in his power. He has done much to influence legislation, and the municipal government of New York owes the inception of many of the regulations it has made in relation to intemperance and crime to Dr. Howard Crosby.

He has also been actively interested in the welfare of the Indian wards of the nation, and all writers owe him a debt of gratitude for his efforts for the passing of the International Copyright law.

AS AN AUTHOR.

As an author Dr. Crosby has won distinction, and long after his deeds are forgotten his published books will keep his name living among men.

His "Lands of the Moslem," written after an extended tour in the East, was published in 1851. In the same year he edited an edition with notes

of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles. Ten years later appeared his well-known and scholarly "Scholia on the New Testament."

Then came these books: "Social Hints" (1866), "Life of Jesus" (1870), "Bible Companion" (1870), "Healthy Christian" (1871), "Thoughts on the Pentateuch" (1873), "Notes on Joshua" (1875), "Commentary on Nehemiah" (1876), "The Christian Preacher" (1879), "The Humanity of Christ" (1880), and the "Commentary on the New Testament" (1885).

As a theologian and a social reformer Dr. Crosby has writ his name large on the annals of his time.

He has been bold and fearless—a man of brains and well-defined purpose—a man of fine culture and with a large love for humanity—and such a one as the world can ill afford to lose.

[From the "Mail and Express" March 30, 1891.]

O DEATH! WHERE IS THY VICTORY? O GRAVE! WHERE IS THY STING?

CROSBY—Of pneumonia, at his residence, 116 East Nineteenth Street, the Rev. Howard Crosby, aged 65 years. March 29, 1891.

Funeral on Tuesday at 2 30 P.M., at the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street

CROSBY AT REST!

FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE DEPARTED CLERGYMAN.

PRIVATE SERVICES AT THE RESIDENCE.

Followed by Public Services at the Church—The Latter Building to be elaborately Draped—Pall-bearers not yet selected.

AFTER a short illness the Rev. Howard Crosby, D.D., LL.D., the oldest settled pastor in the New York Presbytery, passed quietly away at 5.30 yesterday afternoon. All his family, with the exception of his oldest son Ernest and his daughter Edith, who are now in Egypt, were at his bedside and received his last messages.

This afternoon the body lies in the back parlor on the second floor, the features wearing a calm serene smile, and the handsome face surrounded,

as with a halo, by the snowy white hair, beautiful even in death. Very few flowers, except the Calla lilies, sent yesterday by the Rev. Henry Mottet and other friends, are to be seen. The sexton and undertaker of Dr. Crosby's old church, the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian, Mr. William Lumsden, is the funeral director.

The casket, in which the body will be placed this afternoon, is covered with black broad-cloth, with oxidized silver trimmings, and bears a silver plate with the simple inscription, "Howard Crosby, born February 27, 1826. Died March 29, 1891.

The services will be held first at the house, No. 116 East Nineteenth Street, at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon, and then at the church, half an hour later. The first will be strictly private, and at both the Rev. Dr. John Hall and the Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., will officiate. These clergymen, it will be remembered, conducted the funeral of Dr. Crosby's daughter, Mrs. Allen, which occurred only a short time since.

At the church, at 2.30, the services will be public, and all will have an opportunity of viewing the remains. The building will be draped regardless of expense, and a great profusion of flowers will be seen. A quartet from either the Madison Square

church or Dr. Paxton's church will render appropriate musical selections. The pall-bearers are yet to be selected, but they will probably be chosen from the officers of the church. All these details will be finally settled at a meeting of the session which will be held to-night in the pastor's study.

A cast of the face of the dead pastor will be taken some time to day. After much persuasion the consent of the family was at last obtained, and a committee was appointed to select the sculptor. Mrs. Crosby, who has had scarcely any rest during the past week, is much broken down, but is bearing the blow bravely. Telegrams of condolence have been received from various friends, and Officer Britton, who is stationed before the house, is kept busy handing in the cards of interested visitors.

A touching incident occurred this morning about 9.30. A little fellow, probably one of Dr. Crosby's Sunday-school scholars, came up to the officer and asked, with childish interest, "How is Dr. Crosby this morning?" Officer Britton looked at the boy for a moment, and then, with a kindly smile, said, "He is dead, my boy."

The little fellow's countenance fell, and, looking as if he would cry, he turned and sadly retraced his

steps. This showed, in a simple way, the popularity of Dr. Crosby with old and young. This will be further attested by the large delegations which will be present from the various societies and organizations with which he was connected. These include the Society for the Prevention of Crime, of which he was the founder, and the University of the City of New York, of which he was formerly the Chancellor.

At the University Vice-Chancellor McCracken spoke feelingly this morning to the undergraduates of the dead clergyman, touching upon his various connections with the institution as an undergraduate, an alumnus, a professor and chancellor. He characterized him as, perhaps, the most distinguished among all the departed graduates of the University, and dwelt upon his continued readiness to put his services at the command of the youngest student who wanted counsel and help in getting an education.

He further emphasized the fact that Dr. Crosby had been continually the chairman of the committee on the granting of honorary degrees by the University, and as most patiently, courageously, and impartially performing this delicate office, which has imposed upon him not an inconsiderable

amount of labor and responsibility. Dr. Crosby was also, at the time of his decease, the chairman of the committee upon the undergraduate department, on which devolved the reports as to all the courses of study in the college proper, and also the recommendations of professors to vacancies in the college faculty. He presided over the last meeting of the Council, by virtue of his office as vice-president of that body. This was the meeting which approved the proposed advance steps of the University, in which Dr. Crosby showed a lively interest.

THE UNIVERSITY TO BE REPRESENTED.

Vice-Chancellor McCracken has communicated to Mr. Ralph Wells, who has charge of the funeral services on behalf of the family, the desire of the Council to accompany in a body the remains from the house to the church, which is only a few blocks away ; and at a meeting, which will be held to-night at 8 o'clock, Mr. William Allan Butler will present a paper embodying the action of the university. Mr. Butler was a college mate of Dr. Crosby, graduating the year before him.

The Society for the Prevention of Crime, of

which Vice-Chancellor McCracken is one of the vice-presidents, will also hold a meeting to-night to consider what action shall be taken by it in regard to the death of its distinguished founder. Judge Arnoux, who is the other vice-president, will preside, and this society will also doubtless attend in a body.

Some of the prominent callers at the house this morning were Mr. Cyrus W. Field, Treasurer Scott, of the Methodist Book Concern; Mrs. C. F. Watson, Mr. Norman J. Rees; Miss Denio, of Wellesley College; Mr. Trimble; Secretary Gildersleeve, of the Society for the Prevention of Crime; ex-Judge Arnoux, Warner Van Norden; Mrs. Salter, cousin of Mrs. Crosby; General Van Rensselaer, Mr. George B. Colby, of New Rochelle; Mr. Ralph Wells, Mr. George F. Betts, Dr. and Mrs. S. Beach Jones, and Mr. John Watts Kearney.

[From the "New York Tribune," March 31, 1891.]

TRIBUTES TO DR. CROSBY.

INSTITUTIONS RECOGNIZE THEIR LOSS.

THE FUNERAL TO BE HELD TO-DAY IN THE FOURTH AVENUE CHURCH.—DR. JOHN HALL AND DR. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR TO BE ASSISTED BY SEVERAL OTHER CLERGYMEN.—THE PALL-BEARERS.

OWING to the shortness of time between the death of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby and the funeral, the arrangements for the services were not completed until late last night. There will be a private service at the house at 2 P.M. to-day, at which Dr. John Hall and Dr. William M. Taylor will officiate, followed by the public service at 2.30 P.M. in the church at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street. The burial will be to-morrow morning at Woodlawn.

Among the many callers at the house yesterday were Cyrus W. Field, ex-Judge Gildersleeve, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, Superintendent Scott, of the Methodist Book Concern, Coroner Levy, Ralph Wells, Judge Arnoux, Norman J. Rees,

Mr. and Mrs. Salter, Dr. S. Beach Jones, S. C. Sherwood, W. J. Squires, C. F. Watson, the Rev. Dr. John W. Brown, Dr. Octavius White and Mrs. White, George F. Betts, Thomas Philip, Miss Maude Byron, Mr. and Mrs. Marion H. Henderson, John Watts Kearney, the Rev. Henry Mottet, Oscar Egerton Schmidt, Duane S. Everson, ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, Robert G. Remsen, S. I. Bacon, John W. Smith and Mrs. Smith, the Rev. Jacob Freshman, Clarence W. Bowen, Miss Carlotta Nicholl, Deputy Coroner Jenkins, Archdeacon Mackay Smith, C. F. Schuyler, the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton, Warner Van Norden, Dr. Livingston Williams and Miss Williams, and the Rev. Dr. John Hall.

The body lay yesterday in the rear room of the second floor, the room in which Dr. Crosby died. A committee asked the permission of the family to have a cast taken, and F. Edwin Elwell, the sculptor who made the bust of Vice-President Morton, took a mould of the face in the morning. In the afternoon he made a cast. When Professor Nicholas E. Crosby saw it he remarked at the striking likeness. The face has taken wonderfully and

has Dr. Crosby's peaceful, half-smiling expression, with the firmness and strength of the mouth. Dr. Conrad remarked, after Dr. Crosby's death, that the sufferer had lost remarkably little flesh, and that in death he was the perfect image of life. The sculptor has reproduced this effect exactly. It is proposed to have a bronze statue made.

DRAPING THE CHURCH.

The Fourth Avenue Church was heavily draped last night. The two large tablets bearing the Ten Commandments, and the one between them bearing the Lord's Prayer, all of which are behind the pulpit, were covered with black; the pulpit itself and the entire gallery-railing were also covered, and the memorial tablets on either side of the pulpit were draped. The draping was under the supervision of William Lumsden, the sexton.

The coffin is of cedar, with black broadcloth covering. The plate bears this inscription: "Howard Crosby; Born February 27, 1826; Died March 29, 1891."

Last evening a meeting of the elders, deacons,

and trustees was held in the church study. It was decided to reserve all the pews on either side of the centre aisle. The first two pews will be held for relatives of the family. Six pews behind these will be occupied by the elders, deacons, and trustees. The officers of societies and institutions which have applied for positions will have sixteen pews behind these, while the ministers of the city will have twenty pews directly behind the delegations. The pews on both sides of each side aisle and the galleries will be open to the public. The order of exercises will be:

INVOCATION.

Hymn, ... "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me."

READING OF SCRIPTURES.

Remarks, ... Dr. John Hall.

Hymn, ... "I Love to Tell the Story"

Remarks, ... Dr. William M. Taylor

Hymn, ... "When I can Read my Title clear."

ANNOUNCEMENTS AND BENEDICTION.

The Rev. Dr. John Hall will have charge, and Dr. Taylor will assist. The following clergymen have also been asked to represent their various denominations in the services: the Rev Dr. Robert A. McArthur of the Calvary Baptist Church; the Rev. Dr. James M. King,

of St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church; the Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, and the Rev. Dr. Talbot W. Chambers, of the Collegiate Reformed Church. Dwight L. Elmendorf, the organist of the church, will play music which Dr. Crosby has spoken of from time to time as being particularly pleasing to him. Among the selections will be "Look Down, O Lord!" "Lift Thine Eyes," and "Be Not Afraid," from "Elijah," and "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," from "The Messiah." The singing will be led by the quartet choir of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and the hymns are all special favorites of Dr. Crosby's. At the close of the services Mr. Elmendorf will play the hymn "The King of Love My Shepherd Is," which Dr. Crosby has given out in the church services more often than any other this year.

The public will have opportunity to view the body after the services and during the afternoon, for the coffin will not be moved from the church until 10.30 o'clock to-morrow morning, when it will be taken to Woodlawn for burial in the family plot.

The pall-bearers will be the officers of the church: Elders—Ralph Wells, Cornelius W. Brinkerhoff, Walter Edwards, George E. Sterry, James M. Farr, Albert J. Lyon, Charles N. Taintor, Reuben Langdon, John Stewart, Elias J. Herrick, S. Beach Jones, George P. Ludam, and John A. Mapes; deacons—William E. Bulard, Mervin J. McMillan, Edward Thorpe, Richard C. Jackson, George Jeremiah, George W. Lithgow, Zophar Mills and Frank P. Trautmann; trustees—Isaac V. Brokaw (president), George G. Moore, Morris S. Thompson, John A. Mapes, William P. Prentice, Albert J. Lyon, James Brand, Charles W. McLellan, and Richard C. Jackson. A business meeting of the elders, deacons, and trustees of the church will be held to-morrow evening, directly after the regular church prayer-meeting.

REMEMBERED AT THE UNIVERSITY.

At the chapel exercises of the University of the City of New York yesterday morning profound sorrow was expressed. Vice-Chancellor Henry M. McCracken spoke of Dr. Crosby's great interest in the University, and his connec-

tion, first as a student, then as an alumnus, then a professor, and finally as Chancellor. He spoke of him as being probably the most distinguished among all the departed graduates of the University, and dwelt upon his continued readiness to put his services at the command of the youngest student who needed advice or help in his work. He spoke of his faithful work as chairman of the Committee on Granting Honorary Degrees by the University, and chairman of the Committee on the Undergraduate Department. He presided over the last meeting of the Council, by virtue of his office, as vice-president of that body. This was the meeting which approved the proposed advance steps of the University, in which Dr. Crosby took a lively interest. In the afternoon the students held a mass-meeting and agreed to send a floral tribute to be placed on the coffin.

In the evening the council held a meeting in the University building and decided that the members of the Faculty and Council should meet at Vice-Chancellor McCracken's home, No. 84 Irving Place, at 2 P.M. to-day. They will then go to the house and serve as an escort from the house to the church. William Allan Butler

presented a minute expressing deep regret at the loss of Dr. Crosby, who had been Chancellor of the University for eleven years. Charles Butler presided.

A TRIBUTE FROM THE PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

At the social meeting of the Presbyterian Union in the Assembly Rooms of the Metropolitan Opera House last evening, President Alexander P. Ketchum said that in the midst of their joy a shadow was upon them. Dr. Crosby was a member of the Union and a personal friend of its members. "But if he could speak to us now," said the president, "he would be the last to ask the postponement of our enjoyment this evening, which, great as it is, is slight compared with the joy with which he is surrounded. As members of the Presbyterian Church we mourn his loss; as citizens we have a sense of loneliness; the metropolis has lost one whose place may never again be supplied. He was one of the few great and good men, as familiar to the criminal class as to the peace-loving class, for he was a terror to evil-doers. The press of the city to-day reflects the

sentiment of the City, the State and the Nation in mourning his loss. It is fitting that we should record our thought here, and I will name as a committee to express in proper form our sentiments, Dr. Henry M. Field, D. W. C. Still, and Warner Van Norden."

Dr. F. F. Ellinwood, secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, in welcoming Dr. James Stalker, of Glasgow, referred to Dr. Crosby as "one of the brightest stars in the land;" a man possessing the spirit of John Knox—lion-hearted and yet tender-hearted.

Dr. Field, in presenting the resolutions, said that thirty-six years ago when he came to New York he found the young scholar here. He learned to love him early in his life in the city, he had always loved him, and he loved him now. The only pain he had ever experienced, in reference to him, was the pain which he felt now, that never more in this world should he look upon his face. As a brief tribute to his memory he offered this resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That it is with profound grief we learn of the death of our beloved brother and fellow-member, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby.

The Church has sustained an overwhelming bereavement, and his loss to the city is nothing less than a public calamity. A faithful, conscientious pastor and an eloquent preacher, he was also a patriotic citizen, who never spared time or effort for the good of his fellow-men. Although eminent as an educator and an accomplished scholar, all his utterances were simplicity itself. Ever undaunted in combating evil in its most offensive forms, in all the relations of life he was gentle as a woman. No man of our time was more earnest and courageous in his efforts to restrain the power of vice in this community. And yet, notwithstanding the great burdens he assumed, he found time to discharge the duties of his pastorate and of the Church at large with punctilious exactness. The churches through the country and Christians in every land have cause to mourn him. We extend to the congregation, of which for twenty-eight years he has been the devoted pastor, and to his afflicted family, our sincere and loving sympathy.

[From the "New York Tribune," April 1, 1891.]

LAST HONORS TO DR. CROSBY.

DR. JOHN HALL AND DR. W. M. TAYLOR SPEAK.

SCORES OF CLERGYMEN AND HUNDREDS OF LAYMEN LISTEN
TO THE APPRECIATIVE WORDS—THE FOURTH AVENUE
CHURCH FAR TOO SMALL TO HOLD THOSE WHO
DESIRED TO SEE THEIR FRIEND.

THE funeral of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, for more than forty years before the public in this city as college professor and chancellor, author, preacher, and citizen, was held yesterday afternoon in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, the scene of his faithful ministry for more than twenty-eight years. A full half-hour before the hour set for the service every seat in the large church building was taken, the side aisles were filled with people standing and the doors were closed against nearly as many, it was said, as had been admitted. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, assisted

by the Rev. Dr. William. M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle (Congregational); Dr. W. S. Rainsford, of St. George's (Protestant Episcopal); Dr. James M. King, of St. Andrew's Methodist (Episcopal), and Dr. R. S. McArthur, of the Calvary Church (Baptist). After the services thousands looked upon the tranquil face of the silent preacher. The burial will occur to-day at Woodlawn.

Dr. Hall and Dr. Taylor, who conducted the funeral of Mrs. Arthur H. Allen at the home of her father ten days before, went to the house No. 116 East Nineteenth Street, on their second sad errand shortly before 2 o'clock. Dr. Taylor read the Scripture selection and Dr. Hall offered prayer. The hearse was escorted to the church by some sixty well-known men, representing the University of the City of New York, the Society for the Prevention of Crime and the Philo Society. Among the selections played on the organ by Dwight L. Elmendorf were these: "It was an Angel," by Cowan; Andante, by Guilmant; Sonata, Opus 13, by Beethoven; "Lift Thine Eyes," "Be Not Afraid," and "He That Shall Endure," from "Elijah," by Mendelssohn. The Andante by Mendelssohn

was played as the funeral march, and after the services "The King of Love My Shepherd Is," by J. B. Dykes; Andante by Mozart, and "Lovely Appear," by Gounod. A beautiful floral cross of lilies and roses was sent by the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and the Young People's Association of the church had covered the coffin with a thick layer of cut violets.

LESSONS DRAWN BY DR. HALL.

After an invocation by Dr. Hall the Hymn "Rock of Ages" was read by Dr. Rainsford and sung by the quartet choir of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. Dr. Hall read appropriate Scripture selections, beginning, "Let not your heart be troubled," and then spoke briefly, saying:

"Of the personal qualities of the Christian graces, of the ministerial character of my brother, whose mortal remains are here in the midst of us, I do not feel that I am able to speak. I could not trust myself to enter upon a theme like this, nor, indeed, is it needed. These things have been recognized by the whole community, and appropriate expression has been given to the feelings of appreciation of them in

many forms already. What we have to do, dear brethren, as we are gathered here, is to look for the grace and teaching of the Holy Spirit that we may profit by the providence that brings us together, and that we may be better fitted than heretofore to take up and continue the work and form of service that it has pleased God to put into our hands. He whose remains are now under our eyes was, before he became a minister, a member of the church which it is my duty to serve. I can very well remember when, with the partner of his life, he stood up in the church there as I baptized his child. For four and twenty years I have been in close and happy association with him in various forms of Christian work and effort. He is the last of a group of godly men whom I found, as ministers, in this region when I came to this city, and from whom I received nothing but Christian kindness and courtesy. It is not possible for me to stand up in this place and look upon this silent, this beautiful face, without feelings too deep to find expression before a company like this. I shall not make the attempt."

Dr. Hall then showed how Dr. Crosby, though dead, speaks now to ministers, to his congregation, to citizens, and to "all of us as Christians."

DR. TAYLOR'S TRIBUTE TO HIS FRIEND.

Dr. Hall closed his remarks by announcing one of Dr. Crosby's favorite hymns, "I Love to Tell the Story." At its close Dr. Taylor made an address, speaking from manuscript, and saying, in part:

"The purpose of any words spoken on an occasion like this is rather the comforting of the living than the eulogizing of the dead. But when, as now, the magnitude of our loss is, at the same time, so large an element in our consolation, we cannot but dwell for a little on the excellencies of our departed brother, and 'glorify God in him.' The dominant principle in Dr. Crosby's character was truth. He was always loyal to that which he believed to be true, because he was intensely devoted to Him in whom the truth was incarnate. He hated everything like cant, or sham, or hypocrisy; and was himself transparently sincere. He followed conscience fully and unflinchingly; but first he sought to have his conscience enlightened by the study of the Scriptures, and the illumination of the Holy Spirit of God. He was true to himself, but first that self was true to God; and when he was convinced on any subject, he carried that conviction courageously

through, at whatever sacrifice, and in the face of every antagonism. It might be said of him with as much truth as of the great reformer, that 'he never feared the face of man.' His earnestness was as a burning fire within him; his energy was like a whirlwind, and his words were impassioned. Though he acted primarily from conscience there was in him also an impulsive impetuosity which bore him on like a flood. Now and then, as was inevitable in one with such a temperament, he might be carried to the border of rashness, and even be hurried across it, but if ever this happened the same impulsiveness was seen in the readiness and the fulness with which he hastened to apologize for the fault and the regret which he manifested for it. His intensity was tremendous. He seemed always to be focalized. Whatever was the subject in which he was engaged, or the object which he was pursuing, he was always 'totus in illo.' He was nothing by half. Wherever he was, he was all there, and in general his ardor was steered by wisdom. He abhorred 'the falsehood of extremes,' and with all his eagerness to gain his ends he refused to take what seemed to be the shortest way, if that led through a quagmire or ended in a marsh. So it came to pass that he frequently differed about means, from those who were seeking the

same ends with himself, and was sometimes greatly misunderstood and misjudged by them. But that did not distress him, neither did it cause him to be unjust to them. He held on straightforward, I say straightforward, for that was one of the beautiful features of his character. He believed and acted upon the belief that 'a straight line is the shortest possible distance between any two points,' and all sinuosity or crooked policy, or underhand manœuvring, were absolutely and entirely foreign to his nature. As a preacher and pastor, the same characteristics were conspicuous in his work and in his deportment. He knew what he believed and why he believed it, and he preached it with earnestness, boldness, and rugged simplicity. His style was direct and unadorned."

Dr. Taylor next dwelt upon Dr. Crosby's home life, where he was "simply charming," and of his humor with his friends, which was frequently a "means of grace" to the speaker. After speaking of his patriotism, he referred to a letter just received from Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, who spoke of Dr. Crosby's "superb and fruitful labors." He gave two or three incidents of Dr. Crosby's last day on earth, and closed with these words:

"Farewell for a season, loved and honored

brother. Thou wert one of God's own mailed knights, arrayed in the panoply of Heaven, with girdle of truth and breastplate of righteousness, and shoes of readiness, and shield of faith, and sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. It was thine to wrestle against 'the rulers of the darkness of this world' with courage and constancy and no mean success. Rest in thy Master's presence. Lay by the hope helmet for the glory crown. Put away the sword for the palm; take thy place among the conquerors by the cross, and when we, thy companions, have to write the 'finally' in our life's discourse, may each of us, like thee, be able to say, 'God is with me' in that honest hour, and that will be the sure prelude that we shall be, as thou art, with God."

Dr. King offered a prayer in closing the exercises, Dr. McArthur read the hymn "When I Can Read My Title Clear," and Dr. Hall pronounced the benediction.

RELATIVES AND FRIENDS PRESENT.

Professor Nicholas E. Crosby and his sister, Miss Grace, were the only members of the immediate family at the public service. Other relatives present included Henry Crosby, a

brother of the pastor, and his sister, Miss Mary Crosby; Mrs. Edward N. Crosby, Walter F. Crosby, Frederick V. S. Crosby, Dr. and Mrs. S. Beach, J. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. John Lindley, W. H. Doughty, Miss Von Schoonover, Mrs. McKenzie, ex-Governor Crosby of Montana, and Colonel Floyd Clarkson, Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Near the pulpit sat the Rev. Dr. John Calvin Stockbridge, of Brown University, Providence, who, with Dr. Crosby and Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, received the degree of D.D. from Harvard in 1859. Dr. Storrs was unable to attend, but sent a letter to Dr. Taylor explaining his affection for Dr. Crosby, and his regret that he could not attend the services. Two venerable men noticed were Charles Butler, of the University Council, Dr. Crosby's senior in age by twenty-four years; and the father of F. D. Tappen, of the Gallatin Bank, now ninety-five years old. The list of pall-bearers, who included all the officers of the church, was published in *The Tribune* yesterday. Reuben Langdon was detained by illness, and Warner Van Norden, of Dr. Hall's church, for many years an officer in the Fourth Avenue Church,

was invited to serve with them. Among the clergymen present were these :

Bishop Henry C. Potter, Bishop E. G. Andrews, Rabbi H. P. Mendes, D. Parker Morgan, Charles L. Thompson, W. D. Buchanan, R. C. Morse, J. C. Nightingale, G. J. Mingins, L. R. Foote, Henry Van Dyke, Theodore L. Cuyler, J. S. Chambers, Jacob Freshman, A. W. Halsey, A. G. Ruliffson, L. W. Barney, Henry B. Chapin, Robert R. Booth, J. M. Buchanan, H. T. McEwen, A. F. Schauffler, Henry Wilson, Robert Collyer, H. Y. Satterlee, C. H. Parkhurst, Henry Mottet, John C. Bliss, President T. S. Hastings, W. G. T. Shedd, Philip Schaff and G. L. Prentiss, of the Union Theological Seminary, George S. Chambers, of Pittsburg ; W. T. Sabine, W. W. Knox, J. R. Fisher, R. W. Kidd, Jesse W. Brooks, Hugh B. McCauley, George H. McGrew, David G. Wylie, Albert Erdman, John Balcom Shaw, Conrad Doench, B. B. Tyler, G. H. Mandeville, S. H. Virgin, J. B. Remensnyder, E. Walpole Warren, G. W. S. Birch, Wendell Prime, David Gregg and A. E. Kittredge.

Representing the University, besides Dr. Hall, Dr. Crosby's successor as Chancellor, and a

large delegation of students, there were: Vice-Chancellor Henry M. McCracken, Charles Butler, William Allan Butler, J. W. C. Leveridge, the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, William L. Andrews, the Rev. Dr. Roderick Terry, Samuel Sloan, the Rev. Dr. George Alexander, George Munro, William F. Havemeyer, and Israel C. Pierson. The faculties of the university were represented by Charles I. Pardee, dean of the medical faculty; William M. Polk, L. A. Stimson, Rudolph A. Witthaus, W. Gilman Thompson, E. Le Favre, George Woolsey, and W. C. Jarvis, Henry M. Baird, George W. Coakley, J. J. Stevenson, A. H. Gallatin, D. W. Hering, Abram S. Isaacs, Jerome Allen, Francis H. Stoddard, Robert W. Hall, D. A. Murray, D. R. Jaques and Isaac F. Russell.

Among the large number of business men were these: A. D. F. Randolph, William E. Dodge, Morris K. Jessup, R. P. Poole, R. R. McBurney, Theodore M. Roche, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, E. F. Shepard, William Harman Brown, President E. N. Potter, of Hobart College, ex-Mayor A. S. Hewitt, E. G. Sproull, ex-President William C. Cattell, of Lafayette College; Charles A. Keeler, William S. Brazier,

ex-Judge Arnoux, Benjamin H. Field, ex-Judge Noah Davis, ex-Mayor Wickham, James Talcott, Cleveland H. Dodge, John Crosby Brown, ex-Governor McCormick, of Arizona; A. B. De Freece, Cephas Brainerd, David H. Whitney, Charles E. Gildersleeve, William Wade, and William A. Harding.

WATCHING BESIDE THEIR PASTOR.

The ushers were Archer V. Pancoast, John McCrea, Wallace Sterry, the Rev. Charles F. Cutter, William de la Montaigne, Samuel Voorhees, and Thornton B. Penfield. After the services it was decided among the church friends of Dr. Crosby to hold voluntary watches beside the coffin in the church during the night. The following remained at the church from 7 P.M. until 12 o'clock: Walter Edwards, George W. Lithgow, Edward Thorpe, and Merwin J. McMillan. At 12 o'clock the following went to remain until 6 o'clock: Richard C. Jackson, the Rev. John B. Devins, James C. Goddard, and Thornton B. Penfield. At 11 P.M. F. Edwin Elwell took a cast of one of Dr. Crosby's hands.

TWO EASTER NOTICES.

HOWARD CROSBY.

AMID the culminating joy and thanksgiving of Easter-day, borne upon a great wave of song and praise, the earth-worn spirit of Howard Crosby ascended to the author of life and the destroyer of death, another golden sheaf of that illimitable harvest of which Christ was "the first fruit."

He was denied the privilege of preaching his usual Easter sermon, but he enjoyed the greater beatitude of entering into the full fruition of "the power of an endless life," and of expressing the joy of earth in the dialect of heaven.

How great a privilege was his to emphasize the glowing sentiments of his ministerial brethren by the sublime spectacle of a Christian's victorious death, and gathering up the best things in human thought, devotion and homage amid the closing scenes and services of the Easter festival on earth, to lay them at the feet of the World's Deliverer, as an expression of the love and gratitude of rejoicing Christendom.

In the death of Howard Crosby the whole country sustains a serious loss. He was the friend of all. The champion of every good cause, he gave unstinted service to the church and State alike.

There is no man among us who yielded more unselfish devotion, and who exercised a more potent influence, in behalf of the general well-being of this city and State.

He will be long remembered as an able minister and a splendid scholar, but longest and most tenderly will his memory be cherished as the sympathetic friend, the fearless champion of the poor, the friendless and the erring.

A life well rounded and full orb'd, he ascended a conqueror, thrilled with the blended joy of earth and heaven, taking part in the Easter praise and thanksgiving of both worlds.

YESTERDAY was a most remarkable Easter in many respects. To begin with, it will be many years before we will celebrate it in March again, then again, while the majority of people were enjoying the joyous Easter services in the churches, death was busy in several quarters, its

most distinguished victim being the Rev. Howard Crosby. Warden Osborne was another of its victims, while no less than four disconsolate beings sought to end their existence by suicide. Another attempt was made to burn a crowded tenement on the East Side, and a destructive fire in Jersey City also added to the many incidents of a remarkable day.

[From the "*Evangelist*,"]

HOWARD CROSBY, D.D., LL.D.

HE is gone to the grave! And the world seems colder, poorer, lonelier, than before. When the tidings came, which had been for some days expected, the first feeling was that of a personal loss that was irreparable, for we have not many friends whom we have loved so long and loved so well. It is full thirty-five years—half the allotted term of man upon the earth—since our acquaintance began, which soon ripened into friendship, and grew stronger year by year to the end. It was an honor, as well as a great happiness, to have the friendship of

such a man. And it is a great deal to be able to say, that in the constant intimacy of all these years, he never once spoke a word, or did an act, that gave us pain. A friendship so constant and so true has filled a large space in our life, and it is sad indeed, to think that we shall not look upon his face again.

But we must not dwell on our personal relations. Dr. Crosby was made not only for private friendship, but for public influence. He never arose in any assembly that he did not at once command attention by his presence, his large brain, and open, manly countenance; an impression that was immediately confirmed by his powerful ringing voice, to which an audience, however dull it might be, or indifferent to the subject, or even opposed to the speaker, could not choose but hear. All saw that here was a man who had the courage of his convictions; who thought for himself and who was not afraid to say what he thought in any presence; and hence it was that he became a positive force in any "Congress" in which he bore a part. Those who were present at the meeting of our General Assembly in Baltimore in 1873, will remember with what dignity, though he was

then but forty-seven years old, he presided over it; with what grace he received the delegates from foreign bodies; and how he guided the deliberations, so that the business moved forward smoothly and rapidly.

But it was not only in ecclesiastical bodies that Dr. Crosby was a man of influence and power. He touched life at many points. As one of the first Greek scholars in the country, he took high rank in the guild of literary men; while, as a native of this city, he felt a natural interest and pride in its growth and prosperity. Hence he felt the keenest shame that it should be badly governed, and felt it to be a part of his duty to exert himself actively for a better administration of its affairs. Instead of making his clerical office, or his scholarly studies, an excuse for neglecting his duties as a citizen, he felt that the city of his birth had a claim on him all the more for whatever of influence they might give him. No position was too sacred to be used for the public good. And hence no layman was more active in his efforts to purify the political atmosphere of this city. There was no man who was better known to the police, or who was more constantly urging them

to the performance of their duty, in breaking up the vile dens which line our streets, and are the source of so much vice and crime. In this work it is not too much to say that he has done more for us than any other man, for which he is entitled to the noble appellation of our first citizen.

But much as he gave of his time to public affairs, and fond as he was of his classical studies, and great as was his delight in meeting with his club of "Grecians," to read together the dialogues of Plato, or the poems of Homer (of which he preferred the *Odyssey* to the *Iliad*); yet over and above all he was a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to preach it was the work which he loved the most. Even while he was a Professor of Greek in the University in this city, and afterwards in Rutgers College, his heart was all the time turned toward the pulpit, and to this he devoted the last twenty-eight years of his life.

Here his scholarship came to its noblest use in opening to him "hidden treasures." So familiar was he with the Greek Testament, that you could not name to him a single passage in English of which he would not give you in-

stantly the original. And he studied it, not merely with the critical eye of a scholar, but with the humble faith of a believer, for he carried the doctrine of inspiration to the farthest point, saying, with emphasis, "I believe in the literal, verbal inspiration of the Bible." So believing, he preached with the power which faith alone can give.

All these gifts and graces were blended in a personality which grew upon us as we knew him longer and better, drawing us toward him with an ever-increasing regard. It was not the scholar that we admired so much as the man; who was made to inspire strong attachment. He was a friend to trust and a brother to love. To have known such a man was a privilege for which we are grateful to God; and still further to be assured that we in return had his fullest confidence and affection. Such friendships cannot perish. They have in themselves a pledge of immortality. And so, as we part, it is with the feeling that it is *not forever*, but only "until the day break and the shadows flee away."

[From the "New York Observer."]

DEATH OF REV. HOWARD CROSBY, D.D., LL.D.

THE Rev. Howard Crosby, D.D., died last Sunday afternoon at his home in this city. His last sickness was caused by a severe cold contracted March 18th in Troy, where he was called by the sudden death of his second daughter, Mrs. A. H. Allen. He was seriously ill the day of his daughter's funeral, and on his return home steadily failed till last Saturday. He was then thought to be better, but on Sunday afternoon he passed peacefully away. He suffered much pain in his sickness, but Saturday night he secured four hours' sleep.

The last time he was able to take charge of a public service was on Tuesday a week ago, when he led the study of the Sunday-school lesson in his church parlor. This was the day before his daughter died.

Howard Crosby was of Knickerbocker descent, and connected on both sides with prominent persons in the Revolutionary and State history. William B. Crosby, his father, inherited large wealth from an uncle, Colonel Henry Rutgers,

who adopted him and who endowed the college at New Brunswick which bears his name. Dr. Crosby's grandfather, Dr. Ebenezer Crosby, was a professor at Columbia College, and General W. Floyd, his great grandfather, signed the Declaration of Independence, and was a member of the first National Congress. Howard Crosby was born in this city, February 27, 1826. At the age of fourteen he entered the University of the City of New York, and graduated first in Greek in a class of forty-five members, who had Dr. Taylor Lewis for their teacher. He received his diploma in 1844, and then worked for three years on a farm in Dutchess County in this State. About two years after his marriage in 1849, Dr. Crosby and his wife took a two-years' trip through Europe, Egypt, Arabia and Palestine. As a memento of this tour he published, in 1851, "The Lands of the Moslem."

On the resignation by Professor Lewis of the chair of Greek in the University of the City of New York, about the time of his return from the East, Dr. Crosby was elected to the vacant professorship. This position he held for eight years. During this time he taught a Sabbath Bible class for young men and aided in the for-

mation of the Young Men's Christian Association of this city. In 1859 he accepted the Greek professorship in Rutgers College, at New Brunswick, and two years later became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of that city, and for sixteen months did double duty as pastor and professor. In March, 1863, he accepted the call to the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church of this city, and since that time has faithfully discharged his pastoral duties to that congregation and identified himself with every good movement for the welfare of this city. In 1863 the Fourth Avenue Church had 120 members, a debt of \$25,000, and its total offerings were \$2,500; now it has 1,564 members, and gives about \$30,000 for various purposes. The debt was raised soon after Dr. Crosby began his work. In 1864 Hope Chapel, in East Fourth Street, near Avenue C, was organized, and, in the year following, Grace Mission, in East Twenty-second Street. There are 1,500 children in the church and mission schools. For ten years the church supported a mission for the Chinese in White Street. A reception was given to Dr. Crosby in his church, on March 5, 1883, to celebrate the

twentieth anniversary of his pastorate. Among the prominent clergymen who took part in the exercises was Rev. Dr. John Hall, who said of the pastor: "I have had the privilege of working with him for sixteen years, and the more I have seen of him and have found how humane, how gentle and how tender his character is, the more I have loved him. Of his courageous, fearless exposure of what is wrong, it is needless for me to speak." Five years later a similar service was held, at which the same testimony to his high character and usefulness was borne. Dr. Crosby was made a member of the council of his alma mater in 1864, and in 1870 was elected to the chancellorship of the same institution, and held the position till 1881. In addition to his active interest in the affairs of the University, Dr. Crosby was zealous in the cause of temperance, as distinguished from total abstinence, and was president of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. He also took an active interest in political matters. He was a thorough Presbyterian, but he never graduated from any theological seminary. He always took his full share of work in denominational affairs, and in 1873 he was the Moder-

ator of the General Assembly, which met that year in Baltimore. In 1876 he was sent to the first meeting of the Pan-Presbyterian Council, which met at Edinburgh, and read a paper there on the "Christian Ministry." He was also one of the speakers at the centennial services of the Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia in 1888. He was the author of several books, some of which have had a wide circulation. Two brothers and a sister survive him, Professor William Henry Crosby, Robert Ralston Crosby and Miss Mary Crosby, all of this city. His children are ex-Assemblyman Ernest H. Crosby, the eldest son, who was appointed one of the judges of the International Court at Cairo by President Harrison; Miss Edith Crosby, who is with her brother in Cairo; Professor Nicholas E. Crosby and the youngest daughter, Miss Grace Crosby.

To this I will add a few more particulars of those last days. He asked for paper and pencil and wrote what he could not speak, expressions of submission and trust in God—as "I bow before Him"—"I take His hand." Only an hour before his death he again called for paper and pencil, when he wrote affectionately to his people, addressing as their representative the senior elder, Mr. George E. Sterry. Mr S—— had it printed and circulated among the members of the church. At one time he gazed upwards with an intense and angelic expression, exclaiming slowly, "I see father—and mother—and Willie—and Agnes—and I too am permitted to be there."

At another time he asked what day it was ; on being told it was Friday, he asked when is resurrection day?—the name by which he frequently called the Sabbath—when answered in two days, he gave a moaning sigh, as if that was far off. Did he long for the earthly courts in which he so much delighted, or did he know that on that coming Sabbath he was to pass from earth to the heavenly courts above? When delirious his wanderings of mind were all toward God and heaven, and so touching, as to quite overcome even the nurse in attendance. In moments of less suffering, his natural playfulness and humor would return, and force a smile from those around even in their sadness. At the end he turned over on his side, reclining his head on his hand, and seemed sweetly sleeping as his spirit passed away to its eternal rest—"Asleep in Jesus."

M. C.

[From the "New York Observer," September 17, 1891.]

HOWARD CROSBY.

It is not true, dear friend, it is not true

What the great English Senator hath said,

"The age of chivalry is past." For you

Have shown the saying false.

Who calls thee dead ?

"Dead?" As a knight is, when he doth but lay

Aside his armor with the battle won ;

Dead as a knight is, who hath gone away

In better mail, beneath another sun,

To urge far fiercer battles in the fray

'Twixt Right and Wrong, where thou canst

clearly see

The lines which often in thy mortal day

Were hidden in smoke of struggle. We

Think only of thy palpitating soul

That longed to strike the tyrant down and see

The weak uplifted and the sick made whole.

The King hath touched thy shoulder with his
sword
Again, Sir Knight, and bidden thee once more
rise ;
And thou hast hearkened to thy royal Lord.
Go up, go up unto thy well-won skies,
While we stay here and think and talk of thee,
Until we too shall have our summons hence,
So by thy name make men love chivalry
And dare do right without mean thought of
consequence.

CHARLES F. DEEMS.

THE DYING BELIEVER'S SONG.

BY REV. PETER STRYKER, D.D.

I.

My heart is sweetly resting
On Jesus Christ my Lord.
He will not fail, Who loves me,
His blessing to afford.
I know that I am nothing,
But He is all in all,
I'll trust Him, living, dying,
Whatever may befall.

2.

My heart is sweetly resting
On Jesus; and my hand
His hand is clasping firmly,
As near me He doth stand.

He's with me, blessed Saviour;
I lean upon His breast,
And in His loving presence
I feel supremely blest.

3.

My heart is sweetly resting
On Jesus; and He's come
To take my ransomed spirit
To His eternal home.
Farewell, farewell, beloved,
The hand once pierced for me
Is holding mine, and quickly
In Heaven I will be.

[From the "*Christian Inquirer*."]]

IN MEMORIAM—DR. HOWARD CROSBY.

Almost his last words were: "I place my hand in the hand
of Jesus."

My hand in the hand of Jesus,
The hand that was pierced for me,
My hand in the hand of Jesus,
Till His blessed face I see.

All this the days of my waiting
On earth I have lived for His love,
And now my sweet Jesus, He cometh,
To take me to rest above.

My hand in the hand of Jesus,
And my heart can know no fear,
O'er the dark waters of Jordan,
The bark of my life He will steer.

On to the home of the blessed,
The home He has builded for me,
I give Him my hand and He takes me,
And leadeth me where I would be.

I close mine eyes in the darkness
(But He holdeth my hand the while),
I open mine eyes in His glory,
And I meet my Saviour's smile.

Oh blessed, oh glorious, the ending,
Of a life where Christ's hand hath led,
He leaves me not when I need Him,
He waits at my dying bed.

Oh mourners cease your weeping,
Oh not for Him be your tears,
For us is the sorrow and sighing,
But for Him the joyous years.

Once more the hand of Jesus
Shall take his dear hand, and say,
"Sit down by my throne, thou blessed,
On my right hand forever to stay."

M. F. CUSACK (*The Nun of Kenmare*).

LAST PRAYER MEETING ADDRESS

BY

REV. HOWARD CROSBY.

MARCH 11, 1891, FROM NOTES BY ONE PRESENT,
EIGHTEEN DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

VICTORY OVER DEATH!

1 COR. xv. 54, 57.

HUMAN power can change similar things to similar things; divine power can change opposite things to opposite things. Divine power can take a sinner steeped in sin, without a single mitigation of his sin, and make him a saint, make him holy as God is holy. And so, too, where to human eyes is the darkest cloud, there divine grace shines the brightest. The passage for the evening is an illustration of this. It is a pæan of victory which all may sing with emphasis, if they belong to Christ, if they are in him. It has a likeness to what occurred at the grave of Lazarus. When the body of Lazarus lay in the tomb, Jesus said to his sisters two things. A cursory reading does

not show this double meaning, but if we carefully examine the statement we shall find that Jesus speaks of the body, and he speaks of the man, the soul, life, being. "I am the resurrection (that is, of the body) and the life (that is of the soul, the man, the being). He that believeth in me, though he were dead (the body's death), yet shall he live (the body's resurrection); and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die" (referring to the man, the soul, the life, the being). The two thoughts are clearly set forth. Then came the resurrection of Lazarus as a type or sacrament of the truth. It was the seal put to what the Lord said for his people for all time. The body shall rise again, the soul shall never die.

This same double statement is found in the passage before us. "So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption (the body and its resurrection), and this mortal (the body) shall have put on immortality, then shall be accomplished (or completed) the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory," as that grand finality when the body raised shall be joined to the soul that never died. As long as the body is not raised, there is a semblance

of death's victory over the dust; when the body is raised, there is nothing left of death, not even a show.

Nor is this all. The apostle goes on quoting from the Old Testament. "O death, where is thy sting? O hades (not grave." He had finished speaking of the grave in the verse before). "O death, where is thy sting? O hades (the lower world, the unseen world), where is thy victory?" Hades has no victory over the soul, the man, the being, why? "The sting of death (which is the gate into the unseen world) is sin." That which makes men afraid of death, that which makes death horrid is sin, and sin brings with it the fearful looking for of judgment, the pangs of conscience, the forebodings of approaching retribution, for "the strength of sin is the law." But we in Christ have fulfilled the law. The righteousness demanded by the law is fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit. The law has nothing against us, and so sin has no strength, God has given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Through him we get the righteousness, the precious gift from the God of our salvation, through him, the obedience of the law is ful-

filled in us. And so for us death is absolutely banished, is made naught, is made good for nothing, as the Greek reads in another Scripture, which we have translated, "abolished death." For us Christ *has* made death as if it had never existed. For unbelievers, death is dreadful, but for us, there is not the slightest thing in death to dread, not the slightest thing to trouble us, or to cause us a single fear.

"But many Christians fear death." Well, they ought not to fear it. All who are in Christ ought to look upon what is called death (using the common phraseology and meaning the death of the body), we ought to look upon this with the greatest delight. What is death to you and to me! "I go to prepare a place for you (it is our Lord who speaks); and if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also." Now, is the coming of the Lord Jesus to take me unto himself, to take me unto his own eternal home to dwell there with him forever—is this a thing for me to fear? Is it not something for me to hail with delight? Ought I not to look forward to it as the greatest joy in existence? If I am

found dreading death, I am showing myself a coward, and I am insulting my Lord. Death to me should be a thing longed for. The thought of death should be to me an ecstasy of joy.

“But the pain attending death makes me shrink from it.” I can say this in answer to such an objection. Every one of us, no doubt, has suffered from disease a bodily pain ten times more severe than we shall feel in dying.

I have been by a hundred death-beds, and in all death was easy. A disease of three or four days, from which one recovers, often causes far more pain than the departure of the soul from the body. The sting of death is gone for us. Our sins have been blotted out. No condemnation is written against us; the law has no punishment recorded against us. There is nothing in our way. Why should we not rejoice and give thanks when we see death approaching?

Note one thing stated here about the body. “This corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality.” In the second epistle to the Corinthians, fifth chapter, we read this: “Not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon.” In one sense my present

body is not to be raised. If it were raised it would be a corruptible body, but I am to put on an incorruptible body. My identity is to be preserved in some way. I don't know how, but God knows. I know this much. I know that there is not an atom in my body to-day that was there thirty years ago, and I know that my identity has not altered in the least during these thirty years. The power of God raises the body from the grave, not man's invention, and in some way the identity is retained, though not a particle of the body is the same. It is the same body and not the same. It is the body corruptible made incorruptible, made like unto the glorious body of our Lord. You know how the apostle represents this in figure. The seed is sown and springs up according to the kind sown, and yet in one sense, the seed sown dies before the fruit can come forth. It is the same and not the same.

I think there is more than this. I think we are right in thinking that we shall never be without a body. As soon as this earthly tabernacle be dissolved, we have (not "shall have after a long period" of waiting) a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens. In

some way we cannot now tell, we shall have a body before our present body is raised from the grave to be forever joined to the soul. We shall never be found naked, never be without a body. That we cannot understand the method does not trouble us. We know in whom we have believed; we know that he has almighty power and almighty wisdom; and we know that we are safe, body and soul, in Jesus Christ.

Ought we not to chant pæns of victory every day? If we would think less about our present condition and more about our future glory, would we not be daily singing the triumph-song, "O death where is thy sting! O hades, where is thy victory! Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?" And then with our eyes fixed on our heavenly home, and our hearts full of longing for its holiness and for the companionship of our dear Lord, would not our cry also be, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly?" All that is sweet, all that is lovely here on earth shall be ours there, and he shall be the centre of all. Without one regret, without one sorrow, with rapturous joy, we should run to meet, not death, but our dear Lord.

This is our privilege. We Christians have nothing to do with the world's thoughts and feelings about death. We parted company with the world when we began to walk in the ways of righteousness. We breathe a different atmosphere from the world; we have learned some things the world cannot know. Why should we go to the world's poets or the world's philosophers to get their ideas about death! Let us rather go to the Bible and hear our Lord telling us that for us death is changed to victory. The world talks about looking down, about the pall, the coffin, the grave, the blackness of death. We have nothing to do with such thoughts. To us, death means looking up, means brightness, joy, glory, Christ. Let us live up to our high privilege.

CHAPTER II.

TRIBUTES TO DR. CROSBY.

A BEAUTIFUL ACROSTIC.

AMONG the truest, and therefore best, things sung about the great Chancellor, Moderator, President, Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Laws, Minister of Christ, Orator, Man, Howard Crosby, is the following beautiful acrostic on his name by his lifelong friend, the Rev. Dr. Henry D. Ganse : *

How should a man be made—
Of what choice parts compounded?
With skill of schools how well arrayed,
And with what graces rounded?
Reveal some princely nature, strong and just,
Divinely ripened, for the poor to trust.

Courage, that fears not man nor devil;
Revolt at all enthroned evil;
Outright resolve, that won't be routed;
Sincerity that can't be doubted.
Back all this strength with lore divine and human,
Yet keep your Great Heart tender as a woman.

*Dr. Ganse died September 8, of the same year (1891).

[From the "*New York Observer*" of April, 1891.]

HOWARD CROSBY.

IN another column we have made a record of the life and death of the pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Here we record our personal sorrow in the loss of a strong and noble friend. To know such a man was an encouragement in every pure aspiration and unselfish work. Dr. Crosby's intellectual force and moral energy do not account for the place he occupied in the hearts of great numbers of persons in this city and throughout the country. This was the result of personal qualities and social sympathies, which brought him an unusual share of warm and deep affection. He was as tender-hearted and sympathetic as he was strong and fearless. All that was loving and beautiful in his dying was characteristic of his living, for no one was more considerate, unselfish and trustful. He had a youthful delight in pleasantries that are sparks from the anvil of genuine humor, and, at the proper season, he was a large contributor to the illumination. During the last fifteen years we were with him often in his hours of relaxation.

Those who knew him in this way most appreciate the remarkable combination of strength and sweetness in his mind and spirit. It was his immense expenditure of himself, in all possible ways, for the church, the community, the city, the country, that makes his death a loss that is so deeply and widely felt. In private and in public, as a clergyman and a citizen, his time, strength, learning and labor, were at the service of poor and rich, friend and stranger, deserving and undeserving. Frequently we have been astonished at the discovery of particular instances in which this man of great responsibilities and varied obligations had devoted himself to personal work for the help of the fallen. Few gifted men have been so lavish in the outpouring of their gifts. He was completely free from the selfishness and narrowness that are so often characteristic of high position and great success. Having received the gift he ministered the same to another, as a good steward of the manifold grace of God. Had his spirit been less eager, it may be that his life had been longer. It seemed to us often that he might have husbanded his vital powers with advantage for the future of his life and work. But this might have lessened the brightness and efficiency of what he was

permitted to accomplish. He fought a good fight before his course was finished, and we must not murmur because it was time for him to receive his crown of glory.

PHILADELPHIA MINISTERS' TRIBUTE

TO

DR. HOWARD CROSBY.

THE news of Dr. Crosby's illness awakened sympathetic illness in many hearts, both of ministers and people in this city. The daily bulletins regarding his condition were watched with sad feeling, and when the papers on Monday morning announced that the great man was gone, there was deep sorrow. It happened that on that morning there was no separate meeting of the Presbyterian ministers.

At the regular Quarterly Meeting of the Ministerial Union of Philadelphia, comprising the different Associations, the Rev. Dr. Wayland, Editor of *The National Baptist*, presented a tender and affectionate resolution on the death of Dr. Crosby. The resolution was very heartily

seconded by the Rev. Dr. Fernley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and unanimously adopted by the Union.

Immediately after the adjournment of the Union, a special meeting of the Presbyterian Ministerial Association was held, and a committee, consisting of the Revs. C. A. Dickey, D.D., H. A. Nelson, D.D., W. W. McKinney, D.D., and William Hutton, D.D., was appointed to prepare a minute on the death of Dr. Crosby. Rev. Dr. Cattell was appointed chairman of a delegation to attend the funeral on Tuesday, in New York. The following Minute prepared by the Committee, was presented to the Presbyterian Association by Dr. Dickey, at its regular Monday meeting, April 6, and unanimously adopted by the Association :

“The Presbyterian Ministers Association of Philadelphia, records its appreciation of the large and faithful service of Dr. Howard Crosby, and expresses its great sorrow over the sudden loss of his valuable earthly life. Howard Crosby, born in New York, and giving to the place of his birth his most conspicuous service, attained a position of wide influence, by rare fidelity in the exercise of great consecrated gifts. He so profoundly impressed all who felt his influence with the com-

pleteness and sincerity of his character, that his valuable life became the property of the kingdom of God, his service is acknowledged by the world, and his loss is lamented by every friend of Christ and by every advocate of righteousness.

“Howard Crosby, living and dying, honored the religion of Christ and the truth of revelation with a simplicity of faith and with a courage only equalled by a tenderness that ever showed how much he loved, and how closely he tried to imitate the Master.

“Howard Crosby sought out sin with the fierceness of a lion, and pursued it with a courage that risked peril and life; but for sinners he had the compassion of Christ, and was ever ready to heal the wounds inflicted by the sin he hated.

“He was positive and earnest, but never pursued with malice those whom his conscience compelled him to oppose. Fidelity and forgiveness, courage and meekness, truth and mercy met in his great soul, and his gentleness was his greatness. He was a leader by the vote of confidence, and a ruler by the power of his transparent life. Others honestly differed with him, and could not always agree with his judgment, but none ever doubted the sincerity of his convictions.

“The impression of his life and character has only revealed its depth when he is suddenly removed, and the influence will abide. Howard Crosby seemed essential, and never more than in the dark hour of the Master’s decision to recall him. But the grace that gave the Church such a gift was not withdrawn with the gift, and the prayer of those who miss his helpful life should be, that the Master would make us all nobler and gentler by the memories of his courage, fidelity and love.”

J. R. MILLER.

[From the “New York Tribune.” 1891.]

THE DEATH OF HOWARD CROSBY.

A NOTABLE figure of the time has passed away. Dr. Crosby’s reputation was not merely local. He had taken so large and strenuous a part in affairs that his name was familiar in many cities and in many States. In the best sense he was a New-Yorker through and through, one to whom the noblest interests of his native city were always dear, and one who never spared himself in the

promotion of every worthy enterprise intended to lift it higher. Into every work which he undertook he threw all the energies of a singularly earnest and resolute nature. He accomplished a great deal in many departments of activity, and the place which he leaves vacant is an important one.

Few citizens of New York have availed themselves of so many opportunities of usefulness and put their talents to so good use for the benefit of their fellow-men. Years of fruitful service as an educator were followed by a long career of beneficent labors in the pulpit and the parish. Dr. Crosby was not only eminent as an educator and a minister, but he was an incessant and impressive force in everyday affairs apart from college and church. He has done more than any other single man in this generation to check vice in its most offensive forms here; to restrain the audacity of the dramshop, and to root out the dives and evil resorts of the town. His labors for the Young Men's Christian Association will always be kept in mind by all who are familiar with the history of that organization, now so splendidly strong and prosperous. Every undertaking in the metropolis which aimed to purify and improve the city, to make life here more decent, orderly and

comfortable, had a vigorous and effective champion in Dr. Crosby. By means of his methodical habits, his exceptional concentration of mind and his tremendous energy, he was accustomed to do more work than almost any ordinary half dozen men. A long list of the books which he wrote may be found in the sketch of his career which *The Tribune* prints elsewhere. The number of sermons and addresses which he made must be almost countless, and these were not heedless and hurried outgivings, but were the results of careful thought and deep research.

Dr. Crosby was a great influence, not only in the Presbyterian Church, not only in the cause of the higher education, not only in mission labors, but in every good word and work of his day and generation.

[From Rev. C. C. Tiffany, Florence, Italy.]

TRIBUTE TO DR. CROSBY.

IN closing an eloquent address upon Christianity and Socialism, at one of the sessions of the Evangelical Alliance in Florence, the Rev. C. C.

Tiffany, D.D., of New York, paid the following tribute to Dr. Crosby, which met the sympathetic feelings of men of all nations in the audience who had known and loved him as a brother, and some of whom had special reasons to remember his generous and Christian efforts in their behalf, Dr. Tiffany said :

“ As I laid down my pen at the end of this paper, I took up the *Morning Journal* and read of the sudden death of my friend, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby of New York. He was a man who, in our country, was perhaps, the most notable example we have had of one who being an accomplished scholar, a learned theologian, an indefatigable pastor and a distinguished preacher, a Professor of Greek, and after a Chancellor of an University yet stood before the public most conspicuously as a citizen who constantly brought Christianity to bear on social questions. He was not only cherished in cultivated, refined and religious society, but was honored and feared, honored in that he was feared in time-serving legislatures and by corrupt politicians as a man among men, set to force legislation into Christian channels, when law infringed upon moral and social order. So strong was he and so brave, so

fully possessed of the courage of his convictions, so persistent and so true, amid the clamor of foes, the fears of friends and the denunciation of fanatics, so steadfast and strenuous in his determination to make Christianity a social power in the amelioration of poverty and the extirpation of vice, that I am sure no man could be more missed in all America as a Christian citizen. As his life was so thorough an exemplification of the views I have maintained, and as he was a warm friend of this Alliance, I felt that I could not sit down without this mention of his name. He was a noble and notable example of a man who could bring the highest social position, the fertile resources of a thoroughly trained mind, the devotion of a consecrated soul ; all he was, and all he had to bear on the advancement and enlargement of the kingdom of righteousness here on earth. Like his Master, he was among us as one that serveth, and doubtless the plaudit 'well done' thrills his kingly soul to-day."

FROM THE REV. C. A. STODDARD, PARIS, FRANCE.

THE Rev. Dr. C. A. Stoddard writes from Paris, March 31: "I was grieved to-day by the news of Dr. Crosby's death, and could not keep the tears from running down my face, as I walked down the Champs Elysee, and thought of my last evening with him at Chi Alpha—at Dr. Booth's, just two weeks ago last Saturday. His words about Christian charity and kindness, apropos of Dr. Schaff's paper, were vividly recalled, and his genial and manly presence. One of the last notes which I wrote before leaving, was one of sincere condolence to him upon the death of his beloved daughter, and I little thought then that he would join her angelic company on Easter Sunday. How great a loss his absence from religious, and civil, and social life will be, none know better than those of us who have felt the power of his consistent and persistent efforts for truth, justice and pure religion. Abreast of all true progress in theology, morals and political science, a brave and intelligent defender of the Bible and its teachings, a fair and courteous opponent, and a warm-hearted and generous friend, he will be mourned and remembered by a multitude with sincerest sorrow.

A TRIBUTE TO DR. HOWARD CROSBY.

THE PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS' ASSOCIATION
EXPRESS THEIR SENSE OF LOSS AT
HIS DEATH.

THE Presbyterian Ministers' Association yesterday adopted the following minute in regard to the death of Dr. Howard Crosby, which was read by the Rev. Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, of Brooklyn :

The committee appointed to draft a minute in regard to the death of Dr. Crosby respectfully submit the following report :

We are painfully conscious of our inability to record in words a true estimate of our departed brother, or to convey to others the sense of loss which comes to us with the thought that we shall see his face no more. He was one of the founders of this association and contributed more than any other man to its prosperity and usefulness. His constant presence brought light and sweetness to our meetings. His broad scholarship, his earnest convictions of truth, his positive utterance

of what he believed, and his quick resentment of what seemed to him untrue or wrong, were tempered by humility toward God and a large-hearted charity toward men. His sincerity was transparent. He always thought for himself, said what he thought, and did what he said. His reverence for the Scriptures as the very Word of God commanded the respect of those who differed with him in their interpretation. He was dogmatic without bigotry, a controversialist free from bitterness, a man in understanding, and a child in malice. In his large sympathy for the suffering and sorrowful he was full of good works and of alms. In his devotion to the Church he was an able preacher and a faithful pastor. In his zeal for good government and social order he was a foremost citizen. With a diligence that never spared himself he counted each day by its minutes of golden opportunity, and sought to redeem them all. The source and centre of his life was his consecration to Christ. His last conflict was his greatest triumph. With the hand that was pierced clasped in his own, his childlike faith attested the victory that overcometh the world. Servant of God, well done! Though we are distressed for him as David was for Jonathan, we rejoice

that he has entered into glory. Let us resolve to cherish the memory of Howard Crosby, and under the incentive of his example press on by fidelity to every duty to the land of reunion.

[From the "New York Times," March. 1891.]

THE LATE HOWARD CROSBY.

At a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, held at 923 Broadway, an extended minute was adopted on the death of the President of the society, Dr. Crosby. Among other things the minute said :

"Our President counted himself a debtor to every citizen of New York. This he did because he respected every man as his brother committed to his care by the common Father. He met his death in part as preacher, educator, author, honest taxpayer and voter. Still he counted himself debtor to aid specially the magistrates in two ways: first, encouraging, assisting, and constraining them to execute existing laws; second, in securing better laws.

"We his comrades grieve over his departure as

our personal loss. We find a vacant space in our society and in the body corporate which cannot be filled. * * * His life must inspire every true lover of New York to press on to victory this good warfare which he began."

At the meeting of the Reformed, Methodist, and Presbyterian Ministers' Association at the Collegiate Church yesterday a tender tribute was paid to the memory of the Rev. Dr. Crosby. In his opening prayer the Rev. Dr. James C. Chambers referred to the deep affliction that all people feel at the death of the eminent clergyman, and the Rev. Dr. John Hall followed with a warm tribute to Dr. Crosby's memory.

A committee composed of the Rev. Solon Parsons, the President of the New York Preacher's Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church; the Rev. W. P. Bruce, President of the Reformed Church Pastors' Association of New York, and the Rev. Dr. James C. Chambers, President of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association was appointed to draft memorial resolutions expressing the sense of the joint meeting. These resolutions, which recited the many endearing and distinguishing qualities of Dr. Crosby, were presented and unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

Eulogies of Dr. Crosby were spoken at the meeting of the Presbyterian Union at the assembly rooms in the Metropolitan Opera House last night. Mr. Alexander P. Ketchum, President of the union, said :

“ In the midst of our joy, as we look forward to the entertainment of the hour, a shadow is upon us. The one who has gone was a member of this union and our personal friend. And yet were he still alive to commune with us, could he speak to us from whence he has gone, he would be the last to ask a postponement of the pleasure of this occasion, the joy of which is so light compared with that which he now has. We mourn his loss and feel a sense of loneliness. As citizens of this metropolis, we have lost one whose place may never be supplied. Great and good as he was, his name was familiar to the criminal as to the most devout, because he was a terror to evil-doers. The press of this city reflects the sentiment of the Presbyterian Church in its words of love and sorrow at his death. It mourns his departure.”

The Rev. F. F. Ellingwood spoke briefly. “ It was as great for Dr. Crosby to stand before the vice and crime of this city,” he said, “ as for John Knox to stand before Queen Mary in behalf of his

faith. He was brilliant, fearless; the lion-hearted and yet the tender-hearted."

On behalf of a committee the Rev. Dr. H. M. Field submitted a memorial resolution. In doing this he said :

"Howard Crosby is dead. He has gone to his grave. No more shall we see among us that splendid form, that noble head, or hear that ringing voice. You knew him well. Everybody knew him, and all who knew him loved him. I loved him, and I love him still. In the twenty years I knew him I never knew him to do aught that gave pain. The only thing that gives pain is that we shall see him here no more."

This memorial was then adopted :

"*Resolved*, That it is with profoundest grief we learn of the death of our beloved brother and fellow-member, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby. The Church has sustained an overwhelming bereavement, and his loss to the city is nothing less than a public calamity. A faithful, conscientious pastor, and an eloquent preacher, he was also a patriotic citizen who never spared time or effort for the good of his fellow-men. Although eminent as an educator and an accomplished scholar, all his utterances were simplicity itself.

“Ever undaunted in combating evil in its most offensive forms, in all the relations of life he was gentle as a woman. No man of our time was more earnest and courageous in effort to restrain the powers of vice in this community. And yet, notwithstanding the great burdens he assumed, he found time to discharge the duties of his pastorate and to the Church at large with punctilious exactness. The Church throughout the country and Christians in every land have cause to mourn. We extend to the congregation of which for twenty eight years he has been a devoted pastor, and to his afflicted family, our sincere love and sympathy.”

[From the “*Christian Intelligencer*.”]

HOWARD CROSBY.

BY THE REV. ABBOTT E. KITTREDGE, D.D.

IT is hard to think or write of him as dead. He seemed so strong and active, he had become so closely linked with the highest interests of the Church and of the city, he threw himself with such enthusiasm into every work for the uplifting of his

fellow-men, that we cannot realize that he has gone from us, never to return, and that we shall see his face no more in the social circle and the vineyard service. But so it is, and we can only bow in submission to His will who loved our dear brother better than we did, and whose wisdom in providence is infinite. We would have said that he was needed here, that he could not be spared from the work in which he was always a leader ; but God knows best, and he has already entered upon his heavenly service, grander than the highest possibilities of the earthly vineyard.

It is not easy to analyze his character, for more than any one we have ever known, he seemed to unite tenderness and sympathy with broad mental acquisition and intellectual power, and with these a capacity for labor in widely different fields which was marvellous.

As a preacher, his knowledge of the Bible was profound, and his sermons were not only always evangelical, but full of meat for the spiritual nourishment of his people. He was an enemy of all sensationalism in the pulpit ; his sermons were never written to please or flatter men, but simply to honor his Master and to build up His kingdom. And God placed the seal of His benediction upon

his preaching, and a great multitude were led by him to the Lamb of God and into the joys of His salvation.

He was a faithful, loving pastor. He did not believe in the modern theory that a city minister has enough to do in preparing for his pulpit services, and so must neglect pastoral visitation; but he found time to call upon his people, to comfort them in sorrow, to win the hearts of the children, so that he was regarded by all as a true friend and a loving counsellor. In multitudes of homes in our city it is as if one of the family had gone, and parents and children will miss for years to come his warm hand-grasp, his always smiling face and his kind, encouraging words.

Outside of his pulpit and pastoral work, he found time for intellectual study, for extensive reading and writing upon themes philosophical and scientific, so that in the literary and religious circles with which he was connected, he was prepared to speak wisely and instructively on every subject which was presented. Then, Dr. Crosby was a man of broad religious views and sympathies. He was intensely loyal to the Presbyterian Church, was proud of its history, and earnest in pushing forward its grand missionary enterprises;

but he was no sectarian bigot. He loved the whole Church more than any one section of it ; he recognized in every Christian denomination a part of the visible body of Christ, and he labored and prayed for the closer union of Christians ; never losing the confident hope that the day was coming when the people of God would be one, and denominational flags would be lowered before the one Cross standard.

As a result of this broad, generous, and Christ-like spirit and labor, his departure is mourned to-day by the clergymen of all Christian sects, and all grieve for his loss as that of a brother beloved. But this profound thinker and theologian, this faithful preacher and pastor, this man of broad Christian sympathies, was also a patriotic citizen, finding time and strength to give to the interests of the City and State. With an energy which never flagged, with a fearless resoluteness which never weighed his words or acts in the scales of a selfish policy, he was the open, bold antagonist of political corruption and of wicked rulers, fighting with the liquor and gambling interests of New York, often single-handed, walking our city streets at night to discover law-breakers, watching the designs of politicians at Albany with a vigilance that

never slept, and forcing even the respect of wicked men by his conscientious, tireless labors and his ringing utterances of an heroic patriotism.

And yet, with all this varied and grand work, for which he seemed always to have time, Dr. Crosby was a simple, childlike Christian, never egotistic, never ambitious for earthly honors, but gentle in manner, warm and true as a friend, self-forgetful, seeking only the glory of his Lord, and walking among his fellow-men as a friend of all; a brother to those who needed his helping hand, and with a moral character which by its purity and sincerity won the confidence and admiration of our entire population.

The City, the State, will feel his loss. The cause of political reform has suffered a heavy blow in his death. The Presbyterian Church and the whole visible body of Christ mourn the going from the vineyard of a leader and loved captain. We, who knew him in the intimacy of Christian fellowship, feel that earth is poorer, that life has less of attractiveness, as we miss him with whom we have walked in loving friendship and by whose side we have sown and reaped for the Master, and under whose leadership we have fought against the principalities and powers of sin. We shall

miss that warm, hearty greeting, that generous hospitality, that delicate sympathy with which he entered into the sorrows of others, that joyousness of temperament which brightened every circle of which he was a member, that sincerity and earnestness in discussion, which compelled the respect even of those who differed from him, and above all, that simple but confident faith in his Saviour, which was the sublime secret of the grandeur and power of his character and life.

I said, it is hard to think or write of him as dead. Thank God, Howard Crosby is *not dead*. It was only the tabernacle in which he lived for sixty-five years that loving hands have laid in the silent grave. *He* has only changed worlds—has only dropped the tired body and been clothed upon with his house from heaven. He lives with his risen Lord in glory; on his ears has fallen the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and there we shall meet him again, when our work here is ended, meet him in that Father's house where no one ever goes out, and where our service for the King will never be interrupted.

[From the "*Christian Inquirer*."]]

DEATH OF DR. HOWARD CROSBY.

BY ROBERT S. MACARTHUR.

THE death of such a man as Dr. Howard Crosby is a great loss to our city, to our country and to the cause of evangelical religion throughout the world. In many important respects he had not his peer in the country ; nor, perhaps, in the world. It is rare, indeed, that a man unites in himself so many necessary characteristics of a great preacher, reformer and scholar. United to these qualities there was a tenderness of heart and a gentleness of life, rare in any man, but still rarer in a man of so aggressive a spirit and so fearless a nature.

SOME OF HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

He was certainly one of the greatest workers of our time ; but he never forgot in his busiest hours to be a Christian gentleman. In what many would call the less important matters of life his courtesy was constantly shown. He would not

allow a visitor, even though the visit may have been a bore to him, to leave his house without being courteously shown to the door by himself. His marked politeness impressed even the rudest of his visitors, of which class he had many. As a scholar he took high rank both in America and Great Britain. In 1870 he was elected president of the University of the City of New York; and in 1873 he was chosen moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and was a delegate to that body no fewer than eleven times. It is not too much to say that he was the finest Greek scholar in the American pulpit. Again and again has this writer named a passage of the New Testament and has heard Dr. Crosby immediately recite it in the original Greek. His published works show that he was scholarly also in Semitic and kindred languages and literatures. His classical studies he continued to the close of his life. "Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles" he edited with notes as early as 1851. He loved Plato; he constantly read Homer's Iliad, and the Odyssey, which he preferred to the Iliad. His volume, "Thoughts on the Pentateuch" (1873), "Notes on Joshua" (1875), and his "Commentary on Nehemiah" (1876), show his activity along Old Testa-

ment lines, and his "Notes on the New Testament" and other volumes on religious subjects show his breadth of thought and effort in many directions. He was a member of the American Committee on the Revision of the New Testament.

Dr. Crosby was a tremendous worker, as we have already suggested. He became pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church in March, 1863, succeeding Dr. Joel Parker. In addition to his two sermons on Sunday, he taught a Bible-class for young men Sunday morning; he attended a ministers' meeting Monday at noon; conducted the Bible-class for young women on Tuesdays; lectured on the Sunday-school lesson on Wednesday evenings; attended a Greek club on Friday evenings, and three clerical associations each week, one of which met on Wednesday afternoons and one on Saturday evenings. While chancellor he attended the University each morning. In addition to these engagements he wrote constantly for newspapers and magazines. He presided at almost innumerable meetings for municipal reform, philanthropic endeavors, denominational committees and other forms of religious and humanitarian enterprise. His methodical habits and great industry enabled him to perform

these enormous and varied labors. He was whole-hearted in all that he undertook. Dr. Taylor said well at the funeral service: "He seemed always focalized. Whatever was the subject in which he was engaged, he was always *totus in illo*; he was nothing by half." He did not neglect his pastoral work in the midst of other duties; to callers he gave an hour each day. He was seldom absent from any of these engagements, and was never late. A man of so many sides and so able at every point, so fearless and so tender, we have never before known. It has been said of him, that finding a robber in his house one day, he seized him and dragged him along until he found a police officer, to whom he gave him up. He then visited him in prison, and talked in so manly and Christian a spirit that the man was converted. With this man he kept up a correspondence until the end of his own life. That man, it is said, is now an exemplary member of a Methodist church in the West.

Dr. Crosby was, by nature and long experience, a reformer. His boldness in this respect often startled more timid brethren. He was a terror to evil-doers. Saloon keepers dreaded and at the same time admired him. He was a "mailed

knight;" he dreaded no foe, and he championed every good cause. He never was known to fight unfairly. Even his vanquished foes admired the chivalry of his methods and the sincerity of his purpose. He hated with a perfect hatred every form of cant or sham or hypocrisy. He was himself absolutely sincere in every relation of life. His earnestness was as a fire in his bones; he never adopted any form of sinuosity or crookedness in reaching an end. He thought for himself, and he dared to utter his thoughts in direct and unadorned speech.

For almost twenty-one years this writer has met him fortnightly and frequently weekly in clerical circles, where the utmost frankness of speech prevailed. Again and again has his voice rang out like a trumpet, rebuking wrong and defending right. His beautiful face was an index of his pure and noble heart; often on that calm and tranquil face a lambent glory seemed to rest, as if he had just come from some Pisgah of divine communion. He sympathized with Baptists in their exaltation of the Word of God as the infallible authority in all matters of faith and practice. He had no sympathy with the "New Theology" tendencies of the times; he stood like a rock for the old faith

once delivered to the saints. Again and again has he expressed unbounded admiration for Baptist loyalty to the Bible. He stood firmly with us in our views of the separation of the Church from the State, in our insistence on a regenerated membership, and in our repudiation of human creeds. It would be easy for this writer to give many instances of his sympathy with us touching all these and other points. During the recent discussion in his own church regarding the "Revision of the Standards" he repeatedly and emphatically declared himself in sympathy with Baptists in their rejection of all human standards and in their reverence for the Word of God as the only authoritative rule of faith.

HIS TEMPERANCE VIEWS.

It must be admitted that his views on temperance were a stumbling-block to many Christians. He was opposed to what he considered the "fanaticism of prohibition by legislative enactment." He was recognized as the leader of those who would restrict the traffic in every possible way, and who believed in high license as an effective agent in securing this result. He was opposed to

spirituous liquors, but maintained that unfermented wine never existed, except possibly as an occasional matter. He believed that Jesus made and used real wine; he therefore thought proper to use wine as he believed Jesus did. He "was opposed to total abstinence as a rule or law, believing that total abstinence as a system is false in its philosophy, contrary to revealed religion, and hurtful to the best interests of this country." He did heroic service in denouncing that hermeneutical figment known as the two-wine theory. Such interpretation brings Scripture teaching into disrepute. Even so good a cause as temperance ought not to be upheld by unscholarly and unfair exposition. Often in familiar conversation, sometimes in warm debate, this writer differed with him both as to the principle and policy involved in some of his positions. But no one could ever doubt his sincerity of faith, his purity of motive and his ability in advocacy of his views. He was often assailed by extreme prohibitionists with a virulence as amazing as it was unchristian. He sometimes received letters from professedly Christian men consigning him to the regions of the lost, and assuring him, in language that savored more of the saloon than the prayer-meeting, that many

of his victims would meet him on his arrival. But he was immovable under these fierce attacks. He probably did more to suppress the liquor traffic than all his critics combined. The "Society for the Prevention of Crime," which he was the chief instrument in founding, did much to purify criminal courts, to limit the liquor traffic and to further every good cause. It is not too much to say that he was the greatest one-man power in the city of New York.

This writer formed, immediately upon coming to New York, a warm friendship with Dr. Crosby. That friendship grew, on the part of the writer at least with the passing years. From this noble man he never received anything but manifestations of fraternal regard and fatherly affection; and he will ever cherish among his tenderest memories all that is connected with this chivalrous knight of truth. No words can more appropriately characterize Dr. Crosby than those written by Dr. Philip Schaff, himself a great church historian of Neander, the "father of modern church history," when he says: "A child in spirit, a man in intellect, a giant in learning and a saint in piety."

[*From the Fonkers Statesman, April 3, 1891.*]

HOWARD CROSBY.

THE death of Dr. Crosby is a public calamity. He was a valiant warrior on the side of righteousness against iniquity. He was something more than a minister. He did not regard sermonizing and visiting as the only duties laid upon him. He had what so few citizens have, public spirit. He recognized the fact that he was a member of the Commonwealth, and that he owed a duty to it which was not to be shirked. He was a bold and defiant opponent of the mighty saloon interest. In the fight against that interest he was a puissant personality. There was nothing mealy-mouthed about him. He did not think it necessary to play the sycophant, to flatter the powerful, to secure the favor of people he despised, by soft speeches.

Dr. Crosby was of more value to the community than dozens of commonplace, conventional men who, though outwardly respectable, never take thought for the public welfare, and are principally concerned with the degrading business of accumulating dollars. Thousands of men dislike the liquor traffic and would like to see it curtailed, if not suppressed. But they are too petty, too self-

ish, too much engrossed with personal matters, too cowardly to do anything in the way of mitigating the evils of the injurious business.

Dr. Crosby was made of sterner and better stuff. He had an ancestry to be proud of—solid and worthy men of the old American stock. He took a personal interest in the affairs of New York. He wanted to see the city well governed. And he was willing to make personal sacrifice, if so be that object might be attained. That he was bitterly opposed it is hardly necessary to say. One of the reform measures attributed to Dr. Crosby passed the Legislature, but naturally received Executive disapproval. There was the spectacle of a private citizen working for the public good, thwarted and defeated by a politician in the Governor's chair, a man elected to represent and to protect the people. Sad was it to reflect that such a man as D. B. Hill could be in a position successfully to oppose Dr. Crosby in his efforts in behalf of the public.

Dr. Crosby did not have a Fifth Avenue church. His salary was not as large as that of several New York ministers ; but he was a far more significant and important figure in the community than these latter.

He was a rare and admirable man. The city that he cared for and worked for should appropriately honor his memory. Four-fifths of the population of New York, it is said, are of foreign birth and of foreign parentage. Here was a representative of the old American families striving to abate the mischief which these foreigners, allied with worthless natives, had wrought.

And he was a notable scholar, especially fond of Greek, at one time a professor of that language. Take him altogether he was a man and a citizen of the best sort, one of the very few who confer distinction upon the big-dollar-worshipping city, a man worthy of long and honorable remembrance, as one who served the people well and was faithful to the end.

[From the "*New York Observer*."]'

TWO NOTICES.

BY REV. WENDELL PRIME.

MARCH is the unspeakable month in the sense in which Europeans say "the unspeakable Turk." How biting and bitter its breath as we stood this

afternoon at the door of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and looked upon the coffin as it was carried in, containing all that was mortal of Howard Crosby, indefatigable and fearless in New York as was John Knox in Edinburgh. He is taken away at a crisis when his faith, courage, learning and power are sorely needed.

ONCE a year "Philo" meets with the Presbyterian pastor at Inwood. The parsonage is between the Hudson River and the Kingsbridge Road, not far from the northern end of Manhattan Island. Its surroundings are still delightfully rural, including grove, garden and orchard, now luxuriant and fragrant with the beauty and breath of spring. It is arranged that we shall meet here annually during the time of apple-blossoms. So uncertain is the weather at this season, that in some years on the day appointed we have been disappointed in our outdoor enjoyments. But this day has been perfection. After a mid-day dinner, abundant and appetizing, the brethren adjourned to the adjoining orchard, where the afternoon hours fled swiftly on the wings of con-

versation and croquet. The apple-blossoms fell beneath the touch of the gentlest breeze, silent and stainless as snow-flakes. In such an atmosphere and hour we could not forget the sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, and our friend Howard Crosby, one of our most beloved members, whose great heart was for many years an overflowing fountain of refreshment in such scenes as this.

FROM DR. EATON, UNIVERSALIST.

"A MAN of commanding abilities," said Dr. Eaton, "of a church not much in sympathy with ours has passed away. We felt that we lost a personal friend when the great Howard Crosby died. In thinking of him I realized how narrow was the conception of the doctrine of a mechanical apostolic succession, and my mind revolted at a theory that such a man was not ordained of God."

AN APPRECIATIVE TRIBUTE.

PAID BY DR. HEBER NEWTON TO THE MEMORY
OF DR. HOWARD CROSBY.

As AN illustration of the true Christian life, the Rev. R. Heber Newton, at All Souls' Church yesterday, paid the following tribute to the memory of Dr. Howard Crosby :

"In Howard Crosby one could see how the Christian is the highest style of man. A faithful pastor over his large and vigorous congregation, he was, at the same time, a scholar who never neglected the intellectual life, and a citizen who labored as though he had no other task in reforming and purifying our civic life. Intense in his convictions he was tolerant of the convictions of others, outstripping his great faith by the sweetness of his charity. Bold as a lion, fearing no embattled forces of evil, holding the lawless elements of our city in a restraint which no other man in private life or official station has impressed upon them, he was gentle as a woman.

"Eminently a man of the Spirit, devout, godly, as all felt who came close to him, he made his

religion the most potent and practical of forces for civic righteousness and social purity, so that, when he leaves us, we all stand ashamed in our lack of public spirit, wondering what the city is to do without him.

“This manliest of men, this most faithful of citizens, was indeed the sincerest and simplest of Christians. When he realized that he was passing away, he called for pencil and paper and wrote the farewell messages which he could not speak. The story of his life and death he told in a word : ‘I place my hand in the hand of Jesus.’”

DR. CROSBY AS A CITIZEN.

AT a meeting of the members of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, held at their rooms No. 923 Broadway, yesterday, a minute respecting the death of their president was unanimously adopted. Part of it was :

“Our president, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, counted himself a debtor to every citizen of New York. This he did because he respected every

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man as his brother, committed to his care by the common Father. He met his debt in part as preacher, educator, author, honest tax-payer and voter. Still he counted himself debtor to aid specially the magistrates in two ways—first, encouraging, assisting and constraining them to execute existing laws; second, in securing better laws. For this reason he led in organizing the Society for the Prevention of Crime, of which he has been president since its organization, March 16, 1877. He informed himself to a unique degree concerning the machinery of the government of our city. He was thoroughly at home in knowledge of the laws to be executed. He acquainted himself with the officers of the law, in the police, in the excise, in the courts and in the Mayoralty. He did much to create a standard of faithfulness in office. The ideal magistrate has been kept before New Yorkers by his efforts. He personally pursued the violators of the law in numberless cases. He was a terror to evil-doers. He was ubiquitous in his survey of events around him. He continually surprised his directors by his knowledge of every kind respecting our work. He stimulated us by his toils, patrolling sometimes by night to detect unfaithful officers or

flagrant criminals. He led us in giving his means. He was always prompt, never weary. He harmonized differing elements. He forgot himself and made others forget themselves for the cause."

FROM REV. PETER STRYKER.

* * * * * I LEARN that my intimate and beloved friend, Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, has passed away. On Easter Sabbath he left us. He did not die. He only crossed the river to live forever in glory. I have known him and been associated with him since we were college boys. I had many reasons for loving him. Shall I now mourn him as lost? O no, he has only gone before. I shall see him again in glory, and it may be soon. No black for him, but white. He is clothed in white. He was a bright and cheery Christian, and in peace and triumph has closed his eyes to all that is mortal, to gaze forever on immortality. No mourning for him.

A TRIBUTE FROM REV. DR. PARKHURST,

OF THE

MADISON SQUARE CHURCH.

DR. CROSBY AND THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

WHEN Paul lived there was a good deal of discussion in regard to the question whether it was right for a Christian to eat meat that had been offered to idols. Paul says, "Yes, an idol isn't anything." To a man, able as he was, to survey the matter with an eye that looked straight forward of him, and that had in it no confusion, this eating of meat that had been so offered was not an ethical question. There was no ingredient of right or wrong inhering in it. At the same time, if his eating such meat was going to hurt anybody's feelings and bruise anyone's conscience, he would abstain from it as long as the world stood, but he wasn't going to give up saying it was right to eat it. In that respect he was just exactly like good Dr. Crosby on the liquor question. It would have occasioned Dr. Crosby just as much pain to know that he had broken the edge of any

man's conscience by drinking wine as it would have St. Paul to know that he had done the same thing by eating meat offered in sacrifice. But that would not hinder the Doctor the thousandth part of a second from saying and insisting upon it that it was right for him to do it; that wine-drinking was not an ethical question, in this sense, that the act involved no inherent wrong.

The two men were considerably alike in a number of respects; the purposes of both were so intense that the threads of their thinking never curled and kinked; primary questions they settled first, and then took care to get the bottom masonry well in before they scattered off on to the matter of girders, studs and lathing; and while St. Paul did a great deal more to crush idolatry than the scrupulous Corinthians, who had not the courage to say nor the wit to know that there was no inherent wrong in eating sacrificed meat, we also remark as a partial analogue to that, that there is probably no temperance worker in this city that has accomplished so much as Dr. Crosby in the way of restraining the very evil that he has been so many times mistakenly charged with encouraging. There is no clear appreciation yet of what his death in this one particular is going to cost us.

Other men can be found that are as scholarly as he ; that can preach the Law and the Gospel with as much acceptance and effect as he ; and that will guard as vigilantly as he against the intrusion into the Church of what seemed to him corruption in practice and unsoundness in doctrine. But there is no man known that can take the place of Howard Crosby as the alert, uncompromising and indomitable antagonist of the rum-power of New York City. There was no jumble made in his mind any more than in St. Paul's by mixing abstract propriety with concrete expediency, and distinct thinking makes confident acting.

"All things are lawful for me." As though he had said, "All these matters, which are neither right nor wrong intrinsically, but which A, B and C worry over in ways that are so petty and scrupulous, all these rights are right, are squarely in the face of all this slavish, quibbling scrupulosity. I am going to stand up and frankly insist that they are right." "But." Now we are ready to move on and interrogate the clause that these initial words open into. His bottom masonry is all in. The broad preliminary question is settled, and is not going to be reopened. A given act may be right, and yet be inexpedient ; but the inexpedi-

ency of it is not going to turn around and make the act itself wrong. For instance witnessing the spectacular may not be inherently wrong, but attendance upon spectacular exhibits may be inexpedient; but if they were wrong before they were inexpedient, the inexpediency is not going to make them wrong, however wrong it may make me if I act regardless of the inexpediency.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

Grace Chapel Helping Hand,

Nos. 340 and 342 East 22nd Street.

For the Year ending March, 1891.

* * * * * AND again, within a few short days, a great bereavement has fallen heavily upon us in the loss of our pastor, greatly beloved, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby. Under peculiarly trying circumstances he has suddenly been taken from us in the height of his intellectual power, and

from the activities of a life of rare usefulness and honor.

During a long pastorate in the Fourth Avenue Church, he has by his inspiring words, and the beautiful example of his life, encouraged his people in "every good word and work;" and as a member of the Advisory Board of this Society from its foundation, he has been ever ready to help us by his genial presence and warm sympathy.

To those of us who have long been privileged to listen to his teachings in the church he loved so well, the inspiration of the noble life just closed will remain in our hearts as a lasting memory, and an incentive to more earnest devotion to the cause of that Divine Master whom he so faithfully served.

MISS J. A. BROWN, *Secretary*,

April 4, 1891.

25 West 45th Street.

AT THE CITY UNIVERSITY.

VICE CHANCELLOR Henry M. McCracken, of the University of the City of New York, preached the

baccalaureate sermon for 1891 in the University Place Presbyterian Church last evening.

In closing Dr. McCracken spoke feelingly of Dr. Howard Crosby, whose strength, he said, was of that order necessary for a front place. He possessed among his attributes marvellously strong impulses, including sympathy with and compassion for humanity, a deep reverence for God's law and a will of great force in behalf of the loftiest impulse whenever he recognized a conflict.

[From the "*Hebrew-Christian*," May, 1891.]

IN MEMORIAM.

BY REV. J. W. FRESHMAN.

REV. HOWARD CROSBY, D.D., LL.D.

WITH feelings of unusual sadness we record the passing away from earth to Heaven of that honored servant of God, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, one of our Board of Trustees, and Chairman of the Advisory Committee.

When nine years ago we came to New York, strangers and alone, Dr. Crosby was among the first to take us by the hand and bid us God-speed. He has ever been a stanch friend and a wise counsellor to our Hebrew-Christian work. He rejoiced greatly over its progress. Amid his many duties he ever found time for an interview concerning its interests. God grant his mantle may fall upon others.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees will be held early in May, when they will doubtless pass appropriate resolutions.

A special meeting of the Advisory Committee was, however, called on April 2d, at which time the following Minute, prepared by the Rev. Dr. Deems, was directed to be placed on the Records and a copy to be forwarded to the family of our deceased venerated friend, and published in the *Hebrew-Christian* :

“In December, 1881, at 429 West 22d Street, in this city, three men met to consider prayerfully the advisability of inaugurating a Hebrew-Christian work in New York. One of these men was the late Dr. Howard Crosby. His zeal, his high character, his great reputation, the catholicity of his superb spirit, naturally fitted him to be a leader in

this as in all other good works. All of his associates have felt that he was their leader in giving substance, shape and stability to this enterprise. He was always ready with tongue, pen and purse to advance its movements. He gave freely of his valuable time to its interests. In this as in everything else he touched, he was deeply endeared to all his associates.

“On Easter Sunday he passed from among us. The vacancy his departure has created would give us intolerable pain if we did not believe that the Master for whom he labored, and to whom this particular Work belongs, would raise up some other well-endowed servant to take our beloved brother's place.

“We desire to put in the minutes of our proceedings a record of our great admiration and abiding love for that knightly gentleman, that faithful citizen, that ripe scholar, that godly man, that devout Christian, our honored brother, the true and the now sainted Howard Crosby.”

AT GENERAL ASSEMBLY, MAY. 1891.

EACH one of the three reports referred with sorrow to the death of Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, Dr. Moore speaking of his "unwavering faith, broad charity, love of unity and courage of conviction." Dr. Lowrie said that the praise of Dr. Crosby and Dr. Welch was in all the Church, and the mourning for them had been universal. Dr. McIntosh referred to "the irreparable loss in the death of their beloved friend and most efficient associate, Dr. Crosby."

BIBLE SOCIETY RECORD.

REV. HOWARD CROSBY, D.D., LL.D.

THE Managers have sustained a severe loss in the death of the Rev. Howard Crosby, D.D., LL.D., who was a member of the Committee on Versions since the year 1880, and was remarkable for his punctual attendance upon the meetings of the committee, his wise counsels, and his deep in-

terest in all matters which have come before it. His associates of the Committee on Versions have recorded their views concerning him in these words: "His familiarity with the original languages of Scripture and with many modern tongues, his varied experience, his frankness and courtesy, and, above all, his deep and pervading sympathy with the letter and spirit of the Divine Word, rendered him a very valuable member of the Committee, and we shall long regret the event which deprives us of his companionship and aid."

TRIBUTE FROM W. E. DODGE.

DR. CROSBY was introduced by Mr. Dodge as the first citizen in New York in pluck and courage, one who is constantly going for everything that is wrong and the one above all others whom wrong-doers fear. Dr. Crosby read from manuscript, and was interrupted again and again by applause from delegate visitors as he showed, in terse and vigorous terms, the opportunity that America offered for the development of Christian.

life. This very opportunity brings increased responsibilities to the Christian citizen. He lamented the general apathy on the part of Christians in regard to public life. The true missionary spirit must be shown in urging and supporting Christian legislation. The Christian must not be a partisan.

[From the "New York Tribune."]

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY

AT

FOURTH AVENUE CHURCH, 1890.

IF it were possible to increase the regard which Dr. Howard Crosby enjoys in the Presbyterian Church, his hospitality and labors during the recent Assembly would have done this. His watchful care as Chairman of the Committee of Appointments, his uniform courtesy as pastor of the Church, and the host of the Assembly, his ability and wisdom in discharging the duties of a Commissioner, simply confirmed his position in the hearts of the great body of the Presbyterian Church.

CHANCELLOR CROSBY, 1871.

WE accept the election of Dr. Howard Crosby as Chancellor of the University of the City of New York as an indication of greater vigor and efficiency in the management of this institution. Dr. Crosby is a scholar of rare attainments, who is yet fully abreast with the times and earnest in his sympathy with all sensible educational reforms. Few men are as catholic in their tastes and sympathies, few are so free from prejudices, and fewer still are imbued with the same measure of generous self-devotion to all movements for the elevation of their fellows. He will bring to the leadership of the University a new and powerful impetus in the right direction, and will inspire the friends of the institution with fresh hope and activity.

That there is opportunity for the fullest exercise of all the energies of the new Chancellor those who know most of the condition and affairs of the University will be the readiest to admit. We shall soon know what measures he will propose in the way of reform, progress and growth, and shall be glad to sustain him in all of his efforts to put the University on a better and larger footing.

DR. CROSBY'S PUNCTUALITY.

THE Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby is very punctual in his engagements. During the eleven years of his Chancellorship of the University of the City of New York he was never late at chapel. Every afternoon from 5 to 6 o'clock he gives to callers from his congregation, or those having business with him, and often there are a dozen or more visitors at the same time. He seldom dines away from home, unless at public dinners where he is called to represent a society or the University.

Some Reminiscences of Dr. Howard Crosby, 1877.

IN SCOTLAND.

A PAPER READ IN SIGMA CHI, APRIL 15, 1891,
BY HENRY J. VAN DYKE, D.D.*

THE personal friendship between Dr. Crosby and myself began at the Reunion Assembly of the

*Mr Van Dyke died in May of the same year, (1891.)

Presbyterian Church at Philadelphia, in 1870. He had been prominent as a member of the New School body, and was at once recognized as a leader in the reunited church. He never seemed to me, however, to be either a New or an Old School man. He was *sui generis*.

This was perhaps owing in part to the fact that he studied theology privately, and was never a student in any Theological Seminary; but it was due still more to the original cast of his mind. He adopted the Westminster Confession of Faith, not with mental reservations, of which he was constitutionally incapable, but with openly expressed dissent from some of its statements. The points in regard to which he dissented are not generally regarded as essential to the integrity of the system taught in the Confession, and it would not be easy to determine whether his divergence, upon the whole, brought him more into alliance with the New School or the Old School. He was by nature a Protestant and a Dissenter. Traditionalism and the authority of schools were nothing to him. And yet he was kept from eccentricity and radicalism in theology by his absolute reverence for the inspiration, authority and inerrancy of the Word of God, in regard to which he went beyond the

statements of the Confession of Faith. While there was nothing in the proceedings and discussions of the Assembly of 1870 to indicate that there ever had been or ever could be any theological difference among its members, the spirit of reunion which put every one on his good behavior did not suppress the personal traits of Dr. Crosby. Courtesy and good humor were natural to him. So also was the unconscious independence which everywhere and always made him think for himself, say what he thought and do what he said. Whenever he spoke his looks drew audience, and his ringing voice, his "blood earnestness," his clean-cut, explicit words made a deep impression. Aside altogether from the opinions he uttered, the man won me, and we were ever afterward personal friends. His last letter to me a little while before his death, concludes with the words: "I love you dearly." We were both members of the Assembly at Baltimore in 1873. There he was made Moderator, and presided with a rare combination of promptness, authority, impartiality and courtesy which won universal admiration. In 1877 we were among the American delegates to the First Presbyterian Council at Edinburgh. I was accompanied by my wife and my two sons; he was alone;

and after the adjournment of the Council, he accepted with the jocundity of a boy let out of school our unanimous and urgent invitation to become one of our family party for a two months' tour in Scotland. Those two months, in spite of Scotch mist, are all red letter days. There is not a cloud upon one of them. And the unfading sunlight in which they stand out in our memory, shines chiefly from the face of dear Dr. Crosby. Traveling together is a test of character even more severe than living together in the same house. Its friction rubs off the tinsel of outward manners, and reveals that underlying selfishness which is the bane of all good fellowship. This traveling fiend came and found nothing in Dr. Crosby. He could eat the poorest dinner, and sleep in the hardest bed and ride in the toughest seat, and insist that they were all very good, with a rollicking fun that gurgled most when it ran over stones, and made every one else ashamed to complain. Though he was four years my junior, he was the leader of our party whenever there was any need for leadership, and that not only by our unanimous insistence, but because his gray hairs and noble presence drew to him from strangers the honors of seniority. An amusing instance occurred in the hotel at Thurso,

where, as we entered the dining room, the head waiter surveyed us both attentively, and then whispered to me, "I will ask the old gentleman to take the head of the table." Of that joke he never heard the last. I cannot give the details of our tour, nor record the conversation of our honored companion, in which we stirred him up "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." The irrepressible puns, the learned nonsense, and the soberer sentiments that revealed his childlike piety, and showed that he was not one to whom

The primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more ;

the impression of all these remains, but their form and coloring have vanished with the days that will never return. Can any one bottle the flashes of the Northern lights, which so often fill the interval between the late sunset and the early sunrise of those Northern climes ? Could any one box up for future use the smell of the blooming heather that filled all the air on that day when we rode along the banks of the Dee, from Aberdeen to Balmoral ?

We spent a week at Inverness, the whole five of us taken prisoners, and detained by loving compulsion in the elegant and hospitable home of Elder Morrison. What a jolly good week that was; and how clearly it showed that family worship and grace at meat are not inconsistent with the flashes of merriment that set the table in a roar. Dr. Crosby had many a crack with our kind host, who was himself a man of very decided opinions. But if any suspicion of unsoundness was created in the Elder's mind, I am sure it was at once removed by the Doctor's address at the religious convention we came to Inverness to attend, and by his preaching on the Sabbath. And I am no less sure, the cloud which has received him out of our sight has cast its shadow on that distant Scottish home. Leaving the two young men with their mother at Loch Maree, where there is magnificent scenery and good trout fishing, Dr. Crosby and I started North for a fortnight's tour in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. As our train passed through the estates and by the chief castle of the Duke of Sutherland, we were engaged in some grave theological debate which was suddenly interrupted by this question from my opponent: "If the penitent thief should come to Scotland to live, where would

he settle?" Not being quick at conundrums, I promptly gave it up. "Why at *Dunrobbin Castle*, of course," said the Doctor, laughing all over, and then immediately resumed the grave discussion. From Thurso, the jumping off place, near John O'Groat's house, where the "old gentleman" was asked to take the head of the table; across the swift channel of Pentland Firth, to the Isle of Hoy, whose brown stone cliffs rising more than a thousand feet sheer up from the sea are cut into a thousand fantastic shapes, and inhabited by a hundred thousand sea birds; and then across another narrow sea to Stromness, on the western shore of the mainland of the Orkneys; was a delightful sail, on what we were told was an exceptionally bright and quiet day. From Stromness across the island to Kirkwall, with its grand old cathedral dating back to the Norman Conquest, was a delightful ride in a low back car. From Kirkwall, past Fair Island to Shetland, was another delightful voyage, in spite of wind and tide. The recital may be bald and dumb as a time-table to others, but to me it is full of visions and voices. Like Cowper's village bells, it "opens all the cells where memory slept." Remembered, but not recollected; vivid to the mind, yet not tractable to the pen; vanishing when

grasped, but leaving a deep and pleasant impression behind them, there are a hundred shadowy scenes filled with the face and form, the voice and the laughter, the sense and the nonsense of the dear "old gentleman" who has gone before me into a far country, to take the head of the table. Never can I forget reclining on the deck, beneath a cloudless sky, half sick with the tossing of the steamer on a chopping sea, reading Scott's story of "The Pirate," (which, though a fiction, is an excellent guide book among these islands) while Dr. Crosby, with his legs straddled wide to preserve his centre of gravity, and his old brown straw hat pulled down over his eyebrows, in defiance of the wind, paced up and down, now poking fun at me for looking so white livered, then bringing me a little something for my stomach's sake, or tucking in my blanket with the tenderness of a woman, all the while talking at intervals about the book in my hand as though he had read it yesterday; identifying the headlands mentioned in the story; discussing the character of Magnus Troil and Captain Cleveland; insisting that Norna of the Fitful Head, who sold the winds to the sailors, was a real person; promising that if I would brace up he would show me Minna and Brenda when we got to

Shetland, and seriously challenging me to continue the voyage to Iceland. As the vessel rounded into the exquisite little harbor of Lerwick, the lingering radiance of the sunset had faded ; but when we went up from supper to our chamber in the quaint old tavern, and had made merry over the Yankee clock on the mantel, we were attracted by a light to the window, and there, across the beautiful bay, was the glow of the rising sun lighting us to bed.

A ride across Shetland in a rickety old gig, behind a knock-kneed and short-winded horse, afforded the Doctor endless subjects for observation. And at a ruined castle on the Western shore he recognized Minna and Brenda in two tall and comely young women, who kept a place of refreshment, and sold us two elegantly knitted woolen lace shawls for our wives.

On our journey back to Loch Maree we reached Dingwall on Saturday night, after the last train had left. And so, though near to the rest of our party, we settled down for a quiet Sabbath in this centre of Presbyterian orthodoxy. The next morning when asked what church that was opposite to the hotel, the landlord looked astonished and said, " Dinna ye ken Pope Kennedy's

Kirk?" Learning that the morning service in both the Presbyterian churches of the town was in Gaelic, we took a quiet walk to the hills where we had much good talk and a boy's luncheon on raw turnips, and were careful to return just at the time when the crowd was coming out of the churches, so as not to be suspected of breaking the Sabbath.

On reaching the hotel, Pope Kennedy himself was waiting for us. The result of the interview was that I addressed the Sunday School and Dr. Crosby preached at the afternoon service. Early Monday morning, as we took our seats in the railway carriage, who should appear but the dear old Pope, with his rosy old wife, one bearing a basket of strawberries and the other an enormous bunch of flowers. The gifts were presented to both of us but they were evidently *intended* for Dr. Crosby. The givers are both dead, some years ago, and now I trust that my traveling companion has met them in the better country, and feel sure that in that case they have inquired after me.

What a warm welcome we received at Kinlochewe! What a glorious drive we had along the shores of Loch Maree, and on to Gairloch on the cliffs of the Western Shore! What a magnificent sail across the Minch in the face of the red sunset

to Stornaway in Lewes, the largest of the Hebrides! Here Dr. Crosby carried on the same "excellent fooling" by which he had read Scott's history of "The Pirate" between the shore lines of the Shetlands; only in the Hebrides, Black's tale of the Princess of Thule was the fountain of history. He and the other two boys identified every locality, made themselves familiar with the lingo of the people as illustrated in that book, and crowned the whole conceit by discovering the very young woman who sat for Mr. Black, when he drew the portrait of the Princess. There was no fooling, however, and no fond conceit in the preaching we did on the Sabbath, in the Free Established and United Presbyterian Churches of the town; nor in the high debate on the sinfulness of singing hymns, in which Dr. Crosby laid out the old elder, who being

Convinced against his will
Was of the same opinion still.

The voyage to Glasgow among the Western Isles must be passed over.

After this Scotch journey I *vacated* with Dr. Crosby several times among his favorite haunts in the Catskills. One summer we boarded for two

months in the same house. A simpler man in his habits, a cleaner man in his person and conversation, a pleasanter man to live with I never knew. He was no sportsman, and did not seem to know the difference between a fly-rod and a bean-pole. He never went a-fishing. But what a dabster at croquet, and what a *tramp* he was! He never beheld the top of a mountain without wanting to scale it, nor looked at a new road without wishing to explore it, nor saw a place where there was no road without desiring to make one. Whatever was true of him metaphorically, he did not literally walk in the old paths.

One memorable tramp I took with him, was about twenty miles from Phenicia, to the top of a mountain, and down again to the foot, where we were to spend the night at the house of his friend, Lo Ammi Brown, whose peculiarly Scriptural name always amused him. We reached the summit weary and worn and hot. Upon starting to return, Dr. Crosby insisted upon making a short cut down, and the rest of the party refusing to agree to what they denounced as a heresy, he and his loyal elder made their new departure. But alas! they were soon lost and wandering like sheep upon the mountains. When the rescuing

party brought them to our lodging, the twilight threw a veil of charity over the garments of the Doctor, who was obliged to go to bed that good Mrs. Brown might repair his breeches for an early start in the morning.

None laughed louder than himself at the fun caused by this mishap. He enjoyed knowing and talking with all sorts of men. The common people heard him gladly. His downright-ness in speech, and his facility in explaining Scripture, made him a very effective preacher to an unlearned audience.

My recollections of Dr. Crosby in connection with this Association are vivid and precious. I think you will agree with me, that he was the very man for President of a Society made up of all denominations of Christians, where all kinds of questions are handled without gloves, and yet with the utmost courtesy and kindness. He illustrated in his own person that Christian unity which subordinates minor differences to the faith in Christ, that binds us to Him and to each other. There is scarcely one of us against whom he has not tilted with his free lance. And yet we all love him. One day when he was on his high horse a good Methodist brother who sat next

to me, whispered, "What *delicious dogmatism* that is." Alas! that we shall hear no more of that dogmatism made delicious by its transparent honesty and its brotherly love!

And yet who would call him back from his crown? How beautifully characteristic was his death. He struggled manfully for life, and when the battle went against him, how trustfully he put his hand into the hand of Jesus to be led home like a little child.

In him were realized the prophetic wishes of the greatest living poet:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea;

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for noise or foam;
When that which comes from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

“ For though from out our bourne of time and place,
The flood may bear me far ;
I hope to meet my pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.”

A TRIBUTE FROM A DAILY PAPER.

(Year unknown.)

DR. HOWARD CROSBY.

DR. HOWARD CROSBY was born in New York in 1826, and was one of ten children of William B. Crosby, a wealthy citizen famed for his probity and sterling character. It is a fact worth noticing, that all this large family and their descendants have become members of the church, and active in Christian service of all kinds. The subject of this sketch entered the University of the City of New York and graduated with honor. He was appointed Professor of Greek at the New York University, and for a long time held the same position in Rutgers College, New Brunswick. He also occupied several years in European travel, and spent a long period in the Holy Land, with which, and the ad-

jacent countries, he has a rare acquaintance. Having decided to enter the ministry, he accepted a call from the First Presbyterian Church in New Brunswick, N. J., and afterwards came to New York and took charge of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, which position he still retains.

As a Greek scholar he has few equals in this country both for knowledge of the language and facility in communicating it to others. He has always taken a deep interest in linguistic studies, and is an accepted authority in such matters. He attended the convention of Philologists held at Poughkeepsie last Summer, and took an active share in their proceedings. In addition to this special knowledge, he possesses a large fund of general information, and a broad and liberal culture.

Dr. Crosby's sermons are noticeable for their terse and concise language, and for their popular mode of expression and absence of theological language. He seldom preaches on doctrinal themes, and in such cases directs them to all abstract and technical features and presents them in a live and forcible manner. He knows how to popularize dogmatic truths, and while his discourses satisfy the

intellect, and are illustrated and adorned by the results of wide reading, they are so simple and direct in their mode of presentation that they can be understood by everyone, and his hearers are certain to be strongly influenced by them. Several of his sermons have been published, of which one, entitled the "Looking-glass," reproving the follies of worldly society, and a series of three, called "Hints to Young Christians," intended for the young, are best known.

As a Scriptural expositor, Dr. Crosby is very successful, and his weekly lectures on Job, Daniel and Revelations have been both instructive and interesting. He is a good Biblical scholar, and, like Prof. Hitchcock, has the faculty of striking expressions and of stimulating his hearers to examine for themselves.

He is very social in his disposition, and is consequently very popular among all the persons with whom he is brought in contact. He has a large circle of friends outside his congregation, particularly among artists, literary and professional men generally, and he has none of the social exclusiveness of some of his cloth. As a public speaker before the general public, particularly the masses, he is much liked, and he is often invited to speak on

special occasions. His personal liberality deserves mention, and is one of his most striking characteristics.

Dr. Crosby possesses unusual administrative ability, and his church is distinguished for the business-like way in which it is managed. His elders are worthy, young and enterprising men, and under his leadership they have accomplished much valuable service. Dr. Crosby fully carries out Spurgeon's great principle that every good Christian must share in the work of evangelization, and he tries to induce all of his congregation to co-operate with him in his plans of usefulness. He is an officer of the City Mission and one of its most zealous and efficient supporters, while in Mission Sunday-school work he has been an active co-operator with Ralph Wells, who is a prominent member of his church. All schemes of philanthropic or other reform receive his sympathy and find in him a willing co-operator.

Dr. Crosby is nothing of an old foggy, but is up with the age in every respect. On some points, indeed, his views have been considered too advanced, and have subjected him to some criticism, as, for example, on the subject of the Westminster Catechism, and he has also been considered to

have taken too liberal a stand on the temperance question. His merits, however, are undeniable, and may be summed up as follows: capacity for practical preaching and for practical work. On these foundations he has built up his church, and from it he is daily extending the circle of his influence.

THE CHRISTIAN PREACHER, 1880.

THE idea developed by Phillips Brooks, in his cumulative and repetitious way, as his single contribution to the "Yale Lectures," was that the essence of preaching was not in the "sacred desk," the sermon nor the "delivery," but in the personality of the man himself; and that therefore the institution of preaching, as distinct from printing, and as distinct also from prayer and praise, could never be superseded in a living church and a dying world.

It is equally true that the point and power of "Lectures on preaching" will reside more in the lecturer's own characteristics and career than

in the counsels, however wise and practical, which he may impart. It has therefore shown great wisdom on the part of the executors of the Sage Fund, to have selected a series of men like Beecher, Brooks, Hall, Taylor, Dale, Simpson and Crosby to appear before the students in training for the work in life of which they are such eminent examples. The mere magnetic presence, and the opportunity of studying such men, and of seeing how with equal power, yet widely varied gifts, they exemplified their subject as well as the emphasis and illustration of their own experience, added to what might otherwise seem commonplace—is in itself a liberal education in “homiletics and pastoral theology.”

We shall not undertake now to revert to the lectures of former years, but take advantage of the volume which lies before us, published in Randolph’s elegant style, which contains the full and authentic report of the present year’s course, as furnished to the public by the lecturer himself.* And in this case, too, we will speak of the lecturer himself as illustrating his subject, leaving the lectures to speak for themselves by giving, from

* *The Christian Preacher.* (Yale Lectures for 1879-80.) By Howard Crosby. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

time to time, such condensed and characteristic extracts as we may be able.

Howard Crosby, though a staunch opponent of scientific evolution, is himself, as a "Christian preacher," a clear instance of spiritual selection and survival of the fittest. Born of an old Dutch stock, amid the substantial and quiet elegance of the East Side, he inherited tastes and means which would naturally have inclined him to a life of learned leisure. And accordingly we find him, after a brilliant undergraduate career, setting off upon a tour of travel and study in Europe. He returns with a prestige of scholarship, and the object of "great expectations" on the part of many, in case he should not succumb to the *lotos* of sweet learning. We remember about this time standing upon the steps of the New York University talking about its affairs and its future, when our companion pointed to a gentleman who was walking leisurely past, and made the remark, "That man is destined to be the Chancellor, if he will take it." Always loyal to his Alma Mater, he did take the Greek Professorship in that institution, made illustrious by the long occupancy of Tayler Lewis; and when a threatening pulmonary weakness drove him from the city, he took the

Greek professorship at Rutgers College. Into these educational labors, combined with continual activity in other literary and scientific undertakings, he threw himself with patient and enthusiastic industry, and achieved a speedy distinction as one of our foremost scholars and educators. His career seemed to be clearly defined and assured.

But all this while there lay underneath the enthusiasm of the classical student and the savant a deeper delight in the law of the Lord, and in that law did he meditate day and night. And, while he meditated, the fire burned—the flame of a consecrated desire to impart the sweetness and light of that Word to his fellow-men. And, accordingly, we find him from the first, and more and more, going out into the by-ways and highways as a lay-preacher. It mattered little to him, whether it were a Fourth Ward Mission, a country school house, or a metropolitan pulpit. It was the wisdom of God, though “to the Greeks foolishness.” And it became the power of God in his hands unto salvation. The seats of Learning recognized the wisdom, by giving him, a layman, the doctorate of divinity. The churches recognized the power by calling him to their pastorate.

And by and by he was constrained to accept the pastoral care of the First Presbyterian Church of New Brunswick, in connection with his professorship, and to be ordained to the official work of the ministry. And after a time, his health being restored, and the Fourth Avenue Church of New York selecting him with an unerring instinct as the man to build up their dilapidated fortunes, he came back to his native city, to be henceforth one of its great presences and powers, and to accept his destiny as Chancellor of its University.

We think this career offers the materials for a most profitable study. It illustrates the God-made preacher as distinct from the self-made, or even the Board-made or the Seminary-made. It illustrates the "woe is me" impulse, which God imparts by His Spirit, and before which circumstances and self must give way. It illustrates the selection of grace, which is going on silently in our lives and in the world's life, whereby the sons of God are being differentiated not only from the children of this world but from one another.

The preacher for our age will be the outcome of two Divine forces, the Holy Ghost and the Providence of God. The latter will not manifest itself by a mere natural set of the tide of circumstance, or

by the pressure of other wills. He will neither drift nor be driven into the ministry. As of the new Birth itself, it is "not by blood"—it is not enough to belong to a clerical family; nor "by the will of the flesh"—mere natural inclination, or the absence of disinclination; nor "by the will of man"—admiring or ambitious or sentimentally-pious friends may add another "professional" to the pulpit, but not "a teacher come from God." The question ought to have come up as a question with two sides. The providence should be a handwriting, recognized and read as the Divine finger, and not simply felt, as a blind yielding to a hand-push. All the better if one has tried other paths in life, only to find them mysteriously emerging into this. The list is a long and illustrious one, of those who, like Dr. Crosby, have been drafted of God out of other professions and occupations.

[From "*The Christian at Work*."] .

DR. HOWARD CROSBY.

THE many friends of Dr. Howard Crosby among our readers will be glad to read, as we are glad to print, the simple and beautiful tribute to

his memory, which appears in another part of our paper this week. President Dwight writes us that ever since the death of Dr. Crosby he has felt impelled to note down some thoughts and reminiscences connected with his own friendship for and his personal association with him, and suggests that it may possibly be considered late for such an article. We think the present especially timely for a quiet perusal of such a truthful and simple statement as is here given, and notwithstanding the implied lack of some especial "power of description," which President Dwight thinks he would like that he does not possess, it would be difficult, we think, to convey in the same number of words a more truthful, worthy or delightful tribute to the memory of a good man than he has here given. President Dwight had, as he has shown, peculiar opportunities to study the man. Indeed his frequent meetings and discussions at the work of Bible Revision, when at short intervals, extending over a period of several years, they "sat side by side at the end of the table in Room 42 of the Bible House," furnished a most favorable opportunity for a just estimate of each other's character.

We need no assurance to believe that those were pleasant days when they thus "used to meet

together to study the words of the Apostles and of the Lord himself." We are not surprised to learn that what was at first merely a "kindly sentiment" soon became cemented into firm friendship between these men. The Revised Version of the Bible seems more precious to us for the knowledge that such men participated in it. The serene ending of Dr. Crosby's work here, with his hand "sweetly resting in the Master's," seems a fitting close to such a life. If it be true that in the glorious mansions above

Many friendships in the days of time begun,
Are lasting there and growing still,

who will venture to say that the friendship of these two good men shall not yet be renewed amid even more favoring circumstances than around the Revision table, and where, in company with the Apostles themselves, whose words they so faithfully studied together, they may delight to see all their former differences of opinion fully explained and harmonized in the clearer light of Heaven around the table of the Great Master himself?

THE LATE DR. HOWARD CROSBY.

BY TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D., LL.D, PRESIDENT OF
YALE UNIVERSITY.

DR. HOWARD CROSBY, whose death a few months ago was so great a grief to his many friends, was a man of such striking individuality and of such marked character, that he will be long remembered by all who knew him. As a tribute to his memory—of slight value perchance, yet of the worth which friendship always gives—I would ask the privilege of saying a few words in the columns of *The Christian at Work*, which may bear witness of my regard for him, and may tell something of my personal recollection of the man and his work. My first introduction to his acquaintance was quite accidental. It was nearly thirty years ago, on a Sunday when I happened to be preaching in New York, and when he, almost alone among the city pastors, was still at his post of service in the late days of the Summer. He met me at his brother's house, and we had an hour or two of pleasant conversation. I saw in him, at

the first moment, the clearness and brightness of intellect, the kindness and courtesy of manner, the genial warm-heartedness, and the seriousness which were so conspicuous when I came to know him better in subsequent years. From that time onward I had the pleasure of counting him among my friendly acquaintances, though our meetings were few. Our paths did not often cross each other, yet I know that a kindly sentiment was ever ready to grow stronger, if we might come into nearer relations at some later season.

The later season arrived when the work of "Bible Revision," as it is called, began, the result of which was the publication of the Revised Version of the New and Old Testament Scriptures in 1881 and 1885. Dr. Crosby and myself entered the company of revisers at the same time, just at the beginning of the active work of revision. We were both members of the New Testament section of the Committee of Revision, and we sat side by side—he at one end of the long table in Room 42 of the Bible House, and I next at his left hand—at all the monthly meetings, which continued for nearly nine years. I had thus the most favorable opportunity of seeing and knowing him, both as a scholar and as a man. If a power of description

were possessed by me, such as I could desire, I might tell a most pleasing story of what we did and said—a story which would present an attractive picture of him in many lights. But even though the story cannot be told, the testimony which is the result of what it would recount, may be given, and I give it most gladly. The impression which he made upon me was the same, I am sure, as that made upon the rest of his associates.

Those meetings were memorable ones. We represented all the leading denominations of Christians of the Protestant order, and were all men of honest and earnest convictions, after our own manner of thinking. Yet there was as beautiful a Christian unity among us as I have ever seen realized anywhere in the world. We recognized our work which had been assigned to us, to be that of translators of the New Testament writings, not that of commentators or theologians—and especially not that of controversialists in the work of commenting or of theology. We held firmly to our own opinions, and stated them with the reasons on which they were founded. But we trusted each other with the most friendly confidence ; and where we could not agree, we lovingly agreed to disagree.

Dr. Crosby was a man of as strong convictions as any one of the whole number. He held his beliefs as precisely, as firmly, as unquestionably as a man could hold them. He saw not only clearly, but with the utmost distinctness, what he saw. He pronounced his conclusions as positively and emphatically as if no doubt respecting their absolute truthfulness had ever entered his own mind, or could enter any other well-balanced mind. There were for him no opinions in solution. There were no fears or doubtings as to whether he should give utterance to what he thought. This was characteristic of him in all his manhood. He believed, and therefore he spoke. He instinctively turned away from the thought of a half-way speaking because there was only a half-way believing. And yet there was no arrogance, and no bitterness, and no violence of opposition in his feeling, and no angry passion in his differences from others. He was a courteous gentleman after every description, and was as ready peacefully to be left in a minority, even in a minority of one, as any man whom I have known. He was good tempered—immovably so—in all the discussions of those nine years, and I think he must have been as truly so outside of those familiar and friendly

meetings as he was when attending them. I have heard that he said, not long before his death, to a gentleman with whom he had had what seemed to the public a sharp controversy. "You will find that there is no bitterness of feeling in me." I believe that he said this from the most complete knowledge of himself. His oppositions were those of the mind—of its judgments and convictions. He had no oppositions of heart toward good men, though their thoughts and his might be widely apart. I have many times, since the ending of those years of our frequent meetings, thought of Dr. Washburn and Dr. Crosby and myself—the three who used to sit at our end of the table—in relation to the differences of our early education, and our religious training, and our modes of thinking, and our mental attitude, and have rejoiced that I knew so long and so well men of such culture and scholarly attainments as those two friends were, who could keep their harmony in their differences so kindly as they did. The lesson of Christian courtesy and gentleness, as seen in such men, is a lesson worth having.

Dr. Crosby had the qualities of a leader, as all who knew him are well aware. Indeed, his positiveness, and his willingness to yield when the

decision was against him, combined to give him power in leading others. He was a master of assemblies beyond any other man of his own Church, perchance within the more recent years. He could not, of course, be such a master in our meetings, for we were not in any proper sense an "assembly," and there was no sphere for mastery. But we could see the qualities which marked him out for such a work, as we sat with him and heard him speak. He had a certain peculiar kind of courage, which adapted him peculiarly for "assemblies."

As a scholar he was quick of apprehension. He possessed great power of working and of rapid working. He abounded in enthusiasm. He had read, again and again, the writings of the classical Greek authors. He had noticed carefully all matters of words and construction usage, and was ready with all that he knew at a moment's call. To some of us he seemed fanciful at times, in his interpretations, but he always defended them with vigorous arguments and with strong confidence. He never resented the intimation that his opinion was wrong. He smiled his most genial and kindly smile when all the rest of the company voted against him.

He had a wonderful appreciation of words, their meanings and likenesses, and a wonderful power of playfully using them. His humor, as connected with this gift, was unbounded. His mind delighted in its own joyous exercise, and as he delighted himself by his happy workings, he also gave pleasure to all who were associated with him.

As an earnest and honest Christian believer, firm in his devotion to the good cause, he commended himself to good men everywhere. In our company he manifested his faith and devotion as he reverently studied the Scriptures and gave them, as he studied, their true influence over his life. He knew whom he believed. He calmly trusted the Divine Friend and Father, and moved on his way among us, as he did among all men about him, with unwavering courage and ever victorious hope.

We knew him as an affectionate friend. He was most warmly attached to those whom he loved. He loved them in a generous, large-minded way. The strong affection which bound him to his daughter, who died only a few days before him, was recognized by all as the most beautiful manifestation of a kindly, generous, loving nature, which could and did abound in good-will toward

every true friend. The sundering of the tie which had so closely united him to this daughter for many years was a grief which, we cannot doubt, hastened his own death. He heard the call that seemed to come to him from her as she passed into the other life—the call to follow her to the new scenes, even as he had rejoiced with her in the old scenes—and he went away, even as she had gone.

The ending—as we heard the story of it—was as calm and courageous as the faith of the life had been. There were kind messages and words of peace for others, but no fears for himself. The appointed work was finished, and the disciple was ready for the Master's service elsewhere.

Those were pleasant days when we used to meet together to study the words of the Apostles and of the Lord himself. In the happy remembrance of them I give myself the pleasure of writing these few commemorative sentences, and I trust that they may seem to others worthy of the kindly thought which they may give to them.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

LADIES' AUXILIARY SOCIETY

OF THE

Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Nov., 1891.

IN the shadow of a great sorrow we begin our work for another year—but hoping and believing that our common loss will bind us closer together in work and interest ; and inspire us with new zeal in the cause so near and dear to the hearts of “all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.”

If he, who was so lately an inspiration to us, could speak to us to-day, we know well what his words would be. He would urge upon us, as he did at our November meeting two years ago, the necessity of “*united* work,” the necessity of “*steady, continuous* work,” and he would again charge us “not to hesitate because we feel doubtful about results ; we are to do the work and God will take care of the results.” He would repeat what he said to us at our Fall meeting, just one year ago this month : “You have a right to be grateful for what you have been enabled to do in

the past. You exercise an influence that extends not only over this land, but to the antipodes. You may feel that an influence goes out from this room to the ends of the earth. The work in our Home field is not only *mission* work, it is *patriotic* work ; and there is nothing of more importance. We live in the midst of the forces of evil combined against the Church, and if we do not avail ourselves of every opportunity to oppose and counteract them, a judgment will come, not only upon the country, but upon us individually. In this work we must all practice self-denial. Many persons have wrong ideas about this ; they think that *self-denial* means *self-torture*. But the command is to deny ourselves and *follow Christ*, which is the greatest happiness in the world. Self-denial is simply laying aside the trivial advantages of to-day for the great and eternal advantage of the companionship of Christ. What God means by self-denial is for us to drop everything that does not help to bring us nearer to Him. In this work for missions you must not let yourselves be discouraged because of difficulties ; nor on the other hand become listless because of success. You must remember that you are not only sustaining the work, but also, by reflex action, sustaining the

Church to which this Society is an honor and strength. You cannot engage in this work without bringing down upon yourselves a double blessing in the development of your Christian character, and the reward that comes to the faithful worker. And it is *right* to think of the *reward*. While you are not to make it your *first object*, you *are* to use it as a stimulus and encouragement; as part of the process by which your capabilities are enlarged."

The work is still before us—in Japan, where the account of Miss Smith's labors read like an apostolic record; and in our own West, where heathenism, Mormonism and Romanism combine to shut out the Gospel light. The need is great; the workers are few; the time is short. Shall we not all do our utmost—as a thank-offering to our Lord for His special mercies to us individually; and in loving memory of the friend and teacher who has been called to "go up higher?"

MRS. E. N. CROSBY, *President*.

MRS. G. E. STERRY, } *Vice-Presidents*.
MRS. R. C. MORSE, }

MRS. N. AMERMAN, *Recording Secretary*.

MRS. W. P. PRENTICE, *Secretary Foreign Board*.

MRS. W. EDWARDS, *Secretary Home Board*.

MRS. G. H. DUNHAN, *Treasurer*,

19 West 81st Street.

DELTA PHI FRATERNITY.
GAMMA CHAPTER.

Whereas, in the mysterious workings of our all wise Father, our beloved brother, Howard Crosby, has been removed from our midst, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Gamma Chapter and the Delta Phi Fraternity have sustained a severe loss, and

That we drape our pins for sixty days as a feeble token of honor for him who was the first to join the ranks of the Gamma Chapter of the Delta Phi, and

That we here record an expression of our sincerest sympathies to the family of our beloved Brother, and of our admiration of the ability and power of him whom we loved.

That copies of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family of our departed Brother, and to the associate chapters of the Delta Phi.

That these resolutions be printed in the next issue of the University Quarterly.

	{ C. ALANSON PALMER,
FOR GAMMA CHAPTER.	{ ALBERT E. ACKERMAN,
	{ THOMAS F. ADRIANCE.

[From the "*Church at Home and Abroad*," May, 1891.]

HOWARD CROSBY.

HOWARD CROSBY is a name to which its appropriate academic titles add no lustre. In the city in which this lamented man spent his life—the city of his ancestry for several generations, no other name is better known or more generally honored. To the lovers of good order, of clean streets and homes, of quiet Sabbaths and honest municipal government, it was a tower of strength. To the panders to vice, the mercenary dealers in politics, the corruptors of youth, the defilers of home, it was a terror. These honored it with their hatred as much as the virtuous by their praise.

The Church in which he was a minister had no other more influential in her councils. As Moderator of her General Assembly in 1873, and frequently called temporarily to the chair by his successors, he was conspicuous for the dignity and courtesy with which he presided, and for the decision, precision and energy with which he pressed forward the Assembly's business.

He was also the first elected Moderator of the Synod of New York, in which at that time, before it became a delegated body, a larger number of ministers and elders were entitled to seats than in any General Assembly.

In debate no voice was more resonant or more influential, no speaker more positive, more energetic or more courageous. His opinions were always convictions. Whatever he thought worth holding at all he held tenaciously, and was ready to contend for it earnestly, without partiality and without hypocrisy, without fear or favor, "with malice toward none and with charity for all."

Honest, truth-loving, chivalrous, those whose convictions compelled them to antagonize him could love and honor him nevertheless. We say this from experience, and say it in utmost sincerity.

True yoke-fellow in many an earnest endeavor, comrade and ally in many a strenuous conflict, vigorous and resolute opponent in some, always frank, generous and manly, always a true, brave soldier of Christ :

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my early days ;
To *know* thee is to love thee,
To *name* thee is to praise."

Dr. Crosby was a member of the General Assembly's Committee by whom this magazine was established, and under whose supervision it has continued until now. He has been a constant and thorough reader of it, a wise counsellor and faithful critic, an appreciative, sympathetic, true friend. His last writing for the press was his article on Higher Education in New York, in our April issue.

CHAPTER III.

INCIDENTS.

NOTES FROM A CHAPEL STUDY.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS AND HOWARD CROSBY.

TO THE lover of natural beauty the ride from Saratoga to Kingston, N. Y., presents a series of most pleasing pictures. At the start you see on the western horizon, to your right, the bold outlines of the Southern Adirondacks. To your left, on the northeastern horizon, arise the most graceful outlines of the Green Mountains. As you move along through green fields and thrifty hamlets you obtain distant glimpses of the Hudson River to the east, until at last it becomes your travelling companion while you thread your way through the prosperous cities of Cohoes and Albany, and in sight of quiet Lansingburg and the toiling city of Troy. After leaving the purlieus of Albany the train brings you forth into a fair place.

The river presents new aspects, and when that is lost to view the Catskill Mountains arrest your attention, and call forth exclamations of pleasure. And from the moment you first see them until an hour afterward, when you reach your destination, they present a rapid succession of transformation-scenes, due to the rapid changes in the angle of vision; beginning with three peaks in the south, continuing with the flanks and gorges, and still higher peaks to the west. You see the old "Mountain House," white and slightly among the dark green; and then higher up on the very summit, against the blue of the sky, the new Kauterskill Hotel emerges into view. Intervening hills or woods suddenly shut off the mountains, and now that you are at liberty to turn toward the left you realize you have been missing some beautiful pictures presented by the growing river.

But the ever pleasing ride to Kingston is only preparatory to the ride from Kingston to Summit, or Grand Hotel Station, on the Ulster & Delaware Railroad. From the time you start on this forty mile ride you begin to ascend. At first the mountains are in the distance, but gradually they close in about your pathway. But despite their encroachments, the locomotive finds a way up

the narrowing valley, alongside of a music-making mountain brook, until a barrier is encountered in the form of Rose Mountain, which the railway surmounts by climbing up its side. When you started you were on a level with the river, but when you reach Summit Station you are in the "heart of the Catskills," and two thousand feet above the sea. If you go farther on, you will be taken to Griffin's Corners, Roxbury, Arkville, Stamford, Hobart and other favorite resorts among the mountains. But let us alight at Summit Station, for this is most convenient to our boarding place in the neighborhood of Pine Hill.

The mention of Pine Hill recalls the name of Howard Crosby; for here during many years was his summer home. There is not a road in this vicinity he hasn't travelled; there is not a mountain he hasn't climbed. Every place, from the little village church to the mountain tops, is fragrant with his memory. Pine Hill has many attractions, but the chief one has gone. And during the past week, as I have been looking about upon familiar objects, my heart has cried out:

"O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

When we sojourned here two summers ago the Crosby family were together, enjoying their pretty and hospitable country home. Upon a certain evening all the visiting ministers and their wives were invited to this Birch Creek cottage, with its far-famed crystal spring, to tea. At one end of the table, presiding with queenly grace, was his daughter Agnes, a vision of beauty, a model of household efficiency, a fit companion for the most cultivated of Christian gentlemen ; at the other end was the happy Howard Crosby, the prince of entertainers, the man who possessed the grace of adaptation in the superlative degree. Since that memorable night, Agnes has been married, become a mother, and then called suddenly away to her heavenly home, soon after followed, as is well known, by her honored and widely lamented father. What changes have occurred within two years, and changes that are irreparable ! Coming back to Pine Hill I realized them more keenly than ever before.

Ever since his decease I have intended to write for the *Presbyterian* a slight tribute to the memory of Howard Crosby ; and now that I am at leisure in the place where so many objects remind me of him, the opportunity for doing so is at hand.

Many can write of him, after years of acquaintance and friendship or long association in literary and ecclesiastical work, or as appreciative parishioners who have grown up under his excellent ministry. But I write simply as a comparatively recent acquaintance, and as one of several companions in four or five pedestrian tours; as a guest at his table two or three times, and as one of his numerous admirers. I never learned what Howard Crosby thought of me, but I know I loved him, and my friendship grew with my association.

Two or three summers ago we took a tramp together from Prattsville to Windham, East Windham and Hunter. Having this most companionable of men to myself, I utilized the opportunity to ask him all manner of questions, from the political and religious issues of the hour to his own private habits and views of men. It is superfluous to say that he proved to be an encyclopedia of information, not excelled by the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Ninth Edition! In fact, I deemed him more reliable as an authority than that famous publication, and as much more entertaining as are the living voice and personal presence than the printed page.

We stopped at Windham for our dinner, and after registering our names the hotel proprietor came to me privately with the inquiry "whether the older gentleman was the celebrated Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York—the man who had so much to do with the question of high licence?" I informed him his guest was the very man. He went on to say he kept a temperance house, that he sold no liquors, that he didn't believe in Dr. Crosby because he felt that he was doing much harm; and he proposed to ask the Doctor some searching questions before leaving the village, one of which was, "How he, a minister of the Gospel, could defend moderate drinking while he, a hotel-keeper, was an advocate of prohibition?"

I awaited the onset with interest. After dinner the hotel-keeper saw his opportunity and, with less tact than vigor, began to catechise Howard Crosby. The Doctor, after a hot morning walk, was tired, and courted a period of rest; and this was about the thousandth time he had been hauled over the coals on account of his temperance views. But he met his antagonist with the greatest suavity, and patiently and luminously answered all his questions. The hotel-keeper held the popular

view of Dr. Crosby's position, and the popular view misrepresented him. When the examination was over "mine host" came to me again and said in substance, "Dr. Crosby is not as bad a man as I had supposed; I have hitherto misunderstood his views; he is as good a Christian man as can be found anywhere; I never met with such a perfect gentleman; and what delightful company he is! I love him."

Here was a complete victory. If Howard Crosby had been a smaller man he would have shaken his interrogator off with a few monosyllables, or short and freezing answers. Or if he had possessed only the outward polish of a gentleman, without the inward grace, he would have denounced this man for his impertinence and ignorance. But the consideration with which he handled his questioner, his patience and transparent truth were almost divine. The Doctor did not know that I was a witness (for I overheard the colloquy from an adjoining room); it was a private incident, but a crucial test; and from that hour I placed him on a higher pedestal of admiration and affection.

At that time the Rev. Mr. Parsons was pastor of the Windham church; soon after he went to

Tacoma or Seattle, Washington, where he has established a church. He called upon Dr. Crosby and showed him his pretty village church. After this interview the Doctor and I started for East Windham, at whose hotel, overlooking forty or fifty miles of the Hudson River valley, we put up for the night. As soon as it was noised about that Howard Crosby was a guest the people began to gather around him, the prominent guests, the stage-drivers and stable-boys alike, and some sought his acquaintance and gave him a hearty shake of the hand. The next morning we started for Hunter village, ten or twelve miles distant; the Doctor as fresh and gay as a morning lark; I so sore that I could scarcely put one foot before the other. Within two miles of the village I was compelled to give up and avail myself of a passing vehicle, while the Doctor scorned such assistance and marched bravely on. After dinner he declared he was ready to walk to Pine Hill (fifteen or twenty miles distant); but I could not entertain such a proposition, so we took the cars.

Twice I ascended with him Panther Mountain, one of the highest of the Catskill ranges; upon one occasion we walked over from Pine Hill and remained at "Dutcher's" all night, ascending the

mountain the next morning, and after dinner walking back to our village; upon the next occasion we rode over, ascended the mountain, coming back to Dutcher's for a late dinner, after which we were assembled in the parlor while the good Doctor administered the sacrament of baptism to a little babe bearing the name of Howard Crosby Dutcher!

Two summers ago, a party of us, with Dr. Crosby in the lead, took another tramp, and in order to reach our destination resolved to try a new road through the woods, of which we had heard; and in trying it we lost our way, and for two or three hours plunged around helplessly in the untrodden forest, through swamps and over rocks and fallen trees. A humorous account of this was sent by an enterprising and strongly imaginative reporter to the *New York Herald*, and afterwards went the rounds of the newspapers. It is a long lane that has no turning. After a while we reached the top of the hill and an open field where we could take our bearings, and find our way to village, to hotel and dinner, and afterwards over picturesque roads and through "path beautiful" to our summer homes. Two facts connected with our experience of being "lost in the woods" I shall never forget: the first was, a most beautiful waterfall upon which

we stumbled in the depths of the forest. The water was cold as ice, the moss which covered the rocks most delicate and luxuriant! And the other was the unfailing cheerfulness of Howard Crosby. The rest of us were vexed and discouraged, but he made us laugh in spite of ourselves by his irrepressible humor, outrageous puns, far-fetched conundrums, and imitation of the calls of various animals.

In all these trips, and under all circumstances, he proved to be the right man in the right place, a many-sided companion, and a most considerate and courageous leader.

Another characteristic incident comes to memory, showing the difference between Howard Crosby and the ordinary run of men.

Several summers ago there were stopping at a certain boarding-place two ministers, one the pastor of a prominent church in one city, the other the pastor of an obscure church in another city. A well-known minister, who has made his home here for several years, and upon whom is incumbent the exercise of courtesies to strangers, made it his business to call at this boarding-house. He asked for the pastor of the rich church, and was most gracious in his welcome, but as for the other Pres-

byterian minister in the house, he didn't deem it worth while to inquire for him; he was only a pastor of a poor church. Howard Crosby called and inquired for both ministers. Not finding the obscure man in he left word how much he regretted missing him, and called upon him again the next day, according him the warmest kind of welcome to Pine Hill, and urging him to become a frequent visitor to Crosby Cottage. Though the first citizen of the city of New York, and one of the best of our evangelical scholars, there was no spirit of exclusiveness about Howard Crosby. He consorted with the illiterate and the common people as readily as with scholars and theologians. He valued manhood, whatever its surroundings or drawbacks. He despised shams, whatever their pretensions or position. And during his days of recreation among these mountains his greatest pleasure seemed to be in placing himself at the service of others. Scarcely was there an expedition planned for a tramp "up Panther" or "up Slide," or over the mountain roads by men or women without Howard Crosby as the enthusiastic guide. And the rough places were made smooth and the crooked places straight by the wit and wisdom of this Christian nobleman.

I trust some one— one of his sons—will become his biographer and publish his life and letters. Such a volume would be attractive and instructive to many classes of readers—to more classes than the biography of any other American clergyman. In the above I have omitted titles, because every letter in the name of Howard Crosby is an honorary degree! All hail and farewell!

August 5, 1891.

REV. N. B. REMICK.

AT PINE HILL.

A COLD DAY IN THE CATSKILLS.

SUMMIT MOUNTAIN, N. Y.,
August 24, 1890 (Special).

THIS is a cold day in the mountains. The mercury was at 44 degrees ve zero this morning. It is moderating gradually to-night. The hotel is crowded with guests. A large number of New York and Brooklyn people now here expect to remain until October. The Rev. Dr. Crosby came up from his Birch Creek cottage this morning, and delivered a sermon on "Plenteous

Redemption," to over three hundred guests in the main parlor. J. W. Bischoff, the blind organist and composer, of Washington, led the music with his concert quartette composed of Mrs. Frank A. Nute, the soprano of Epiphany Church, Washington; Mrs. Henry C. Magruder, of All Saints, Richmond, contralto, and Fred. A. Grant and Mr. Wilson. Count von Prosen, of the Swedish Legation, is here, with his friend Baron Becktrus.

The count was taken with a hemorrhage suddenly yesterday, but is better to-day. Mrs. George J. Gould will return to New York to-morrow.

PINE HILL is the nearest village, distant an easy mile, for it is all down grade; and Sunday morning we walk down to the Methodist church and hear Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York. The little church is crowded, with chairs in the aisles, and the congregation is evidently made up of strangers.

The narrow valley between the mountains is called Birch Brook Valley; a musical brook sings over the stones all the way by the road as we walk back, and down in this delightful spot is Dr. Crosby's comfortable mountain home; a country house

in perfect order, painted the color of the bright golden rod ; an approach of a rustic framed bridge with seats upon it spans the little trout stream.

A two story house in the rear, a summer-house on the bluff above, and rustic seats under a wide-branching tree, all belong to the place. Dr. Crosby's domain includes valley, mountain, forest and quarry, and the guide-book tells us New York City is paved with stone from Catskill quarries ; but the quarries nearest the shortest line of transport are those that pay to be worked. Dr. Crosby intends to trim up the wildwood with paths and rustic seats, leave the moss-covered trunks of trees and rocks, trim up the under-brush, and to induce others to a spirit of public improvement, he offers one hundred dollars to the person who will set out the most shade trees on the road to the village of Pine Hill.

On the opposite side of the street, just beyond Dr. Crosby's, is Vice-Chancellor McCracken's house and cottage, with an imposing entrance or stone gateway. Dr. McCracken preaches at the little village church Sunday evening. At the cottage is Prof. Houghton and family, of New York University. With these three families the University is well represented. Beyond is the cottage

of Mr. Munro, of the Munro Publishing Company, and on the higher mountain road the spacious dwelling of Dr. J. Glentworth Butler, of Brooklyn N. Y., who owns thousands of acres in this region. Land sells at three hundred and four hundred dollars an acre, and high as the prices are, Dr. Butler is ambitious to sell only to those who will make the best inhabitants. He is a Scotchman, and has the Scotch shrewdness, knowing that integrity and intelligence will bring the best kind of wealth to a community. A native said with surprise, Dr. Butler would rather sell to a poor dominie than to a millionaire.

The early New England settlers had the same long look ahead. The founders of the towns in the Massachusetts colony dictated who should be allowed to purchase town lots in the finest towns, and less desirable inhabitants were sent to inferior places. Scotch names prevail among the hotels, as the Rossmore, the Benvenue, the Grampian, the Bellair. The walks and drives are famous, and the roads of the best.

Dr. Crosby is a great pedestrian, and with two ladies at the Rossmore Hotel accomplished twenty-five miles, up and down Slide Mountain, four thousand two hundred feet high, the highest peak

of the Catskills. Unfortunately the view they hoped to enjoy was obscured by clouds and storm.

The Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church has re-opened. The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby will not return to his duties, however, until the middle of the month. He is still at Pine Hill in the Catskills, but now and then a trenchant letter from his pen appears in the *Tribune*, to let the police officials and the criminals whom they watch know that while resting he is not napping.

Dr. Howard Crosby, of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, has returned from his summer vacation thoroughly rested and seemingly able to cope with any obstacle except a deadlock in the Police Board, caused by the report of his society against two police captains. During the summer he preached nearly every Sunday in the Methodist Church at Pine Hill.

AT LAKE GEORGE.

* * * * * WE had scarcely become settled in this sweet resting-place, before the good pastor of the village church, Rev. Mr. Huntington, called upon us, to assist in a public service on the day following. To aid his church, the ladies had arranged to have a festival and an evening concert, the whole to be preceded by an address from our friend, Rev. Dr. Crosby, of the city of New York.

ELOQUENCE AND SCENERY.

So, the next morning a little steamer went around to all the hotels on the end of the lake, and picked up the people who would join in the celebration; from the countryside too they came, and from Glens Falls, and strangers from all parts assembled on the broad piazza of the magnificent Fort William Henry Hotel, the use of which Mr. Rosselle, the proprietor, had kindly given for the occasion. In the midst of the throng thus gathered in sight of the lovely waters, and surrounded by historic places of thrilling interest, a dry goods box was placed for a platform, and some one,

whose face I could not see from where I stood, proceeded to introduce the orator, the scholar, the patriot and the divine ; the Chancellor of the University of New York City ; and then, pointing to the American flag streaming in the wind, he recited,

“The Star Spangled Banner,
O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free,
And the home of the brave.”

When the flag had been well cheered, Dr. Crosby ascended the tribune in the midst of loud applause and gave a condensed and graphic narrative of the great events that had signalized this spot, and this whole region of the country, in the old French and Indian war, long before the era of the American Revolution. His account of the death of Colonel Williams, the founder of Williams College, Massachusetts, and the massacre of the British by the Indians on evacuating Fort William Henry, was listened to with intense interest. The discourse throughout, delivered in sight of memorable places to which the speaker often pointed, was heard under circumstances that few orators can enjoy while teaching history to an audience.

When he had concluded, a vote of thanks was given to the speaker with great enthusiasm, supported by remarks from Rev. J. Addison Henry, of Philadelphia; Rev. Mr. Murphy and Dr. Dowling, of New York. And then adjournment was had to a spacious tent, where refreshments were served, and in the evening the parlors of the great hotel were thronged while an amateur concert was enjoyed. To pay for all this pleasure each person bought a ticket, and so a very neat little sum was contributed by the visitors to aid the struggling church, while the buyers got the worth of their money several times over.

IRENÆUS.

[From the "Evangelist."]

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE DR. HOWARD CROSBY.

"BLESSED are the dead who die in the Lord." We often say it, we believe it is true, but we do not always remember that these blessed ones also lived in the Lord; and truly if they "lived in the Lord" in this poor world, where we "see

darkly," what must their life be now, when they see face to face, and know as they are known. Even while our tears flow for the beloved dead, and Jesus has sanctified by His own tears all holy weeping, we may hear with the ears of faith the bursts of triumph with which they are welcomed when they "come again," bringing their sheaves with them.

Not many days before the commencement of the illness which has deprived his people of a devoted pastor, and the City of New York of one of its noblest sons, I heard an anecdote of Dr Howard Crosby's life from a member of his family; as I thought it was one which would give general satisfaction, and as it pointed a moral on a subject in which I am interested and anxious to interest others, I wrote to Dr. Crosby and asked him for permission to make the incident public, either with or without giving his name. I received a prompt reply giving me a willing authorization to publish the incident and also to use his name. Truly he being dead yet speaketh.

I observed that in some of the biographical sketches which appeared after his death, in the papers, mention was made of his having lived

on a farm near New York while quite a boy. It was at this time that he began his blessed work for God. As I was told, he was in delicate health when a lad of nineteen and was sent with his brother to recuperate on this farm. Their good mother put the boys in charge of a faithful old Irish servant. That she was a devout Roman Catholic "goes without saying."

The young lads, accustomed to family prayers at home, decided that they would read the word of God and pray together every morning.

The servant naturally wondered what those boys could be reading so devoutly day by day, and it need not be said that she was not in the habit either of reading the Bible, or of hearing it read. She listened at first from curiosity, then from interest, and then from conviction. No Protestant can possibly understand what a revelation it is to a Roman Catholic, when she hears the simple Gospel of Jesus for the first time. Accustomed as the Roman Catholic is from earliest childhood to read such a book as the "Glories of Mary," and look upon it as impossible to approach God except through the intercession of Mary, the idea of going direct to Christ is something so incredible that it requires

time to grasp the idea. But once the real Mediatorship of Christ is realized, Rome entices in vain.

So this poor Irish woman, by the simple hearing of the Word of God, day after day, learned that Christ could save her "by Himself," and what was, if possible, better still, that she could go direct to Him without the intervention of saint or angel, and that He could feel, and did feel for her human infirmities, as none other could feel.

Thus was the conversion of a soul the happy result of the piety of the youths, and their piety was the happy result of the example of holy parents. M. F. CUSICK. (The Nun of Kenmare.)

NOT JUDGE MEARES, OF ST. LOUIS.

"WHY, good-morning, Judge Meares, I am very glad to see you," was the salutation which a well dressed young man yesterday morning addressed to a man of pleasant appearance and middle age, who was looking in a window in Broadway near

26th Street. The senior of the two had been walking up the street quite rapidly, until he noticed the clock in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when his gait slackened, and his manner changed. Assuming the walk of a countryman and exhibiting the curiosity of a stranger in the city, within three minutes he was addressed by his young friend.

"Good-morning," he replied, smiling graciously and grasping cordially the hand extended to him, "I am glad to meet you. How is your father?"

The young man had not looked for a recognition on the part of the other, and suddenly straightening up, he said, "Am I mistaken? Is this not Judge Meares, of St. Louis?"

"No, I think not," was the unsatisfactory reply.

"Pardon me," continued the young man, "but I was reminded of my father's friend, Judge Meares, of St. Louis. May I ask your name?"

Drawing himself up to his natural position and adjusting his hat as it had previously been worn, the counterpart of Judge Meares spoke in those forcible tones so familiar to New York audiences:

"I am not Judge Meares, of St. Louis, but I am Dr. Howard Crosby, of New—" but before he could finish the sentence the young man

had darted away as if propelled by an unseen power.

Dr. Crosby had been trying a little experiment to learn if Broadway was clear of confidence men.

[From the *Yonkers Statesman*.]

JUST REBUKE.

AS DR. CROSBY was appealing to the people of Newark on Monday evening for law and order and a Christian Sabbath, a man in the audience with shaggy hair arose, and, leaning over the back of a pew, interrupted the speaker by asking :

“Ees that your logic, sir?”

Dr. Crosby looked at him for a moment, and intense stillness reigned among the audience.

“When you have learned the English language sufficiently well to speak or understand it, then you can come here to insult an American audience!” thundered Dr. Crosby.

The man settled back into his seat as a roar of applause like the noise of an earthquake broke

the stillness. Men and women clapped their hands for at least two minutes, and the excitement became intense. When the applause ceased, Dr. Crosby pointed his finger at the man, and fairly shouted, in his indignation :

“ That is just a specimen of what we are enduring in this country. Men who have not yet got the brogue off them are attempting to destroy and overturn American institutions ! ”

Another burst of perfectly overwhelming and long-continued applause resounded through the church.

It is fully time for just such rebukes. Because men from all parts of the world are made welcome to our shores, they demand the “ liberty ” to subvert our laws, and destroy the very principles that have made our Republic great, good, and free.

[From the New Brunswick (N. J.) Fredonian.]

REV. DR. CROSBY.

ON Sunday afternoon the First Presbyterian Church of this city was crowded to its utmost capacity by an audience drawn together by an

announcement that the pastor, Rev. Dr. Crosby, was to deliver a sermon before the Olden Guard. A portion of the members of this company were seated in the front part of the church, when the pastor proceeded with the services, which were highly appropriate to the occasion. The sermon was a masterly effort, patriotic and well calculated to have a good effect upon the audience and those for whom it was especially delivered.

HIS WORK HIS RECREATION.

THE Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby is taking his recreation in Asia, that is to say, his mind is principally in the great continent just now. The writer found him on his knees in his front parlor, hunting for a parish in the heart of India, with the intention probably of sending a missionary out there. The map he studied was a big one, but the parish seemed very hard to find, and the good Doctor was much puzzled. And, of course, he was too engrossed to say much about fishing, shooting, baseball, football, the theatre, billiards, etc., etc.

With a sweep of the arm that seemed to take in the universe, he said :

“ I take no interest in such things now. I’ve too many other things to do. Excuse me, excuse me, if you please, from saying more than that.”

And he went at his map again eagerly, hungrily. The Doctor can do as much work in a day as the youngest and strongest clergyman in New York. If he ever tires, nobody knows it. He takes up his tasks with such enthusiasm, and becomes so absorbed in them, that instead of being burdensome, they afford him amusement and recreation. With him a change of work brings rest. He is like the philosophical farmer who was in the habit of carrying a fence rail on his shoulder in order that by occasionally throwing it down he might experience the pleasing sensation of relief from the burden of supporting it. The Doctor lays down one burden only to take up another.

[From the "New York Tribune."]

DR. CROSBY AND THE RECORDER.

LETTER FROM THE "ZEALOUS DIVINE."

NOT THE APOLOGY WHICH THE RECORDER WANTED, BUT
SOME SENSIBLE ADVICE WITHAL.

SIR: Recorder Hackett has called on me for an apology. I wish I could gratify him. I am always ready to apologize when I find I have wronged any one. I have not wronged the Recorder, and cannot, therefore, make *him* an apology.

I publicly read, two weeks ago, a statement of his treatment of three notorious cases of illegal rum-selling, brought up for second offences, to which the Recorder had promised the extremity of the law. This treatment (instead of prompt and severe sentence) consisted of a succession of delays in sentence extending over several weeks, ostensibly that the culprits might find grounds for mitigation of punishment, when they were daily continuing their illegal sales. Having read this statement, I said that this strange delay needed an

explanation. The Recorder then explained that it was owing to his inability, through sickness, to examine the affidavits for mitigation of punishment. As the Recorder was, meanwhile, attending to his other official duties, this excuse did not carry much weight, and so I said.

Now, I cannot see where the apology is to come in. If I should write anything, it would be to add to my former statement, that the Recorder had since broken his promise by refusing to give to the culprits the extremity of the law, and has sentenced one of the cases to only one, and another to only two months' imprisonment, giving no imprisonment at all to others. Not only has he broken his promise, but he has given the wretched argument in plea that no violators of the Excise Law had been imprisoned before. Pray, whose fault is that, if not the Recorders? Because he had not dealt strongly with this style of notorious law-breakers before, therefore he would not do it now!

The Recorder has further stated that in sentencing he would not take into consideration what the culprits had done since conviction, to wit: that they had kept on selling illegally. This, if an excuse, is a fallacy. The Recorder would be very

right in not considering, before conviction, matter occurring after indictment ; but it is quite a different thing to consider, after conviction, matter occurring before sentence. For example, if he had a thief before him for sentence, and learned that after conviction the thief had been very riotous, abusive and threatening, he would, of course, use his discretionary power for a severer sentence. So the Recorder's logic is as unsatisfactory as his explanations.

The people of New York are aroused and are thoroughly in earnest. They will not have any laxity in the administration of justice and the enforcement of the laws. The officials should understand this at once, and heartily second the people's will, or else give place to more resolute men. Will the Recorder accept the advice of a "zealous divine" (who is also a born New York citizen) as the nearest thing to an apology he can honestly offer? As for an apology to the District Attorney, I shall treat him as one gentleman should another, when he speaks for himself.

Yours, very respectfully,

HOWARD CROSBY.

NEW YORK, December 29, 1877.

ON EDUCATION.

THE morning exercises were closed by the address of Prof. Howard Crosby, of the New York University, who, for over one hour held his audience enchained by his splendid powers of oratory, and the masterly skill with which he handled his subject. To attempt to give an abstract of his address in the narrow limits left us at this late hour in the week, would be utterly impossible. It was the grandest truths uttered in the simplest language of real eloquence. It was all practical, descending to even the minutest details, and from first to last, the embodiment of a complete educational system. As the addresses will all be published in a few days, our citizens will have them at their command.

[From the "*American Cultivator*."]]

A MAN SAVED.

SINCE the death of the Rev. Howard Crosby, of New York City, a suggestive story is told of a burglar whom the clergyman captured in his room

a few years ago. He marched his man to the police station, had him indicted, tried, and sentenced to State prison for three years. So far everything went along as such affairs usually do. But when the doctor got his man behind prison bars he conceived it his duty to instruct, and if possible, to reform him. He began a correspondence and occasionally paid visits to his burglar. Before long he became satisfied that the man was thoroughly repentant of his evil life, when Dr. Crosby went to the Governor of New York and secured his pardon. The ex-convict, whose name is not given, became a respected and useful member of society and of the church. Undoubtedly he now is sincerely thankful that he became acquainted with Dr. Crosby, even though it was under such unfavorable circumstances. This is the kind of story that must comfort the minds of friends of any man after he is dead. But in how large a proportion do those who have suffered by wrong-doing feel any responsibility for the wrong-doer after they have put him in the way of being punished? Concede, that punishment has all the virtues as medicine for sin that have ever been claimed, is it not clear from this incident that punishment itself is made more effective if love and

helpfulness go with it? Not many men have consciences alert enough to recognize a call to preach to a burglar who is caught while breaking into their house.

[*Dr. Howard Crosby in "Lend a Hand."*]

THE CHARITY PROBLEM SOLVED.

I HAD a dear friend—of course she was a lady—and she used to give regularly ten cents every day to a poor, blind beggar that stood on the corner of Second Avenue. Every day that she passed the ten cents went in. I admired her benevolence, her sympathy and her generosity, but I had a little suspicion that she was wrong, and I concluded I would find out the history of the poor, blind man. So I engaged a very excellent fellow I knew well, to follow him up and see if he could find out something of his history. My young friend followed him up. At six o'clock in the evening a woman came and took the blind man in tow from Second Avenue and Eleventh Street, and led him to Forty-ninth Street and Tenth Avenue, and there two stout young men,

who kept a little gambling den, received the blind man most graciously, and he counted out the money he had received for that day's blindness, and it was fourteen dollars ; and those two young men kindly kept the blind man, gave him food and lodging, and the blind man paid them for the kindness fourteen dollars, which the kind ladies like my friend managed to give them.

They are ingenious, these fellows ; there is a sort of humor about them. One of them went to my friend, Dr. Parkhurst, about four weeks ago—he was quite a gentlemanly looking man, but rather seedy—and said, “ Dr. Parkhurst, Dr. Crosby recommended me to come to you. I am very much in need of a pair of spectacles ; my eyes are poor, and all I want now to enable me to work is a pair of spectacles.” Dr. Parkhurst, rather suspecting the man, said, “ Why did not you ask Dr. Crosby for the spectacles ? ” “ Well,” said he, “ he has been so kind to me, I did not dare to ask him for any more favors, for the truth is, Dr. Parkhurst, I have been dining with him for the last two weeks, every day.”

Dr. Parkhurst sent me a note telling me of the fact ; of course, I told him it was a lie out of whole cloth. But what was my surprise on seeing

the man himself at my own house come boldly to me, and said he, "You have told Dr. Parkhurst that I lied." "Yes," said I, "I did." Then he said, in a sort of stage style, before me to the boy, "Don't you know me?" "Yes, sir." I then said to the boy, "Why, where have you seen him?" "Why, sir, he has come to our area for the last two weeks, and I have given him cold victuals." That was the dining with me. I had not the pleasure of the man's acquaintance.

Two years ago I happened to tell the story of a burglar who entered my house. I got him out of prison, where he was sent for fifteen years, in five years, and now in a distant land he is a very promising citizen, entirely reformed, and with an excellent wife and home, and I hear from him constantly. I happened to tell that story, and for a month afterward I had men just out of prison come to my home by the score. They all read the newspapers.

But the question comes: What shall we do to discriminate? And Charity organization comes forward to solve the problem; tells conscience that we don't become hardened at all, we simply become discriminating when we follow a wise system, and the only wise system which will really

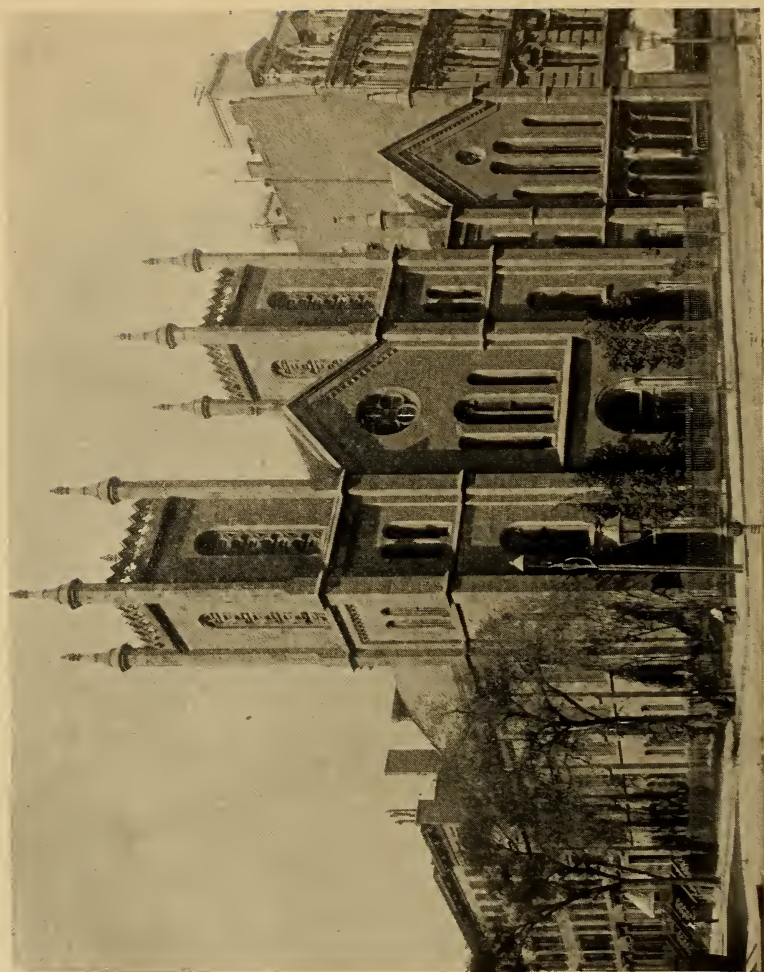
help the poor and not make them worse, which comes in collision with no creed or party, but embraces all creeds and all parties in its wise, benevolent work. Under its guidance we will have our charity cultivated, not stifled. Under its guidance, we will be able to see the fruit of our charity. Under its guidance, our charity will be the true charity, that is so magnified by the great Apostle, in his prose poem in its praise.

CLOSING BANQUET.

A SOCIAL GATHERING AT DELMONICO'S—SPEECH BY THE REV.
DR. CROSBY.

A BANQUET was given at Delmonico's last evening by the Hebrews of this city to the representatives of the Council, which closed its session yesterday. The *menu* was prepared by David Canter, a Hebrew caterer, and no lard was used in the preparation of the viands. Louis May presided. On his right sat the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, and on his left the president of the late Council, William B. Hackenburg, of Philadelphia.

Next to Dr. Crosby sat Jesse Seligman, and following him in regular order at the same table, were the Rev. Dr. Lilienthal, of Cincinnati; the Rev. H. S. Jacobs, of this city; the Rev. Abraham Isaacs and the Rev. Dr. Landsberg, of Rochester. The first toast of the evening was "Our Country," which was responded to by Simon Wolf, of Washington. "The Empire City" was responded to by Dr. Mark Blumenthal; and "The Seats of Learning" by the Rev. Dr. Crosby. The announcement of this gentleman's name by the president was greeted with great applause, the guests waving their napkins above their heads and cheering loudly. He briefly reviewed the history of the Jewish people, their persecutions, and their present strength in our own country. He spoke with much solemnity and earnestness, and his liberal expressions excited great enthusiasm. When, at the close of his address, he bowed in acknowledgment of the honor which the Hebrews had extended to him by their invitation, the entire party arose and drank to his health.



FOURTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PREACHER AND CITIZEN.

PORTRAITS OF THE CLERGY.

BY J. ALEXANDER PATTEN.

ON BEING CALLED AS PASTOR OF THE FOURTH
AVENUE CHURCH, 1863.

REV. DR. HOWARD CROSBY was born in New York, February 27, 1826. He graduated at the New York University, in 1844, and pursued a theological course privately. In 1851 he became Professor of Greek in the New York University, and in 1859 professor of the same language in Rutger's College, New Brunswick. He was ordained a minister of the Presbyterian Church by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, in 1861, and added the pastorate of the first Presbyterian Church to his duties at the college. In March

1863, he became pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, formerly the Bleecker Street Church. The pastors of this church have been three besides Dr. Crosby—viz.: Rev. Mathias Bruen, Rev. Erskine Mason, D.D., Rev. Joel Parker, D.D. Dr. Crosby received the degree of D.D. from Harvard University in 1859. He published, in 1850, a book of Oriental travel, entitled “Lands of the Moslem;” in 1851, an edition of one of the plays of Sophocles; and during the present year his “Commentary on the New Testament.” He has been a constant contributor for twenty years to the leading reviews and periodicals and the religious press, and has issued numerous pamphlets on theological, classical and educational subjects.

The following is a glowing passage from the “Lands of the Moslem,” descriptive of the author’s approach to Jerusalem :

“The convent of Mar Elyas was before us, placed where the monks say the prophet rested on his way to Beersheba, and where they pretend to show the mark left by his sleeping body in the rock. We gazed anxiously upon its white walls, and urged our horses up the hill-side ; but it was not the shining convent that gave us energy and

sent the thrill of eager expectation through our veins ; but we knew from that monastic height the eye might rest upon Jerusalem. The intensity of hope rendered us speechless as we hastened along the stony path ; joy and awe were alike in accumulating in our hearts as we neared its summit. The past and the present were equally unheeded, for our whole thoughts were centred on the future prospect. Onward, with increasing zeal we vied in the ascent. The point was gained, and the Holy City lay fair and peaceful before our enraptured eyes. Not in the wild forest of the western world, not among the huge wrecks of Egyptian art, not on the snow-clad peaks of romantic Switzerland, had any scene so riveted our gaze. The drapery of nature in the land of the setting sun was richer far. The halls of the Karnac had published the highest triumph of the human powers, and Alpine ranges had yielded far nobler spectacles of earth's magnificence ; yet here were all surpassed, for heaven threw its shechinah upon the scene, and clothed the hill of Zion with a robe of glory. The sweetest memories hovered like fairest angels over the towers of Salem. Past, present, and future, all concentrated on the oracle of God. There is Zion, the home of the psalmist-

monarch ; there Moriah, the mount of Israel's God ; and yonder, green with its appropriate foliage, and graceful as a heavenly height, is mild and Holy Olivet. They rise as beacons to the wearied soul, and all are bathed in the radiance of the Cross. The scene was grand, unspeakably. Our overflowing hearts sent forth their swollen streams of feeling in noted rejoicing. We looked back upon Bethlehem—there was the cradle ; we turned to Calvary—there was the grave. Between these two had heaven and earth been reconciled. We paused awhile to drink deep of this first draught, and then spurred on to reach the city."

Dr. Crosby is above the average height and well proportioned. He does not look more than his age ; and has all that vigor common to thirty-seven. His head is rather long than broad, and thick, straight, black hair is combed from an intellectual brow. He has a calm, searching glance, but his expression is most kindly. In conversation his face becomes animated, but at other times it has a serious, reflective repose. His manners are extremely cordial. He exhibits a true gentlemanly dignity fitting to his position, and nothing beyond.

Dr. Crosby is a man of varied and profound

learning. His natural quickness of intellect and indomitable perseverance have led him along the channels of erudition until he has attained a thoroughness and comprehensiveness of scholarship which is fully recognized by the *savans* of America and Europe. As a professor of Greek he was a most successful teacher, and his attainments in this particular branch of study are of the first order. Joined with the extended scope of his investigations, he has had the advantage of travel in foreign lands. The ardor with which he has pursued his far wanderings is fully shown in the "Lands of the Moslem." Nothing of interest in his way seems to have escaped him, and his description of character and paintings of scenery are eloquently beautiful, while acknowledged by other travellers to be entirely accurate.

Dr. Crosby belongs to the most valuable class of living scholars. He is neither of the juvenile nor the hoary-headed. He occupies that middle and safer ground of learning, when the energies are unrelaxed by reason of inordinate conceit, and the mind is unfettered by the pedantry of age. He has not been made a drone in the great hive of intellectual progress by the position, advancements, and emoluments growing out of success in

early life, or does he sit gorged with triumphs, and egotistical from these crowning honors. On the contrary, he finds that he has work to do. He belongs to the workers and not to the idlers, egotists, and dreamers. He is a part of the vast power of mind which is bearing his century to the most glorious page of all history. With the prospect of many useful years before him, energetic in the prosecution of all that he undertakes, and enthusiastic in developing the resource of intelligence, he can but be a most efficient laborer in the cause of knowledge.

Dr. Crosby is an agreeable, interesting preacher. The observer is at once struck with his entire want of display, in both matter and manner. He announces his text twice, and looks steadily at his congregation until he is seemingly satisfied that they comprehend it. Without any trouble about fine writing and brilliant oratory, he reaches the argument which he desires to present. While his language is well selected, and used with the skill of a professional writer, there is no effort to cull especially eloquent and poetic phrases; and, as to declamation, while it is vigorous, there is no attempt to parade oratorical graces. In truth, he is a plain practical reasoner. His power is in sys-

tematic argument, in the irrefutable maxims of logic, and in Christian zeal. His congregation certainly enjoy a great advantage from his preaching as regards the particular and learned elucidation of the true translation and meaning of the Scriptures. Being a trained classical scholar and an accepted commentator, his sermons are very rich in information in these particulars. At times he is considerably animated. Absorbed in his theme, and moved by the force of the reasoning, his voice rises and he gesticulates with some vehemence, soon falling back, however, to the calm course of his argument. When he has concluded, the subject will be as nearly exhausted as the time permits.

From our statement it will be seen that the New York pulpit has gained an important acquisition in Dr. Crosby. He is fully conscious of the enlarged claims now to be made upon those qualifications which have received gratifying recognition in other fields, and he is not the man to fall short of public expectation, or to measure his energies by anything save the attainment of success.

CRIMINALITY OF DRUNKENNESS.

SERMON BY THE REV. HOWARD CROSBY, D. D., PREACHED AT
THE FOURTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
N. Y., SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1874.

A FORCIBLE and plain spoken sermon on the depravity of intemperance was preached by Rev. Howard Crosby, D.D., at the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, as above. His text was Philippians, iv. 5:—"Let your moderation be known unto all men."

My purpose, said he, this morning is to inquire as to Christian study in view of the prevailing sin of drunkenness. I need not enlarge upon the sin itself. It belongs to the category of the grossest depravity, and its results, in the ruin of health, character, estate, home, and all that is fair and hopeful in this life and the life to come, cannot be exaggerated. I am often afraid that the deep guilt of the drunkard is not sufficiently appreciated by many Christians who are wont to exercise toward him pity rather than indignation, and thus suggest to him that his drunkenness is rather a misfortune than a sin. It is true that we are to

pity every sinner and tenderly seek his salvation ; but this is perfectly consistent with any unyielding testimony to the heinousness of his sin.

Now, it is too often the case that while we fail not to pronounce our condemnation of the liar, the robber and the murderer, we use a different language to the drunkard, and speak of him as a victim of misfortune, while we save all our reproaches for the man who furnished him with the materials for his crime. This is an error that directly confirms the drunkard in his vicious course. The man who wittingly furnishes a drunkard is bad enough to please Satan, but his wickedness detracts nothing from the crime of the drunkard. We have no more right to condone his crime and say "the poor drunkard," than we have to say "the poor robber," "the poor adulterer," "the poor murderer." He is equally a criminal, and our pity should be equally given to all in our desire to recover them from their wickedness and misery, and our firm condemnation should be equally expressed against all in the exercise of the same desire.

Here I find the Christian's first duty with regard to this prevailing sin—a clear, firm denunciation of and indignation against the sin itself. We

have seen how this testimony is often weakened, or even entirely conducted off by our attention to the seller of the liquor. Another way in which we weaken or even nullify this testimony against the sin of drunkenness is by laying the blame on those who never drink to excess and who are as careful to avoid drunkenness as they are to avoid robbery. Whether the moderate drinker is a sinner, because he is a moderate drinker, we shall endeavor to ascertain a little later in our discussion. But certainly he is not a drunkard, and we ought not to let our indignation against drunkenness fall on one who is not a drunkard. If he is guilty of a crime let us fasten that crime upon him, and hold him responsible, but let not this due attention to the moderate drinker dissipate our proper testimony against the drunkard.

This is the only point I am making now, that we, as Christians, owe it as our duty to proclaim always and in all cases that the drunkard is, as such, a heinous sinner before God. We are to allow no side issues to weaken this testimony. Thousands of prospective drunkards would be preserved from the fearful career if they knew that the drunkard was ranked with the murderer in the estimation of the community. Instead of this,

they think now that if they should become drunkards they will be pitied and cuddled as maltreated victims of society, while the rumseller and the moderate drinker will get all the castigation.

Our second Christian duty grows out of the first. We should see to it that the strength of the law should fall upon the crime. We should strive to have simple and clearly understood laws against the drunkards as against the thief. The drunkard should be seized by the officers of the law and punished. Now we put him in an asylum, and that only when he is willing to go. The penitentiary for the thief and the free asylum for the drunkard. Why this difference? Are they not equally wilful sinners against the community? Which does the most harm to the community—the drunkard or the thief? Why this tenderness to the drunkard, that we would not extend, for the world, to the thief? Ah, brethren, this apologizing for drunkenness by calling it an insanity, a constitutional weakness, is directly in the face of God's revealed word, and a sure promoter of the dreadful evil.

Let the law imprison the drunkard as a criminal by a judicious scale of terms of imprisonment proportioned to the frequency of the offence. Let there be no more sympathy for him in the way

of delicacies and luxuries than for other criminals. Thus let him feel that he is a sinner, a gross offender, and let this feeling be the text of his meditations. When he is separated from the world as a criminal he will take a new and a true and healthy view of his real condition, and in the truth of this view will be the hope of his amendment. He will be much more likely to come to himself (in the scripture meaning of that phrase); when he sees himself as he really is—a criminal—than when he imagines himself what he is not, a mere unfortunate.

I am not arguing in behalf of the rumseller or the moderate drinker. If they are guilty, let them be punished, too, to their full measure, but we must not let them be the drunkard's scapegoats. When we punish the accessories to a murder, we never think of releasing the murderer on that account. The community is so full of maudlin sentimentality in this matter, that I feel it necessary to lay special emphasis on this cardinal principle, that drunkenness is the crime of the drunkard, no matter how many helped him to it. It is wholly against scripture to excuse him in any way. Drunkards are very glad to use the excuses with which foolish friends furnish them; excuses which

would reduce all sin to accident, misfortune, and amiable weakness, and utterly abolish the distinctions between right and wrong which God has made in His word.

Infidels delight to see Christians making this confusion, and so endorsing their social theories, which deny God and truth, and moral distinctions. Now, if Christians are to make laws for the country, let them count as crimes what God counts as crimes, and act accordingly. Let them make the distinctions which God has made, and be guided by the Divine counsel, and not by the theories of materialistic philosophers. Let them call sin by its right name, and so far as it is an injury to the community, punish it.

Our third suggestion brings us to the rum-sellers. The name is now generally used for those who sell rum and other intoxicating liquors to others as a beverage, by whose direct means most of our drunkards are made. Of course, no man in his senses will suppose it wrong for a man to sell intoxicating liquor for mechanical or medicinal purposes. Though such a man should sell rum, we should not like to give him the now opprobrious title of "rumseller," we mean the drunkard maker, the man who is daily supplying the drunk-

ard's wants, whether directly by handing the glass to the tippler, or indirectly by providing the saloon-bar from his down-town wholesale store.

These men know exactly what they are about. They are not dear innocents, only desiring to refresh their fellow-men with a healthy beverage, but they are thorough villains, ready to make their fortunes on the ruin of body and soul of thousands. The tippling saloon is as much a gate of hell as the church is a gate of heaven. The men who run it and support it are the devil's own. Those merchants who wilfully furnish the liquor for it are as guilty as the man behind the bar. A law must be made forbidding tippling. This strikes the sin where it begins, so far as man's imperfect police can trace. It blots out from the community the favorite scene of rows and riots. It squelches the nest where are hatched the disturbance of the public peace. Such a law would command the support of the great mass of sensible men.

We have now reached the other abettors of the drunkard—the moderate drinkers. The first question I ask here is, "How do the moderate drinkers abet the drunkard?" Certainly not in the same way with the rumsellers. The moderate

drinker does not furnish liquor to the drunkard. He does not make money out of a crime. Then it can only be by example or by beginning a course which leads to drunkardness. As to the first example, I'm sure there are many crude and false notions afloat. An example is a pattern which we copy.

If I exercise with dumb-bells or the lift-cure for five minutes a day and am thereby strengthened in my bodily health, surely the man who exercises with dumb-bells or lift-cure for two hours a day, and so ruins his physical constitution, does not follow me as an example. He does not copy my pattern. If I had been his example he would have gained health, but he departed from my example, and so he strained his nervous system and destroyed his health. If the drunkard copied the example of the moderate drinker he would be no drunkard. But he departs from the example of the moderate drinker, and instead of being a moderate drinker is a drunkard.

Ought we not to abstain for expediency sake? I ask, did our Lord so abstain? But, say some, our days are different. There is more drunkenness now. If so, did not our Lord know it would be so when he gave us his example? But is it so?

The Roman Empire in our Lord's day was full of drunkards. Read Juvenal, Persius, Horace, Petronius, and see what was the fearful rioting and debauchery of that first century. I fully believe that drunkenness was a far more common vice then than now. If I had time I could quote you author after author that would make my statement at least a very probable one.

And here I make the charge against my total abstinence friends, with all regard for their honesty of purpose and with a true sympathy with their motive, that they are making very many to stumble by preaching a false gospel. The churches swarm with total abstinence societies, total abstinence prayer-meetings, total abstinence celebrations, total abstinence bands of hope, and total abstinence literature, until it is the most natural thing in the world to suppose that total abstinence is the one great burden of the Gospel. Now what is the natural effect of all this upon the world at large? It simply disgusts them into a determination of opposition which increases the drunkenness of the land.

I believe that the misguided efforts of good men in the total abstinence cause have increased greatly the evil they sought to abate. As a minority

they have been always defeated in legislation in our State, when, if they would join men of moderate views, who would put down drunkards and drunkard factories, they would win a glorious victory for true and healthful temperance. I say this in no enmity or bitterness. Some of the leaders of the total abstinence movement are men at whose feet it would become me to sit, men whom I revere and love, men of God, with whom I take sweet counsel.

Far be it from me to say one word against those faithful and excellent brethren! I honor their motives and their thorough honesty; I wish they would honor mine. They have sometimes used hard words against me, but I do not believe they meant them. They are too good to use slander or obloquy as weapons. We are engaged in the cause of the same Saviour, who has redeemed us alike by His blood, and we cannot as brethren in so great salvation do otherwise than love one another, even when we differ.

But what now is the conclusion of the whole matter? We hold that there is no wrong for the moderate use of intoxicating beverages, but, on the contrary, that drunkenness will be the best met by the manly and reasonable course of moderation

which our Lord furnished us by His example, and that those who thus live with principles of moderation, are the very ones who should mark out drunkards and drunkard-makers for condign punishment, and reform through punishment. We hold, too, that special cases are coming up constantly in this as in every other phase of human life, which call for special application of the principle of expediency, of which each man himself must necessarily be the sole judge, as before God.

We hold, moreover, that for all this a heart sanctified by the Holy Spirit, a life hid with Christ in God is the first essential ; that all plans are futile without that dependence upon a wisdom and power higher than our own. We hold that prayer is the direct use of this divine power, having the power of perfect efficiency. We hold that no moral reform can be effected except in this way ; that mere human and humanitarian schemes are sure to fail and react, and that Christians should be all alive for the interests of Christ's kingdom, and promote all reforms through the converting power of the truth as it is in Jesus.

I wish, in conclusion, to utter my protest against what are called the "drinking usages of society." For a lady to cover her table with wine on New

Year's Day is to promote drunkenness in a very direct manner. The young man who takes a little at each house he visits goes home a drunkard, and the ladies who gave him the drink are responsible. Not because drinking wine is wrong—not at all; that's the wild conclusion our illogical total abstinence friends jump to; but because the New Year's machinery necessarily manufactures drunkenness.

All wine-sipping or wine-tippling, sitting or standing to admire wines and "jockey" on them as they do on horses; all this is simply pernicious, because it is intemperate. The habit of "treating," as it is called, belongs to this category. It is an utter abuse in itself, and almost always connected with distilled liquors, which are never safe. Any young man who puts himself in such a position is in danger. Why? Because he drinks? Not at all. But because he is drinking improper articles, or in improper circumstances. Any man's own conscience tells him that to go with others to drink wine together at a bout is a very different thing from drinking it as occasion may justify in the ordinary course of life.

The greatest danger to young men is bad company. It is dangerous to go with bad company

anywhere. The wine-cup is often blamed as the cause of ruin of young men, when it was not the wine-cup at all, but the wicked company which led the youth into drunkenness and many other vices. My appeal to young men to abstain from distilled liquors, and to avoid treating and tippling of any kind, is not on the ground of total abstinence being a scriptural duty—they know better than that—but on the ground that drunkenness is a crime against God and man, and they are bound, in whatever way their conscientious judgment dictates, to guard themselves against it.

Act as in the presence of God. In a few days we shall stand before Him in judgment. We are responsible for our use or abuse of God's gifts; we are moreover our brother's keeper. God has given us His holy word as our one guide, by which we can rightly discharge these responsibilities. Let us, in distrust of our own schemes, cling to that word and live faithfully according to its teachings.

Let us, above all, find our refuge in Him, who is in that word made known to us as the only enduring shelter from sin. Fully, faithfully, forever in Christ, we shall be taught by His spirit in all the relative duties of our earthly life, and whether we

eat or drink or whatever we do, we shall do all to the glory of Him who is our salvation.

THE BIBLE ON THE SIDE OF SCIENCE.

A LECTURE

DELIVERED IN NEW YORK, DECEMBER 14, 1874, BEFORE THE
SOCIETY FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART,

BY

HOWARD CROSBY, D.D., LL.D.,

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“THE conflict between Religion and Science” and “the conflict between the Bible and Science” are not equivalent expressions. Religions are manifold, the Bible is one; Religions are largely subjective, the Bible in its letter is objective. In its contest with Religion, as Religion has been represented by courts and councils, Science has often gained a decided victory, for she has been

“Dr. Crosby’s Lecture before the N. Y. Association of Art and Science has attracted more attention in this Country than any address since Tyndall’s was delivered before the British Association.”

the advocate of truth, while Religion was the advocate of error. Such a contest has frequently taken place, and in these the world was indebted to Science for deliverance from the bondage of superstition and ignorance. But between *the Bible* and Science we deny that a conflict ever existed. It is common to use this phraseology of antagonism, but it is from a confusion of ideas to which I have alluded. That which has been supposed to be a conflict between the Bible and Science, when reduced to its lowest terms, is simply an attack by a few scientific men upon the Bible. These scientific men assault the Holy Scriptures, but the Scriptures make no counter-attack on Science. The Bible is on the side of Science. It is my purpose this evening to show, in a very brief and imperfect way I know, that the Bible is a scientific book, and that therefore if any scientific men attack the Bible, it must be from other motives than the love of Science. What those motives are, perhaps the Bible itself might tell.

1. The first fact to which I would call your attention is this, that *the men who have held the Bible as their guide, and who have revered it as the Word of God, have been the founders and fosterers of modern science.* The nineteenth century is

marked by brilliant discoveries in all departments of scientific investigation. The heavens have been entered by the bold yet reverential tread of Science, and the very glory of the sun analyzed by the spectrum. The material constitution of the planets, the composition of comets, the orbital character of what the common language was wont to call "shooting stars," the magnetic quality of the aurora, the cyclic course of the winds and the law of progression for their circles, the formation and dispersion of clouds, and the causes and conditions of electric phenomena have all been, with more or less perfectness, explained and chartered out by ingenious and devoted energy of earnest searchers after the great truths which lie about us in the realm of Nature. The earth, too, has been pierced for its secrets, and its foundations successfully examined for the history of its marvellous construction. The story of ancient races of plants and animals, man perhaps included, has been told us by the uncovered rocks, and the mind refuses to compute the long, long ages in which the work of earth-building was in process. The sea has been sounded and its varied floor made visible to the scientific eye, its currents, upper and lower, found to form one harmonious system, and its in-

habitants studied and catalogued as if they were the familiar inmates of a barn-yard. Heat, light, and electricity have been tested until their laws, if not their essence, have been understood, and through this knowledge they have been made to minister to man in ways that would have been incredible to our fathers. As discoveries multiply, much more do inventions multiply, for every new principle may have a thousand applications, and so the means of settling and civilizing the whole earth have given our age an energy and growth utterly without a parallel in the history of mankind. Who, before these facts, can belittle Science, or deny her claims to our profound respect and sincere gratitude? Who can doubt that in the advancement of Science we are obeying the command given by our Maker to the race at the beginning, "Replenish the earth and *subdue it*." Is not a knowledge of the elements of which the material world is composed, and of their laws, a necessary preliminary to that *subduing* of the whole to which we, as made in the image of God, are commanded? This is the very place of Science, and to oppose her is to rebel against God himself.

But whence have proceeded these grand discov-

eries and inventions of the present age? Have they sprung suddenly from no antecedent? Or, like other human attainments, have they a history of inception and growth? Have they roots in the past, germs which have been nursed into their present fruitage? It will require no very extended research to see that the scientific activity of the modern age has proceeded from the schools that throughout Europe and America stud the land as the bright stars stud the sky. The great investigators have either been college-bred men, or they have used the appliances of colleges and universities for their successful work. From the colleges they received the taste for exploration, the incentive to it, and the knowledge how to conduct it. These foster-mothers have been proud of their children and made their fame their own property. And whence came the colleges and universities? Who founded Prague and Vienna and Heidelberg and Leipsig and Tübingen and Jena and Halle and Gottingen and Berlin and Bonn? Who founded Salamanca and Oviedo and Valladolid and Oxford and Cambridge and St. Andrews and Aberdeen? I could add scores more of distinguished names in all the countries of Europe, names that are very dear to science, where her

streams have been conserved and widened and deepened as the centuries went on. Who, I say, founded these great centres of learning into which whatever of knowledge Greece and Arabia had gathered, flowed as into appropriate homes? *The men of the Bible founded them.* They were pressed to such grand works just by the impulse of that grand old Book of God. When all the rest of mankind were caring either for the mere necessities of physical living or for wars of aggrandizement, Bible men were holding up the torch of science and striving by its light to read and understand the wonderful works of God. In the monasteries even (amid many dark and superstitious souls, it is true) were found the Roger Bacons, who were the precursors of the Newtons and Boerhaaves and Lavoisiers of later ages. It is vain to say they were persecuted. That makes only against their age, not against themselves or the Bible impetus under which they acted. The universities were always on the side of liberal study, and opposed to the restraints of superstition; and to them, under God, Science is indebted for the high ground on which she stands to-day. If the Bible were opposed to Science, think you that these things could be?

But, again, let me ask, who founded the colleges of America? Who set up these hundreds of schools, where the sciences are carefully taught? Who provided, by endowments and legacies, for continual instruction in every branch of scientific research? Again I answer, *Bible Men*. With a very few exceptions, Bible men did it all—men who honored the Bible as the source of all wisdom, and who, by imbibing its spirit, provided for their fellow-men.

Now I ask every candid man if it is at all likely that the Bible can be the enemy of Science, or even apathetic with regard to Science, and such results as these appear? Are not the few scientific men who are now attacking the Bible acting an ungracious and ungrateful part?

2. But I now turn to another fact. It is this, that *the very first scientific minds, marked in the annals of science for their discoveries, have been Bible men*. Sound, more than merit, attracts attention. One would think by the blast that is being made in the world just now that all scientific men must necessarily be arrayed against the Bible. The young and inexperienced are overcome by the clamour, not having yet learned that an empty barrel makes more noise than a full one. And so

it becomes necessary for sober-minded men to call attention to some facts that are awkwardly in the way of the misleaders.

Newton was only one of hundreds in his day who, given to Science, loved and revered the Bible. From Newton's day to this the succession has been complete, not in an attenuated line, but in a broad stream of faithful Bible men, and the Science that in our time boasts of its Faraday, its Forbes, its Carpenter, its Hitchcock, its Dana, and its Torrey, certainly cannot be considered as occupying a hostile position toward the Bible. If the Bible is opposed to Science, how strange that these acute men, who know (or knew) the Bible well from constant study, should never perceive it, while it was left to others, who do not know it at all, to make the important discovery! Is there not more boldness than Science in such a proceeding?

To enlarge on this point would be simply to quote the names of men distinguished in every department of scientific study, who have been no occasional exceptions, showing some personal eccentricity, which could account for the reverence for the Bible, but were in the ordinary use of their natural reason, and never suspected by their fellows of any inconsistency in upholding with equal

hands the claims of Science and the truths of the Holy Scriptures. They were men who had felt the power of the Scriptures in the inner life of the heart, had received the impress of their truth in a region where faith is assurance, had seen the God of Truth in the glory of his oracles, and were ready to say with the late President of Amherst College, himself a scientific man of no mean rank, "If the supposed results of scientific discovery should be found to be antagonistic to the Bible, I should cleave to the Bible and suspect the results." This deep, inward, experimental knowledge hindered not their course of exploration in the realm of external Nature, but rather gave it a divine sanction and zeal. To such men the *a priori* argument (which to others would, of course, be of no value) would have full weight, that the God of Truth could not err in his teachings regarding Nature, while conveying to man the more important teachings concerning grace. If God declared a way of salvation and a cosmogony, the cosmogony would be as true as the way of salvation, however the two might differ in their relative importance to the individual man and his destiny. If there is an error in the cosmogony, the way of salvation may be rightfully discredited, whether wilfulness or ignor-

ance be the cause of the error. A *man* might be imagined as making a mistake in his physics and yet being true in his moral philosophy, but a *God* never. If he err anywhere, he is no God.

I say this course of argument is of weight with those who have proved the Bible by its divine heart-touch. Others would deny that God had anything to do with the cosmogony of the Bible; but the Bible heart takes the Bible testimony concerning Moses and all who wrote the books of the Old Testament, that holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. The Bible, that they revere and love, has this endorsement by God himself, *πᾶσα γραφὴ θεόπνευστος* (*all Scripture is God-inspired*), and they have no eclecticism to use with regard to its entirety. Where no didactic statement is made, they can expect to see phenomenal language used by God and by his inspired prophets, the language which all understand, the language which scientific men themselves use in their ordinary speech, in using which no one for a moment suspects the user of ignorance or founds an argument thereon against his scientific character. But when the inspired writer teaches a cosmogony or asserts an historical fact, involving scientific elements, where the phe-

nominal language would be falsehood, the Bible men of science except the statement as the truth of God. Even in these, phenomenal language may be used for the filling up (as in a scientific treatise prepared for the popular understanding), but the main framework of the teaching must be strictly exact. No man would accuse a Leverrier of scientific ignorance who should use in his almanac (provided he published one) the phrases "the sun rises" and "the sun sets," or who should say, "when the sun reaches its most northerly point," although, scientifically viewed, these expressions are absurd. Just as childish is it to accuse the Bible of scientific ignorance, because it states that the sun and the moon stood still, or, in its ordinary dialogue, poetry or history uses the popular and unscientific language of the day.

3. A third fact in my proof that the Bible is a scientific book is *its express allusion, by bold statement, to facts of science which have only lately become known to scientific men.* A careful examination of the Holy Scriptures will convince any candid searcher that the God of Nature is speaking in the words of grace, that He who made each atom of matter and each joint in causation is the direct inspirer of a phraseology that had no support

in the general knowledge of the day, nor in the special knowledge of philosophers, but that has been confirmed by the discoveries made thousands of years afterwards by the investigators of Nature and her laws. Let me enumerate a few instances.

In the book of Ecclesiastes we have the return of water by evaporation from the sea to the springs expressly stated: "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; *unto the place from whence the rivers come*, thither they return again." No human being in that age was qualified to tell the writer of Ecclesiastes that scientific fact. How did the writer hit on such a record? Was it a happy accident? or did the God of Nature guide his thoughts and pen?

In the 139th Psalm we read, "My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth" (b'tachtiyyoth aretz—*in the under parts of the earth*). What man in David's day would have dared trace the elements of our bodies beyond the parental source? Who then on earth had so studied the chemistry of life as to find in the upturned strata of the earth, the rocks and coals upheaved from their original bed the molecular fountains of the human body. It was for science

but lately to show the world how all the elements of Nature flow in and out of organisms, and so how every atom now existing in my body may once have been in plants and earths and rocks and sea, and from these have been carried into the stream of organization. And yet here in this grand old psalm of David, written three thousand years ago, this great truth of science is expressly uttered, and the parts of our bodies shown, when they were in the soil and its contents, before they took their position in human generation, and when God in inorganic nature was guiding them all through their intricate paths to their destination.

In the Second Epistle of Peter we have the uprising of continents from below the surface of the sea told us in the clearest words, a great truth which is supposed by many to have appeared but now among men, and that as the result of scientific researches. When we hear modern science glowingly describe the old liquid *aequor*, and then the Andes rising gradually above it, and then the Alps and Himalaya in their proper order, we are charmed with the picture and are ready to crown with laurels the earnest men who have wrought out this primeval history by patient investigation and comparison. And this is well ; all honor to

these faithful and successful students of God's grand universe, who have used their observation and logic, as God intended them to be used, for the enlargement of knowledge, the advancement of mankind and the glory of the Maker. But while we gratefully place these laurels on their heads, let us not forget to go back eighteen centuries and hear a fisherman of Galilee, taught by the God who made the earth, use this language, not understood when he uttered it, perhaps even by himself, but now made clear by the labors of Science: "By the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and through the water" (*γῆ ἐξ ὕδατος καὶ δι' ὕδατος συνεστῶσα*)—literally, "the earth out of the water and through the water in the process of getting its consistency."

Because the phrase "foundations of the earth" is frequently used in the Scriptures, it is loosely charged upon the Bible that it recognizes the old fanciful idea of a stable, immovable earth, solidly founded on indefinitely deep foundations, in direct antagonism to the fact of its being upheld in space. But this charge utterly fails when we see that the Bible expressly declares of the Maker of all, "He hangeth the earth upon nothing" (Job xxvi. 7), which is the exact translation of the Hebrew

“Toléh eretz 'al b'limáh,” so that the Bible phraseology of the earth's foundations is just what would be used in any poetry, though the poet were the most scientific astronomer. In this statement of Job we have another of the numerous evidences of a scientific knowledge finding utterance in the Holy Word, which was so far beyond the knowledge of the day that it could only come from Him who was the author of nature.

It has been beautifully shown us by the late discoveries of science that there are asteroidal bodies innumerable pursuing their orbits around our sun, through whose path the earth at times passes, when some of these bodies come within the influence of the earth's attraction, and are broken by contact with the earth's atmosphere and are thus precipitated to the earth's surface in stones of larger or smaller size. They are really stars visiting our earth. But did you ever think that the Bible recorded this fact more than thirty centuries ago? When Deborah, the prophetess of God, sang her magnificent pæan of victory over the vast hosts of Jabin and his general, Sisera, she singles out one feature of the Divine interference in routing the foe, akin to that which sent the hailstones upon the flying army of southern Canaan in Joshua's

day. She sings in her gratitude to God, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." Why attribute to a silly astrological superstition what is perfectly explicable on scientific grounds? God made the aerolites to serve his own purpose, and he who directs all the conjunctions of nature used the asteroidal phenomena, to which we have referred, in the guardianship of his own people.

It has been common to say that scripture makes a mistake in speaking of the ant as storing up its food, that in reality it only stores up its eggs; but Colonel Sykes discovered at Poonah a species of ants (*Atta Providens*), which regularly stores up the seeds of millet for its food in stormy weather. The objectors did not know enough when they corrected the science of Scripture. They have been equally premature when they have objected to the Scripture statement regarding the ostrich abandoning its eggs, for late researches have proved that the ostrich quits her eggs during the day, and abandons them altogether if there has been any intrusion upon them, thus furnishing an admirable type of carelessness regarding offspring.

These instances of the scientific accuracy of the Bible might be indefinitely multiplied, but I shall

content myself in the narrow limits of a lecture to the mention of but one further example.

It is a favorite theory with many that the egg was before the animal, and the seed before the plant; but this is not a truly scientific view of the matter. We plant an acorn, and, it is true there grows up from this seed the branching oak with its mighty limbs and rich foliage. But whence came those limbs and that foliage? From the seed? Certainly not. The oak was never in the acorn. There was a vital principle in the acorn, by whose action under certain requisite conditions the materials from surrounding nature were drawn to it, united and assimilated so as to make the oak. The oak, we know, was never in the acorn. Could that great bulk have been in the little seed? When that acorn was planted, the future oak was lying all around in the other vegetable matter of the earth. Now, then, if the analogy of growth, as we see it, requires not only the seed, but a surrounding field of material for that seed to use, how could an original seed have effected anything when there was no surrounding vegetation? The oak must have been before the seed, the animal before the egg. If we are going back to originals, it is in this way we must solve the

problem. And now what does the first chapter of Genesis say? "And the earth brought forth the herb yielding seed (not the seed yielding herb), and the tree whose seed is in itself (not the seed whose tree is in itself)." What mere human mind would ever have thought of putting it in this way? And yet this is the only way in which a true science can settle the question between the seed and the tree.

4. And this brings me to my fourth fact regarding the scientific character of the Bible, that *it supplies the links in the scientific chain which our experimental science would ever fail to reach.* The analysis of matter, to a very wonderful degree of minuteness, through the use of the microscope, spectrum, and chemical appliance, and also the connection of some of the lower phenomena of causation, through which old arts are enriched and new arts created, form the wide and yet limited field of human research and discovery. Experimental science always finds itself at last on the border of the great unknown. Conjecture may go further, but science has nothing to do with conjecture. Our atomic theories, and evolution theories, that have thrown up such a dust of late, have all their standing in the realm of conjecture, *where*

true science never presumes to tread. They are as utterly foreign to science as the South Sea Bubble was to legitimate business. It is one of the strange facts of the day that theories which are as phantom-like as those of the Vortices or Simms' Hole, have stalked through our civilized world these few years past, gaining credence and homage among the crowd, because of the robes of science which some clever wags have adroitly thrown around their shoulders. The people have a profound and righteous regard for Science, and are very ready to receive all that bears her honored endorsement, and to such an extent are they loyal, that when some old and decrepit theories, that have not a grain of science in them, but belong to another department of thought altogether, come with the name of Science daubed upon their brows, the unsuspecting public yield them an honest reverence. Experimental Science, as I said, always finds itself at last on the border of the great unknown. Whatever is to be known beyond this border cannot be derived from human experiment, for the workings are in a sphere where no human sense has play. And conjecture is only a slight veil for disappointment, and brings no satisfaction to the mind. What then? Are we to know noth-

ing beyond? Is experimental science the all of science? Has she no other expounders than human observation? Can no one tell us what we cannot tell ourselves? Is there no friend in all this vast universe to help us out of our ignorance? Why cannot some higher intelligence whisper into our ears the secrets that lie beyond our own sense-perception? There must be something above us. Why does it not give us light? Now, in answer to such natural queries and querimonies stands the Bible, the Book of God. For thousands of years it has been the bright lamp to the feet of millions of our race. It has carried in its rays the testimony of its divine character, enlightening the eyes, converting the soul, renewing the life. No such strong evidence for any fact cognizable to man can be gathered as the evidence for the Divine authorship of the Bible. All modern civilization rests on the Bible. All the discoveries and appliances of art and philanthropy for the elevation and well-being of mankind, which make modern civilization so contrasted with the pseudo-civilization of Assyria, Babylon, and Egypt, sprang from the Bible. Wherever the Bible goes, there are established law and order, the rights of men, and the influences of human sympathy. And when it

comes to the individual heart, there spring up personal peace and joy, a holy satisfaction before God, and desires after purity and truth. Myriads of witnesses point to the Bible and say, "Thence came our new life." Now this overwhelming testimony cannot be brushed away by a contemptuous sweep of the arm. A scientific mind must regard *all* facts and admit *all* honest testimony. And it is this Bible, thus evidenced from without and from within, that completes our science by revealing from a higher intelligence those upper links in the chain of causation that human experiment never could reach. It controverts nothing that we have discovered, but it complements our discoveries with a Divine revelation. It shows the beginning of causation in the Divine purposes of grace, and allows no breach between the Creator and His creation. By such splendid imagery as we now quote, it conveys to our minds the grand truth of God's superintendence of all the movements of this commingled nature: "He holdeth the winds in His fists; He ruleth the raging of the sea; He rideth upon the heavens; He flieth upon the wings of the storm; He measureth the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meteth out heaven with a span, and comprehendeth the dust of the

earth in a measure, and weigheth the mountains in scales ; He drieth up the sea, and maketh the rivers a wilderness." In this way the Scriptures refer all the changes which our experimental science correctly classifies, and whose proximate conditions it carefully notes, to the ever watchful providence and intelligent guidance of the Supreme Maker of all. The grandest movements of nature and the smallest events in its history are alike decided by his presence and power. He establishes the stars in their paths, and not a sparrow falls to the ground without Him.

Besides this governing and guiding presence, the Bible reveals another link in the chain of material causation. It shows back of the power the Divine heart of grace. It declares that *all things* work together for good to them that love God. It thus puts a soul and an emotion in all this varied interlacing of material phenomena, God the Almighty Creator and his infinite love. Nature is no more a fragment. It is complete. It is no more a blind fatality, but a designed adaptation in its every joint. It is no more a cold corpse, but all alive with the pulsations of the heart of God.

And is not this revealed truth concerning nature

far more important to us than all else which our experimental science can elicit? Does it not furnish rest both for mind and heart where experimental science would utterly fail? Does it not satisfy the cravings of our souls, which cravings were made to expect this very revelation from our God? And is not our real triumph over nature gained when we can look around on all its grandest and most awful features, and say in calmness, "My Father made them all—his hand upholds and guides them all?"

Such, then, is my fourth and last fact regarding the scientific character of the Bible, that it supplies the links in the scientific chain which our experimental science would ever fail to reach.

I leave the subject, with the confident expression that our experimental examination of Nature's attractive field will always be best performed by the devout mind that recognizes God and His Word in the investigation. The mind that is in harmony with the grand whole of creation, from the Creator's hand down to the last combination of his works, will be guarded against extravagance in the use of false inductions, and will find a principle of symmetry where else were arbitrary law or wanton movement. To eliminate God

from His creation, and keep from view the power that formed in the action of His formations, is to accept a position at war with fundamental reason, which cordially echoes the words of Scripture: "He that planted the ear, shall not he hear? He that formed the eye, shall not he see?"

Then has Science her fairest aspect, when in the light of God's revelation she performs her high task as an act of worship to Him, and lifts her eye from every new discovery in Nature's cunning mechanism, devoutly saying: "In wisdom Thou hast made them all."

THE DANGER OF WORLDLINESS.

BY REV. DR. HOWARD CROSBY.

WORLDLINESS is the one word that comprehends all evils. It destroys religion by striking at its very foundation. History shows this in the churches of Asia Minor, in the work of Papacy in later ages, and in the effects of the union of Church and State in recent days. The evils of the

church enter through the sins of the individual. It is there that we must attack them. The individual Christian must not take the world for his guide. This rule is negative in form ; but the necessity for it is most positive. Christians excuse themselves by saying "We must live." In politics they vote for a bad man, because he belongs to their party ; after praying for God's blessing on the land, they do all they can to bring down His curse upon it. In society they are afraid to isolate themselves from fashion. They train up their children nominally for heaven, but really for the world. They are so fettered and absorbed by business that they turn their backs on the Divine life. They need to make the Bible a mere constant study and rule of life ; and then they need to engage actively in direct, positive and personal Christian work. Activity saves from decay ; aggressiveness wins the victory.

PULPIT SKETCHES.

DR. HOWARD CROSBY OF THE FOURTH AVENUE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

THIS society^{*} was organized in 1825, with the Rev. Matthias Bruen for its first pastor; worshipping first in a school-house at Broadway and Bleecker Street, and afterward in its new church in Bleecker Street on the site now occupied by the Bank for Savings. Dr. Erskine Mason was the next pastor, and filled a thrifty ministry of twenty years. He was succeeded by Dr. Joel Parker, during whose pastorate, in 1852, the society erected and occupied the present church at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street. In 1863 Dr. Crosby was called to the vacant pulpit, and is therefore to-day one of the oldest ministers in the city in term of service, his official relations with his church having exceeded twenty years. The church is built of a durable brown sandstone. The outlines and features are in the barest, undecorated Gothic. It occupies the northwest corner, fronting on the avenue, and is flanked on the north side by the Sunday-school, and lecture rooms, thus

imparting an ungraceful breadth to the facade which is hardly corrected by the low, square towers rising with seeming reluctance on either side the main entrance. The interior, compared with later constructions, seems austere plain. Decoration has been used with a spare hand, and with little traces of churchly æstheticism. There is not a symbol or embellishment bearing a distinctly religious significance anywhere visible. But for the font at the foot of the platform and the large Bible on the pulpit desk the legitimate use of the building might possibly remain a matter of conjecture. Roomy galleries fill three sides, one of which, over the entrance, serves as choir and organ gallery. There are no fascinations or allurements of the arts here to trap the senses and kindle the imagination. The singing led by an unpretentious quartette, is almost rudimental in its simplicity, and the large congregation join in the plain psalmody with considerable fervor.

FULL OF THE SOLEMNITY OF HIS MISSION.

Dr. Crosby is an old time parson—not a literateur masquerading in canonicals. Like an ambassador “sent,” bearing high commission in the

spiritual kingdom, something like a halo of knightly consecration is felt if not seen round about him. There is the hush and awe of a great solemnity welling from within, so that when he stands up to speak we think not of the orator, or polemic, or scholar, or great civilian, but mostly of the man of God, come on his Master's business. The voice is deep, with a clinging, ready edge which seizes and holds the ear. The words move in mellifluous, orderly deliberate rhythm as if the respiration and heart-beat were sound and rich with life. His elocution is unconsciously complete and tintured with life-long refinement and the unmistakable iridescence of a delicate, various culture. You say, the man, of elegance, the man of affairs, the man of steady deep thought, but above all, the man of spiritual integrity and whole-heartedness. He handles the Bible only as a Christian scholar comes to finger such a book—with a familiar, caressing reverence. It is a rare treat to hear him read a chapter, as from the Book of the Acts of the Apostles—to catch his clearly cut, brief sententious comment, flashing light and intelligence all the way along; now a sudden disclosure of hidden beauty or wealth of meaning in a weakly translated word; now a touch of archæologic or antiquarian

wisdom which helps you to a vignette ; again, such a pregnant allusion or illustration from the Greek classics as only comes of consummate scholarship ; or in the Old Testament, an uncovering and quiet explication of Hebrew roots, metaphors, analysis and interlacing threads of significance, until the old text starts up through the mould and dead leafage of Hebrew, Greek and Latin, into the vernacular—crisp, fresh, fragrant.

With all this there is a touching simplicity, as if half deprecating any flavor of pedantry, or mere erudition. It is not strange that Bible readers in almost every pew find the chapter and hang on every word ; for such words are, as it were, raised from the dead and quickened once more into life. A liturgic feeling here and there crops out. The Doctor reads the Decalogue, and the choir at the close chant a simple Kyrie Eleison. Then one of the Psalms is read responsively, but no Creed is recited, although there is a very good one, commonly called the Apostles', to be found in the Westminster Catechism.

A PREACHER THOROUGHLY IN EARNEST.

The sermon is simple in construction, transparent, unmistakable in purpose, and exceedingly

forcible, and put with a close, urgent logic impatient of resistance or trifling, and an indifference to academic elegance or rhetorical graces. Such sermons are not produced with an eye to effectiveness. It is questionable whether, in print, they would distinguish the author among his brilliant contemporaries. There is no glamor of* a masterly philosophy, no speculative by-play—no side-shows of picturesque, richly elaborated flights of oratory or eloquence ; never a trace of sensationalism ; and, clearly, the preacher is oblivious to “weep here,” and other technical memoranda, in getting up his manuscript. It is written extempore in the spirit of immediate necessity or crisis. So the preacher dashes across the corners, reduces his idioms almost to bluntness—but he is never rude, never gets beyond range of a certain brawny Doric grandeur or dignity of expression. He is penetrated with the traditions of his church, is resolutely and stoutly conservative in his theology ; but it is hard to catch and identify his theology from the realistic, concrete, palpitating body of his discourse—for he proceeds rather after the order of synthesis—builds up, models, embodies all the while—has, in short, little taste or fancy for analysis and the desiccating processes of criticism.

There is nothing speculative, ideal, or merely philosophical in his conception of life and its depth of loss and gain. He has no pet formulas, no prescriptions of infallible theories among his curatives. There is something inexorable, almost intolerent, in his dealings with sins and sinners. He puts no faith in rose-water expedients; is stern, uncompromising, pitiless toward shame and hypocrisies in the Church as well as out of it. A man who palters with his conscience in a double sense must find this particular church a veritable "little ease." But it is a healthy, winnowing, invigorating blast that falls from his lips, and honest, well-ordered, brave living should come of it. Approach him as closely as you find opportunity in church or elsewhere, and you will experience no mortifying disillusion. It is always the same man and personality, without trick, disguise or any such thing.

HIS WARFARE OUTSIDE THE PULPIT.

There is one characteristic of commanding importance in attempting the portraiture of Dr. Crosby. It is this. In preaching, his sermon is only half done. Where other men fold up their manuscripts as an artisan hangs up his tools, Dr.

Crosby moves directly on, charging the next line of rifle pits or breastworks of the enemy. For Dr. Crosby's Lord is literally a Man of War. So he burns under the righteous indignation of soldiery, and he carries a sword with a keen edge and smites like Joshua of old, or the Covenanters, or the Roundheads, against the "man of sin" wherever he encounters him. Words are the threshold of his living sermon; for he grapples, face to face, with evil doers and evil livers, and complements his preaching with his valorous, persistent conflict with social evils and perils. And this desperate spirit of conquest gives initial velocity and penetrative force to his sayings. So, to preach against the world, the flesh and the devil, is, in Dr. Crosby's conception, to fight manfully against them in person. And no man has fought with finer, firmer enthusiasm. With a dozen such pastors—and what city ever yet held a dozen such at once?—even New York might experience a moral and social purification and rectification as yet undreamed of by the boldest optimist.

In 1877 he organized the Society for the Prevention of Crime, for the trial and punishment of illicit traffic in strong drink, for the suppression of licentious theatres and vile concert saloons, reek-

ing with drunkenness and debauchery, for the vindication and moral reinforcement of municipal legislation, and for the purification of the criminal courts. There has been a costly unrelenting struggle ever since, and notwithstanding the connivance of officials in high as well as low places, multitudes of shameful resorts have been destroyed, lascivious exhibitions and saloons shut up, and for nine days the dram shops and drinking saloons of the city were absolutely impenetrable and not a glass of spirits was had save at the bars of licensed hotels. To be sure the deadlock was broken by an unscrupulous Excise Commission which licensed in a twinkling thousands of "hotels" from sixteen feet by three on the sidewalk up to the flaunting gin palace ; but, nevertheless, the society has succeeded in locking up at least the front door of every dram shop in the city on Sundays, closing them as effectually as the existing statutes permit.

This is the sequel of Dr. Crosby's sermonizing ; a species of "practical application" and "lastly" not set down in any manual of homiletics. Strange conclaves have been held in this parlor, where he has faced the man-sharks of hellish traffic in the bodies and souls of men and women. No man in the city is better known in this pernicious under-

world—nor more keenly dreaded ; and yet, strange to say, he is pursued or impelled by no personal, vindictive animosities—lives in peace, tranquil and without fear. For there is a deep gentleness of love and humanity, which even the vilest cannot mistake, in the Doctor's procedure and language. He would cut out the ulcer to save lives and souls. That is the sum and philosophy of his preaching.

SEPARATE FROM THE WORLD.

DR. CROSBY'S WARNING TO CHRISTIANS.

NO ALLIANCE TO BE FORMED WITH THE UNGODLY—PERILS
OF A FASHIONABLE LIFE.

IN the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church yesterday morning the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby preached upon the dangers to which Christians are exposed when they form alliances with ungodly people. His sermon was based upon these words in II. Chronicles xix. : 1, 2 : "And Jehoshaphat, the King of Judah, returned to his house in peace

to Jerusalem. And Jehu, the son of Hanani, the seer, went out to meet him, and said to King Jehoshaphat: 'Shouldest thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord? Therefore is wrath upon thee from before the Lord.'" After showing how Jehoshaphat, who was a good man, was punished by the Lord because he went astray and formed wicked alliances with King Ahab, Dr. Crosby said in part:

"Many would have a God without wrath. They think that wrath does not become God, and they think so because they associate with wrath all the human imperfections with which man accompanies his wrath. They imagine selfishness and envy and malice and spite, when God's wrath has none of these elements, but is pure and holy and a part of His goodness and truth. The events of life are part of God's training of His children, and much of this training is disciplinary and corrective, while some of it is directly the action of the Divine wrath.

"Let us examine wherein good Jehoshaphat provoked the Divine wrath, and apply the lesson to our own lives. First—He helped the ungodly. Jehoshaphat doubtless had admirable political reasons for his conduct. He also had admirable

social reasons. There are always admirable reasons for doing wrong. But all his alliance with Ahab was in God's sight 'the helping the ungodly.' Now turn the glass from Jehoshaphat to ourselves. God's government is the same now that it was in his time. If we help the ungodly as we may do we shall have our Heavenly Father's wrath upon us.

"We help the ungodly when we put them into public office. We may plead party allegiance or any other excuse, but if we give our votes for wicked men, we are directly helping the ungodly. We are doing what we can to put them into positions of power and influence, and are thus contending against the Lord and the spreading of his truth and righteousness. We cannot do this, and then suppose we shall be lost sight of in the crowd. The Lord sees one soul as if it were the only soul in the universe. You have helped the ungodly—you must suffer for it.

"Again, we help the ungodly when we join with them in crooked money transactions. We may have cunning enough to keep out of the clutches of human law, but we cannot deceive God. We are on a Board of Directors. The company commits a crime; it waters stock fraudulently; it makes

a lying statement of its condition, or it makes a corrupt bargain with another company. We do not vote for either of these things, but we sit by and let the matter be carried without a protest. More than that, we are secretly glad that it is carried, and we share the profits of the iniquitous transaction equally with those directors who voted for it. We have gone down deep to help the ungodly; we shall not escape God's wrath.

"Still another way of helping the ungodly is in entering into their social style of life, by which time is wasted in selfish display and the golden opportunities to learn Divine things and do good are lost. Eager to get into rich and gay and fashionable circles, Christians give up all their holy advantages and are tickled by being associated with the godless idlers whose whole idea of life is that of empty amusement. A box at the opera, a drag or a dog-cart in the Central Park, or a fashionable ball is sought by the Christian just as Jehosaphat sought an alliance with the gay and fashionable of Ahab's court.

"There is a great deal of degradation of the Christian life going on in this city. It is nothing but gross defilement. I am sorry to believe that Christian women lead the way in this folly, but

they find men ready enough to follow. Where is Christ our Saviour in all this? Where is our sense of Divine things? Where is our aspiration for them? Where is our love to do good? Where is our zeal to evangelize the world? It is an impossible thing for a Christian man or woman to enter into the fashionable life of this city without losing all the earnestness of the Christian life and marring the taste for Divine truth. That fashionable life is wholly alien from God. It is a system which wastes time and talents on trifles light as air. It dries up its sympathies and checks its helpfulness to the needy and to those that are destitute of the Gospel. They will lavish tens of thousands on palaces and yachts and other such perishable flummery. What business has a Christian with such a worthless crowd? Is one who has Christ Jesus for a friend to go and seek the friendship of these insipid nothings, who never had a serious idea in their heads and whose hearts are set upon vanity?

“Secondly—Jehoshaphat provoked the Lord’s wrath not only by helping the ungodly, but by loving those that hated the Lord. It was not a self-denial, it was not a compulsion from without, but Jehoshaphat really loved those wretched princes

and princesses at Samaria. And that is the trouble with our Jehoshaphats to-day. They associate with evil men and women because they love them, and if you chide them as making an unequal yoking, such as the Holy Spirit through the apostle condemns, they grow quite indignant and accuse you of a want of charity, and they begin to praise the noble character of the ungodly. There is nothing more melancholy than the decline of Christian thought and feeling and life under the influence of worldly alliances. The pleas of necessity are all false. It is always a deliberate act. It is love for those that hate God that is the motor.

“Whether in politics, society or business, the Christian who allies himself with the ungodly, does so because he loves them. He forgets his first love for Jesus, and substitutes for it a love for those who have no regard whatsoever for Jesus. The baseness of the act is equalled only by its utter vanity. It leads to nothing. It brings no gain to the traitor. It adds nothing to his happiness. It only adds to his load of remorse. The converted man who is trying to get his happiness out of the world is a pitiable object---he is pouring water through a sieve. He tries very hard and gets nothing for his pains. The Lord is against

him and will trip him up for his soul's good. The wrath of the Lord is upon him.

“Do not think, my fellow Christian, that our Lord is unmindful of us, His children. He is not going to let us go into folly without rebuking us. He watches every movement of our lives. Our worldliness will receive His stripes, the few stripes or the many stripes, exactly as He sees we need them. The storm will come and rage over us, and we shall be distracted until we see Christ in the storm and seek from Him in penitent faith the command to the raging elements: ‘Peace, be still!’ Isn’t it better to find our all of joy in Christ our Saviour? Isn’t it better to dwell on our mount of privilege with Jesus and leave the vain world to busy itself with its fashions and follies without our help? The happy Christian life is that which makes no compromises with the world and has no drawing to its vanities, but which, by a true faith in Christ, obtains the wonderful riches of His grace as its portion every day.

THE NATIONAL PRESBYTERIAN.

REV. CHARLES F. BEACH, EDITOR.

THE late Dr. Howard Crosby was not regarded, even by people of very liberal principles, as a narrow or bigoted man. He was in a position to learn much of the world, and his eyes were open to current events. His opinion, then, in regard to the character and tendencies of the piety of the church of the present day is entitled to very respectful consideration. But his view was by no means optimistic. He says: "The Church of God is to-day courting the world. Its members are trying to bring it down to the level of the ungodly. The ball, the theatre, nude and lewd art, social luxuries, with all their loose moralities, are making inroads into the sacred inclosure of the church; and as a satisfaction for all this worldliness, Christians are making a great deal of Lent and Easter and Good Friday and church ornamentation." If this is true,—and no man of ordinary candor and intelligence will think of denying it,—the fact ought to arouse every sincere and thought-

ful Christian to an earnest and persevering effort to stem the tide of worldliness in the church and to elevate the standard of spiritual life.

THE NEW BIRTH NOT A MYSTERY.

THE Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, preaching on the text, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God," said in part :

The prophet Ezekiel prophesied of Judah's last king, Zedekiah, that he should be brought to Babylon and yet should not see it. In the midst of the magnificence of that capital, where the grand proportions of Belus and the vast beauties of the hanging gardens formed, in the estimate of later days, one of the seven wonders of the world, the wicked son of good Joshua dwelt insensible to all the grace and grandeur by which he was surrounded. The Babylonish monarch had put out his eyes before he dragged him a captive to the land of exile. So men live surrounded by the kingdom of God and never see it. For all the

effect its aspect has upon them, it might be the majesty of Babylon, the beauty of Athens, or the insignificant meanness of Timbuctoo. A great deal of what we call "belief" is the mere assent of the logical faculty to a probability. We do not believe that a thing is so, but we guess it may be so. What is called commonly "a mere intellectual belief in the Gospel," is of this sort. The man who rejects the Gospel either does not believe it, or believes that he has other truths of a higher character which modify his use of the Gospel even so far as its rejection. But surely nobody accepts this last position. The intellect and the heart are indissolubly united in true belief—the man is one.

There is no visible church—only visible churches and one Church, the invisible, spiritual Church. Ritual, priesthood, sacrifices, temple, are all gone, gone forever, with every thing like them and any endeavor to bring any of them into Christianity is to make the man a boy again; to shut out the noon and make twilight; to disuse the cured limbs and go back to crutches. But how can I be born again? There's the question. There's some great mystery here that baffles me; there's some magic spring to touch; some "open sesame" of which I know nothing. The more I think of it

the more I'm puzzled and distraught. I can only give up in despair. That is the way in which multitudes meet the simple statement of the Saviour: "Ye must be born again." There is no mystery here at all; no more mystery than there is in every fact and movement of mind and matter. The new birth involves a new character. Change of character implies change of purpose. This implies change of desire, and here we get nearer to the essence of the new birth. The new birth is the removal of the affections from low, selfish, earthly, depraved and evil objects to God and godly things. When I see the Kingdom of God there is no mystery at all, except the mystery of the man who has kept his eyes shut and now opens them for the first time on vale and mountain, cloud and river, flowers and sunshine. It is very grand and very beautiful, but not mysterious. The only mystery is that I kept my eyes shut so long when such a glory was all around me.

RADICALLY OPPOSED TO THE THEATRE.

Editor of the Evangelist: A few years "before the war," Dr. Crosby preached to his young people on "Amusements." I think there were several sermons. In speaking of the theatre, he took unqualified ground against it as evil in all its influence. I ventured to write him a note, asking if he would not discriminate between good and bad plays, as between good and bad books, and countenance those theatres that aimed to give the best results of dramatic art, naming one which then stood high in popular esteem. His reply was positive and pointed. No, he would not. The good and evil could not be separated. The very theatre I named, he said, was a centre of drinking places and houses of ill fame.

PROPER COMPANIONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN.

THE Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church: There are two smooth lives. One is the life of those who are

“not in trouble as other men * * * they have more than heart could wish.” The man who has banished God from his mind and is well circumstanced in life has a smooth time of it. The other smooth life has a totally different aspect. It is the life hid with Christ in God. It is the life which finds its enjoyments on a higher plane than that of worldly society, or a plane which earthly disturbances cannot reach. The secret of the first smooth life is godlessness. The secret of the other is godliness. Godlessness and godliness cannot be mixed. Our social instincts are the strongest we have, and God certainly intended we should use them. He does not wish us to be hermits or monks. The intimate groupings of men reveal two strange facts: The group tends to become like the inferior members of the group, and a courage to do wrong is wrought out by the mere aggregation of numbers. I suppose there is no means used by Satan more successfully in wrecking Christians than worldly companionship. In the matter of life-unions by marriage Christians are perpetually forgetting this fundamental principle. The text says “I am a companion of all them that fear thee, and of them that keep thy precepts.” This is the action of a brave soul, of a

wise soul, of a healthy soul, of a dignified soul. Make those your companions now whom you expect to be your companions in eternity. Live for your eternal future, and not for the present moment. Why form intimacies that shall dwarf your piety and fill your dying hour with remorse?

DR. CROSBY AND THE AMERICAN SUNDAY.

To the Editor of The Tribune. SIR: I liked your heading of the article in Monday's paper on the meeting at Dr. MacArthur's church. It was "The American Sunday." It is this that all true Americans can insist upon, the day time-honored among us for needful rest from labor (which must be compulsory or else it cannot be at all), and for the undisturbed public worship of God for those who wish. This is the "American Sunday." The "Christian Sabbath" is another thing altogether. That is a sacred day observed by the individual according to his conscience and with regard to which the law has nothing to do. We cannot urge the maintenance of the "Christian Sabbath"

by law. This would be enforcing religion by law, and would be a dangerous infringement of our liberties. But we can and must maintain the "American Sunday" with its two principles, cessation of labor for the physical and moral health of the community and decent courtesy to the multitude who wish to worship God in peaceful assemblies. They who say that the "American Sunday" is in conflict with liberty confound it with the "Christian Sabbath." The law for the former does not meddle with religion. Its restrictions are not against liberty but for health and decency.

Old Sabbath Laws did meddle with religion. They are not to be revived. The American Sunday is to be upheld on different grounds. The patriotism and sound sense of the community will never part with it at the beck of newly arrived foreigners who cannot discriminate between liberty and license.

Yours truly,

HOWARD CROSBY.

NEW YORK, October 19, 1887.

THE FOURTH AVENUE CHURCH.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY, FEB. 7TH, 1873.

REV. DR. CROSBY delivered a discourse on Sabbath evening last, reviewing his ministry of ten years in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church of this city. The record was of almost unexampled prosperity and progress, calling for gratitude and joy. In these *ten years* 1,104 have been added to the church, 527 of them on profession of their faith; 289 of the whole were admitted in the four missions of the church, leaving 815 as the number actually added to the mother church during the ten years; 62 have died; dismissions to other churches and deaths leave a net increase of 778. The present number of members is 1,047, of whom 254 are in the missions; 101 have removed to parts unknown, leaving 692 members actually belonging to the present church, making, in point of numbers, the Fourth Church on the roll of 4,616 churches in the General Assembly. The Lafayette Avenue Church, Brooklyn, is the largest; the Madison Square in this city

is second ; the Brick, in Rochester, is third ; and this Fourth Avenue is the fourth in numbers.

Its works prove its faith and zeal. It sustains four vigorous and useful missions. It is out of debt, and abundant in resources. All the machinery for aggressive work upon the outlying mass of ignorance and vice is in effective operation. The church members are all known to one another, and meet in the church parlors monthly for social intercourse. Perfect union exists in all relations, and the light of the Divine favor rests upon every branch of the vine.

In closing the review of the ten years, Dr. Crosby paid a warm and beautiful tribute to those who had died in faith during his ministry, mentioning their names and the peculiar features of their respective characters. The discourse was heard with fixed attention and deep interest, and will, we trust, be published, as a most remarkable record of ministerial faithfulness and success ; we think the most so of any Presbyterian Church in this city in these last ten years.

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

THE session of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church in this city, composed of its pastor, Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, and twelve elders, adopted a pastoral letter on the subject, and sent it to all its members in a circular. It presents the matter in a light so clear and forcible that we are constrained to reprint it entire, and to beg all our readers candidly to peruse it and prayerfully to ask Divine guidance in regard to their action upon the subject.

NEW YORK, October 28, 1885.

*Dear Brethren in the Lord:—*The Session of the Fourth Avenue Church (of which you are members) feel that a word to you of affectionate counsel will be both in accordance with their duty as spiritual officers of the church, and with your own Christian views and sentiments. We have seen with great sorrow the entrance of the *Sunday Newspaper* into Christian families, and, having witnessed the unhappy results of this admission, are desirous of warning you against the growing evil.

The Sunday newspaper not only employs a large number of persons for its sale upon God's holy day, but it furnishes secular reading to divert the mind from the holy themes especially appropriate to the Sabbath. Our young people who would not otherwise think of spending the day in such reading are readily led to consider it a safe and proper thing when they see the paper brought* into the family, and even purchased from the stand, by members of the church.

There is no influence more insidiously seductive than this for the demoralization of our Christian households. Its air of respectability, the brief notice of some religious event in a corner of the sheet, the fact carefully proclaimed that the paper is not *made up* on Sunday, all furnish easy excuses to the conscience for harboring and encouraging that which unfits the mind for serious thought, which draws it away from God's word, and which thus nullifies all the sacred influences of the Lord's Day. The mind thus led becomes filled with thoughts on business, politics, games, theatres, and crimes (which form the staple of newspaper literature), at the time when the Lord calls us especially to consider the things that belong to our higher spiritual welfare. No Christian can yield to such

an influence without deadening his piety, chilling his faith, and destroying his usefulness. His example, also, becomes most pernicious, sowing broadcast the seeds of worldliness and infidelity. The ungodly world rejoices in beholding the religion of Christ brought down to its own level, and Satan will use every effort through the power of fashion to accomplish this end. The Sunday newspaper is a powerful engine to achieve this result. To refuse it and oppose it, demands a firm, resolute, positive spirit, and this is too seldom found among professing Christians. It is so much easier to drift with the tide. But our Lord call us to a bold stand, squarely to face such assaults upon the godly life, and we are derelict toward him if we weakly and timidly yield to Satan.

Dear Brethren of this church, we believe better things of you. We have seen your zeal in Christ's cause, and your earnest devotion to every good work in His name. We know the purity of your faith and the ardor of your Christian love. We are assured, therefore, that you will receive this, our fraternal word of exhortation, with the spirit in which it is addressed to you, and, if any one of you has thoughtlessly encouraged the great evil to which we have alluded, that you will strive to

correct the error, and stamp the Sunday newspaper with your earnest practical condemnation.

We all desire the spread of God's truth through the community. We desire to see souls saved and Christians edified through the means of grace. We recognize God's Holy Day as prominent among those means, and would not have that day robbed of its power and meaning by the use of the Sunday newspaper. Let us then, with these desires, pray and labor faithfully to overcome this device of Satan against the gospel of salvation.

Yours, in Christ,

HOWARD CROSBY, Pastor,
and twelve elders.

[From the New York Observer.]

INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

THIS reminds us of the way in which the lamented Howard Crosby was wont to sweep away the cobwebs woven by theorists that contended against the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. He was wont to say in regard to all

that was put forth as to this and that kind of inspiration, that there was no inspiration worthy of the name which did not suffice to keep the writer from making blunders and telling lies. Any inspiration that did not do this was not worth arguing about on one side or the other.

[From the "New York Tribune" 1883.]

TWENTY YEARS A PASTOR.

DR. CROSBY'S SUCCESSFUL WORK.

CLERGYMEN OF ALL DENOMINATIONS IN THE FOURTH
AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

THE twentieth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby was observed in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church last evening. The church was filled, about 2,000 people being present. The pulpit was apparently lost in flowers of nearly all denominations and in plants of various sects; clusters of roses adorned the desk, and a pillow of white carnations, bordered

with pink, in which were the figures "20" in red, hung in front of it. Upon the platform, almost concealed behind the floral decorations, sat the presiding officer, the Rev. Dr. S. I. Prime; the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, and those who took part in the anniversary service: the Rev. Drs. John Hall, representing the Presbyterian Church; William M. Taylor, of the Congregational Church; James M. King, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Wilbur F. Watkins, of the Protestant Episcopal Church; William Ormiston, of the Reformed Church; and R. S. MacArthur, of the Baptist Church. Among the other clergymen present were Roswell D. Hitchcock, W. M. Paxton, Henry J. Vandyke, Jr., F. H. Marling, J. F. Elder, E. E. Clark, Samuel N. Hamilton, E. N. White, Edward Hopper and J. B. Calvert, Algernon S. Sullivan, Henry Bergh and Morris K. Jessup were in the audience.

The services consisted of music, prayer and addresses. Although the speakers "were under the ban"—as one of them expressed it—not to make allusions to Dr. Crosby, the ban was broken with the first address, and all the fellow-ministers of Dr. Crosby paid him tributes of respect and love as a man and clergyman. The addresses

were interrupted at times with applause, again with laughter, and at the close of Dr. Hall's remarks many of the audience were affected to tears.

THE EXERCISES BEGUN.

The exercises were begun with the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." This was followed with a Scripture reading by the Rev. Charles P. Fagnani, of Grace Chapel, at the close of which the prayer was offered by the Rev. William J. McKittrick, of Hope Chapel. After the singing of a hymn, the Rev. Dr. Prime gave a brief review of the history of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church under the pastorate of Dr. Crosby. The church itself, he said was fifty-eight years old. When Dr. Crosby became its pastor in 1863 there were 120 names on the roll, only forty-seven of which could be found in the city. There were now 1,413 members. In twenty years 456 had joined the church on profession of faith at the church, and 639 at the chapel—an average of 54 a year; 807 had joined the church by certificate at the church, and 73 at the chapel, making a total of 1,975. The greatest number received in any one year was 135 in 1867; the largest number

admitted on profession of faith was 103 in 1876. Four missions had been established and two carried on; there were three Sunday-schools with 1,500 children. Besides these fields of work, there were extended mission labors, lectures at the chapel, sewing-schools and the ladies' Bible class in charge of the pastor. Dr. Crosby had lost only four months' time in twenty years by absence, except in the regular vacation, and one of these by sickness. The amount of money raised by the church in ten years was \$300,000.

An anthem was next sung, and the Rev. Dr. James M. King then made an address in which he said that all good citizens of this city claimed some proprietorship in Dr. Crosby.

The Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Watkins, who followed, said: "I bless God that over and above my denominational title I hold the larger and grander title of a Christian." He wished to say to Dr. Crosby: "We believe in you. Go your way and be much more successful in the future than you have been in the past."

REMARKS OF DR. TAYLOR.

After the singing of a hymn the Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle,

was called upon as the next speaker. Dr. Taylor spoke in part as follows :

My Christian brethren, I thank you for the invitation to come here and speak to you to-night. I would have come whether you had invited me or not, for I would go a long distance to do honor to so noble a friend and so beloved a brother as Dr. Crosby has been to me. For eleven years we have labored side by side, and he has grown in my esteem and in my affection. There are two qualities which it seems to me stand out most distinctively in Dr. Crosby's character; both of them noble qualities. One is his transparent honesty. He always says what he means and he always means what he says. The other quality is his unflinching courage. If his intellect becomes convinced that a certain line of action should be pursued, his conscience forces him to pursue that course. What a splendid soldier he would have made ! What a splendid soldier he has made under the banner of Christ ! He never quailed before anybody or before any wrong.

But it is not the man, nor the citizen, nor the patriot that we have come here to honor to-night, but the pastor. Ye are his epistle, known and read of all men. If this twenty years' pastorate

has exhibited one quality more than another, it is his quality of continuance, [Laughter.] He didn't give you the best he had at first and soon burn out. He has lasted because he has kept on preaching this Bible. He hasn't exhausted himself, because he can't exhaust this book. Then this has been a prosperous pastorate. The church has been both aggressive and educational. And here you share the credit with your pastor. May you keep on the same way, keeping both oars steadily at work, and may God spare you both so that you may celebrate the thirtieth anniversary, at which it may be said that grander, nobler things have been done than we tell of here. [Applause.]

The chorus, "How lovely are the messengers that preach us the gospel of peace," was sung, and then the Rev. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, of Calvary Church, spoke briefly of the honor and respect which he would bring from his church and his denomination to Dr. Crosby, whose pastorate had shown the sufficiency of the ordinary means of grace, and had borne testimony to the popularity of the Bible and to the power of exposition of the Scriptures. The Rev. Dr. William Ormiston, of the Collegiate Reformed Church, who had come upon the platform late, was called upon to

speak in place of the Rev. Dr. Talbot W. Chambers, and did so in glowing words of tribute to Dr. Crosby's talents and character as "a man, a citizen, a patriot, a scholar, a preacher, God's servant."

DR. HALL'S ADDRESS.

The Rev. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, was the next speaker ; his address was in part as follows :

I have had a rather curious experience in connection with this matter. About two weeks ago my attention was called to the fact that my brother had been so long here, and I kept thinking the subject over till I decided to apply to a member of your congregation to see what could be done. Just then my servant announced that a gentleman wished to see me. It was a member of this congregation who had come to invite me to be present here to-night. Dear friends and brethren, I shall not make a speech ; I shall only speak of what young ministers and those who are soon to become young ministers may take to heart from this long pastorate. Dr. Crosby has been a constant, consistent and earnest student of his Bible. He speaks, indeed, but the spirit of inspiration speaks

through him, so that there can be no monotony in his ministrations. A minister ought to be a student of the Bible in the original languages in which it was written. But he should be careful to preach in English, which his congregation can readily understand. This method will contribute to a minister being an educational force as well as a preacher. A citizen of no mean city, your minister has not forgotten his duties as a citizen. I have heard of mankind being divided into three classes—men, women and clergymen. It is a classification that displeases me. We are men and we are human through and through. We should be gentlemen, but also manly; courageous, but also forgiving and gentle. If men wish an ideal embodiment of these qualities, let them turn to him who is our guest to-night.

I have had the privilege of working with him for sixteen years, and the more I have seen him, and have found how human, how gentle and how tender his character is, the more I have loved him. Of his courageous, fearless exposure of what is wrong it is not necessary for me to speak.

Every good quality of your pastor's which has been emphasized to-night, and many more which have not been spoken of, enhance your responsibility

as a people one by one. What have you been doing under him through these years of faithful teaching? Have you been standing still? Have you been taking in and never giving out; or have you been taking in that you may give out? You have received much through this ministry; how much are you rendering back to the kind Head of the Church? Do not be afraid to show your affection, your ample sympathy toward your pastor. Let him feel that he has an attached and grateful people, who will stand by him for that high and unselfish end, the best interests of mankind and the glory of Christ our Saviour.

A FEW WORDS FROM DR. CROSBY.

After the doxology had been sung Dr. Crosby rose to pronounce the benediction. Before doing so he said a few words in a voice that was firm and clear, but filled with deep pathos and feeling. He spoke in substance as follows:

I never have been so frightened nor so embarrassed in my life but once, and that was thirty-seven years ago, just before I was married. [Laughter.] As I see these brethren on the platform my mind reverts to that evening twenty years ago when four dear brethren installed me as

pastor of this church—Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox, Dr. William Adams, Joel Parker and Henry B. Smith. All of the four have gone to their eternal homes. A few short years and we shall take our places with them. How solemn life is! How we all ought to keep our eyes fixed on that future land which God is preparing for us. One idea has especially impressed itself upon me to-night. That is the thought of the wonderful grace of God, who is the source of all that is good. If there has been anything good in this ministration of mine, it is due to two things; First, to the fact that my own dear father and mother brought me up in the fear of God and prayed constantly that I might be a minister of Christ; and secondly, it is due to the loving regard and fellowship and example of these dear brethren, and to your own constant, faithful, sympathetic holding up your example before me. All is a manifestation of the Divine grace. Let us lean on it, upon its forgiving and renewing strength, which has prepared a home for us and is conducting us to it.

After the benediction the former and present members of Dr. Crosby's congregation gave him their greetings and congratulations in the chapel adjoining the church where a luncheon was served.

[*"From the Christian Union."*]

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS PASTORATE.

THOSE who know Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, through the public press as temperance reformer and as a keen though always courteous controversialist, will, we are sure, be interested to know something more of his work as a scholar, pastor and preacher. Last Sunday was his sixty-first birthday, and we take this occasion to give some account in another column of the life and services of one for whom the editor of *The Christian Union*, has not only the respect which the entire Christian community feel for an honored and able leader in its thought and in its work, but also the personal reverence of an old-time pupil for his instructor, deepened into a profound affection by a life-long acquaintance. A braver, honester or more candid man never trod the earth. This the American public generally knows. The tenderness and warmth of his sympathies and the fidelity of his friendship and his love are known only to those who have been

brought in more intimate relations with him. He would always be recognized as one of the first scholars, especially in Biblical criticism, were not his fame as a scholar somewhat dimmed by his greater fame as an aggressive Christian worker. May he long live to do good service to the cause of truth, the Church of Christ, and the interests of the poor, the struggling, and the needy.

A TRIBUTE TO DR. CROSBY.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF FAITHFUL WORK.

A LARGE RECEPTION AT HIS CHURCH—WORDS OF PRAISE FROM
THE MODERATOR.

THE anthem, "Saviour Breathe an Evening Blessing," was sung by a large volunteer choir. After the prayer came the solo, "Calvary," and then the Rev. Dr. Smith in his opening address paid a flattering tribute to Dr. Crosby, saying in part :

I thank the committee for allowing me to be present at this time. It is a rare privilege in these

days, when ministers are constantly changing pastorates, becoming nomadic and dwelling in tents, to find one who has built a house for himself. As moderator of this meeting, I have the power to declare Dr. Crosby out of this meeting; not really, but officially, so that we may say freely what we might hesitate to say in his presence. Dr. Crosby does not belong to the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, nor does he belong to New York. We recognize your pre-emptive right to a portion, a large portion of his services, but he belongs to us all. This church has been a watch tower for a quarter of a century, and during all that time your pastor has stood here like a faithful watchman, his trumpet giving forth no uncertain sound. He has been feeding, guiding, teaching, leading his people up to the very gates of the Golden City, from which many are now looking down with interest on this joyful occasion.

As pastor of this church he has done his great life work, but as Chancellor of the University of this city he held a dignified and responsible station and bore testimony to the high standard which we as a church place upon education; on the platform his clarion voice has rung out bravely on all great questions. He is still a young man

in all the vigor of usefulness, but as a pastor he is a very Methuselah—the oldest in the Presbytery of New York. In Baltimore Dr. Crosby has been a household name for fifteen years. In 1873 the General Assembly of our Church was held there and we were all very curious regarding this Council of Jerusalem. We wondered how the Moderator of such an Assembly—the Apostle James—would perform his duties. We saw and we decided that if the Apostle himself were not present Dr. Crosby was his veritable successor.

[From the "*Graphic*," 1888.]

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A PASTOR.

SOMETHING ABOUT DR. HOWARD CROSBY AND THE WORK HE
HAS DONE INSIDE AND OUTSIDE HIS CHURCH.

THE *Graphic* to-day publishes the picture of Dr. Howard Crosby, who yesterday completed his twenty-fifth year as pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Last Monday Dr. Crosby celebrated his sixty-second birthday. Monday

night the big church will be filled with his friends and well wishers and they will not all be Presbyterians either. A reception is to be tendered him, and here are some of the old timers and young men who are on the Committee of Arrangements to see that full honor is done to the occasion and to the man who so richly merits all the good things that will be said about him: Warner Van Norden, Chairman; Newton Amerman, George W. Lithgow, James A. Petrie, Henry D. Brewster, Charles L. Adams, Henry Fatio, Cephas Brainerd, Jr., George Jeremiah, George Keeler, Edward H. Marchant, Professor Thomas F. Harrison, and John T. Way.

Dr. Crosby comes of good stock, though something used to be said about the claim that his son Ernest once made in a political speech about the Crosbys tracing their family back to Edward I, of England, the good Doctor need not go so far back and yet be accorded greater honor. His great grandfather, General William Floyd, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and a member of the First National Congress. His grandfather, Dr. Ebenezer Crosby, was a professor in Columbia College and one of the sturdy old Puritans of his day who believed in the bluest

of blue Calvinism. His father, William B. Crosby, inherited large wealth, was a good deal of a man of the world—a big hearted, broad minded man, whose charities were bounded within no sectarian circle, and who died surrounded by the benedictions of the many he had unostentatiously aided.

Dr. Howard himself was born in this city, and tradition says that the good clergyman was not altogether a saint in his younger days. Indeed, the story of some of his pranks during his student days at the University of New York prove that the boy was growing up like all brave-souled, broad-hearted young fellows of his age, and was laying the foundation for that genial love of life and of his fellowman that have characterized and widened his influence in religious and social life for the last quarter of a century. He was a bright student, and some time after he graduated in 1844 he was Professor of Greek in the University and filled the chair for eight years.

In those days, between 1851 and 1860, he began those efforts for the welfare and well being of young men that he has continued ever since, and which have given him deservedly so kindly a place in the hearts of the growing generation. He

was one of the first founders of the Young Men's Christian Association, and in the second annual report of that excellent institution his name appears as its President. The present superb structure which the Association possesses at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third street, is a monument to the zeal and energy which he displayed in founding and building a permanent headquarters and comfortable home for the growing institution.

A too close application to his varied occupations compelled him to leave the city in 1859, and he accepted the Greek professorship at Rutgers College. Amid the rural scenery of New Brunswick, N. J., he found agreeable employment and completely regained his health. His degree of D. D. was given by Harvard before he was licensed to preach by the Classis of New Brunswick. In 1861 he began his ministerial life as the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at New Brunswick. In March, 1863, he entered upon his duties as pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and is the oldest settled pastor in the New York Presbytery. His efforts have been blessed to a marked degree in this field, the church numbering now over 1,500 members.

Besides this, under his ministrations, the Christianity of his church has broadened and widened. When it was organized in 1825, as the Bleecker Street Church, it was essentially and strictly sectarian, and under its good old pastor, the Rev. Matthew Bruen, the lines were tightly drawn and its doors were seldom open to the unregenerate. Dr. Erskine Mason, who followed the pious Mr. Bruen, made no change in the steady Calvinism of the Bleecker Street worshippers, nor did Dr. Joel Parker, who succeeded him.

Under Dr. Crosby the realization of the liberality and brotherhood that are marking and developing Christian thought in these days, has made his church one of the most popular and frequented of those in New York. It could hardly be otherwise when the pastor himself has grown to be so well recognized as one whose charity is broad enough to enfold all men as brothers, and thus to bring them within the scope of his unsectarian Christian influence.

He has not confined his good works to his church, its members and its frequenters, for he has gone out in the highways and byways to fight vice and evil doing, and he has had his occasional ups and downs in such contests. He and the

saloon-keepers of New York City have had many a bloodless battle, for as President of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, he has had a good many crusades with varying success against the whiskey palaces and their owners. It is not a surprising fact to those who know the Doctor that even among the nimble handed dispensers of stimulating beverages, the genial preacher is not unpopular, for in his fight against the saloon and its evils he manifested a charity and common sense that mitigated the harsh feelings that his actions might have engendered. Besides everybody knew he was sincere.

He has not forgotten—nor has the world—the scholarly attributes that made him an authority on disputed points of learning in his university days as professor, and when the great Commission of Divines was formed for the revision of the Bible, Dr. Crosby was named as one of them. He did his part of the work as he does everything confided to him, carefully, conscientiously and well.

He enters upon the twenty-sixth year of his pastorate and the sixty-third of his life with the kindest wishes of numberless friends in New York outside of his church and far separated from

him in many of his opinions. The world that knows him recognizes the wideness and Catholicity of his Christianity, his unselfish and unquestioning charity, and the good he has accomplished inside and outside of sectarian lines. He will never grow old. The world will always be bright and beautiful to him, and he will go on until the end of his days making as much of heaven on this earth as he can for the humanity with which he comes in contact, and men and women inside his church and beyond its limits will bless him as they do to-day.

Just hear how he talked only a short while ago in a speech to the Alumni of the University, and note how well he perserveres in his youthfulness and how the genial rollicking boy of years ago crops out in almost every sentence.

"We come together yearly to get new life by reviving old memories. The process is paradoxical though natural. We reach the fountain of youth by a retreat. The gray hairs, the wrinkles, the bent gait do not form a perfect photograph of that classmate with whom we wrestled on the marble floor and raced along the walks of Washington Square. The youth has not gone. It is only covered over with the growth of years. Wife,

children, grandchildren, professional achievements, revolutions of thoughts under hopes, fears, experiments, successes, disappointments—all these have added much to the sophomore of forty years ago, but the eye of ancient affection penetrates all, and beholds beneath all the boy of eager step and hopeful heart with whom we clasped hands on the threshold of life. Our youth is also renewed in these academic panegyrics by the sight of others starting in the same career of life in which we started so long ago.

The graduates of to-day are the very images of ourselves as we were then. We are ready to throw up our hats and cry "Hurrah, for the new and independent life before us!" We think of patients, clients as parishoners in the future, and the visions of a tender face near ours, and a group of children about our knee gives a rosy color to the prospect. We sometimes doubt our own identity and believe that our history is really a patchwork of different lives. But here the illusion vanishes; we are the same. Here is the solvent that makes all clear. In coming back it is like a child returning to his mother full of veneration for her who taught him how to use his eyes and ears, how to choose the right and reject the wrong

and how to meet the manifold requirements of human life."

NOTE.—Referring to this Anniversary just after, one of his daughters remarked, that she wished it had been allowable for her to have told on the platform what her father was at *home*—it would have been a fitting climax to the other eulogies.

M. C.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORKING WOMAN.

THE REV. DR. HOWARD CROSBY DEFINES HIS POSITION.

To the Editor of the Tribune. SIR:—In Saturday's paper you quote me as saying that "the Church has no business to touch the matter at all" of the poor workingwoman. The other half of what I said was omitted, which was this, that individual Christians should personally and by organization do all they can to help the poor and needy of all kinds. The Church, as such, is a spiritual company seeking its own edification in spiritual things. This company, if it meddle with social or political affairs, immediately gets down into the dust of the world's arena and loses its holy character. It soon becomes a mere "party" in sociology or politics. It was this departure from its true position that made the mediæval church

the corrupt and tyrannical thing it was. We wish no repetition of such a history. The Church must be eminently spiritual and attend only to its own affairs. Outside of its own communion it must not interfere. There is no safety for Church or State in any other doctrine.

But it is also true that the principles of Christianity will teach each Christian to do all that he can to help the needy. In doing this, organization is best, and hence the thousands of benevolent societies which Christians maintain. To represent me or any who, like me, protest against secularizing the Church, as upholding a "policy which ignores bodies," is a great mistake. I am a member of a score of benevolent societies which look after the temporal interests of men, and I always preach the duty of activity in seeking the temporal welfare of our fellows. I differ from my friend, Dr. Rainsford, in believing that all this good work is to be done by individuals in benevolent organizations, but not by the Church. When the Church does it we have the entering wedge to the condition of things when the Church corrupts itself and becomes a curse to the world.

Yours truly,

NEW YORK, Nov. 29, 1886.

HOWARD CROSBY.

PROPER REVERENCE FOR THE BIBLE.

DR. HOWARD CROSBY, Moderator of the General Assembly, discussed "Presbyterianism and Biblical Scholarship." After referring to the emphasis which the Westminster Confession gives to the inspiration and authority of the Bible, Dr. Crosby traced in the history of the Presbyterian Church its adherence to the careful and minute study of the Bible, as the safeguard of true religion. He continued :

It is this careful conservatism with regard to the Bible that has preserved the Church from the contamination of human philosophy on the one hand and of human impulsive excitement on the other. We have felt that no road was safe that was not clearly revealed in the Word of God, and whenever departures from this path of Bible truth have occurred in our ministry, the Church has been prompt to cut off the offending member, and has cheerfully borne the popular reproach of narrowness and bigotry in consequence. The modern assaults upon the Word of God which began in Germany have been repelled by no branch of

Christ's Church so persistently and so successfully as by the Presbyterian. The speedy action of the General Assembly in Scotland when Robertson Smith endeavored to bring his learned infidelity into the Presbyterian Church showed how readily the Church spews out the German poison that Satan would so slyly administer. Our Church knows well that when the Holy Word is tampered with and inspiration reduced to a defective ecstasy, with indefinite human elements, the foundations of Christianity are undermined, and poor, needy man sent to his protean philosophy for shelter. This is but the first and most important set-back to paganism. If prophets mixed their own thoughts with God's, if apostles used false arguments, and if Christ Himself had a superstitious regard for the Scriptures from ignorance, then we cannot tell why Plato is not as good a teacher as Paul, and Schleiermacher's wisdom is not to be preferred to Christ's ignorance. This is the road down to the abyss of infidelity opened by Germany and carefully worked by the conceited learning that courts German approbation as the seal of nobility.

The Presbyterian Church will have none of this. It stands by the side of its Divine Redeemer and declares that every "jot and tittle" of the Scrip-

tures is truth and pronounces a woe upon him who would add unto or take away from the Sacred Book. It declares the handling of the Book as a fable in the name of "Higher criticism" to be trimmed and altered according to the pattern shown in the inner consciousness is itself a sacrilege, and it declares that the Holy Book has a position, a character and a history, that makes reverence the first requisite of him who would approach and search it. It teaches that the maxim used by the daring innovators, that we must treat the Bible as we treat any other book, is a false maxim to begin with, as denying the a priori claims to reverence and obedience which it possesses, and that the belittling of the supernatural which accompanies this maxim is the very essence of a proud unbelief. Such is the position of the Presbyterian Church with regard to the Bible, the charter of our spiritual life and liberties. Our General Assemblies have given deliverances often, and always on the same key, on this vital question, and have plainly shown that the Church considers this doctrine of the inerrancy of the Scriptures as the very basis of all its doctrines, without which none could stand.

As a natural consequence of such a position

with regard to the written Word of God, our Church has produced Biblical scholars of thorough research and lasting fame. The very reverence with which they have explored the Scriptures has given them an insight which the irreverent spirit could never possess. They have been led into the recesses of truth, when unsanctified learning was left standing at the portals, and they have brought out the spiritual thought for the cheer and comfort of the heart by consistent confidence in the verbal inspiration of the Bible, that verbal inspiration which a distinguished seminary professor lately declared to be a dogma that had been destroyed. If, however, that learned professor means that the Church does not believe in the mechanical theory of inspiration, all will agree with him, but if he means that the Church does not believe in the Divine superintendence of every word of the Old and New Testaments, so that the sacred writings are preserved from all error, then he is grossly mistaken, and he will find that the Presbyterian Church has never faltered in its firm belief in the verbal inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. There is no middle ground between this complete and verbal inspiration and a doubtful Scripture—a rose of wax.

Dr. Crosby then showed how this devotion to the Bible as God's Word, and not man's, had made the Biblical relationship of the Presbyterian Church conspicuous for its thoroughness, and recalled the names of many scholars prominent in the past and of others equally prominent to-day. Before he closed he had another word for the self-styled "Higher Critics," saying :

Higher criticism ought to be very modest. It is a criticism from very vague data. It is a criticism, not of the text, but of the mind and purpose, time and circumstances, methods and authority of the sacred writers. In such a criticism the subjective is ever tempted to take the lead and the imagination to create the facts. Invention and ingenuity take the place of sound judgment by reason of ignorance of the factors that produced the result. In such a field, theorists spring up like mushrooms, and instead of modestly proposing a theory, they dogmatize with contemptuous sneers at all conservative scholars as ignoramuses. The Higher Criticism, which, at the very best, is but surmising (sometimes, doubtless, with convincing probability), is conducted as if it were an exact science and the dicta of its Apostles to be accepted as the plainest truth of the multiplication table.

The Presbyterian Church has a representative scholarship which rejects this error and declares the Bible to rest on a foundation that cannot be shaken by insidious suggestions and learned guesses. Presbyterian scholarship cannot read the solemn declarations in Exodus that God gave Moses the law comprised in that book, and in Leviticus at Sinai—declarations repeated over and over again—and then say that this law, called the priest-code in the cant of the sceptics, was not given by God to Moses, but was a compilation of a later date. Presbyterian scholarship cannot read the book of Deuteronomy, wherein Moses speaks all the way through in the trans-Jordanic regions, and then say that Moses had nothing to do with that book. Presbyterian scholarship cannot proclaim the Bible a fraud, and that its solemn statements are lies, that the whole Jewish church was deceived, and that our Lord and His Apostles were equally duped, all of which must be the case if we are to accept the teachings of the Higher Criticism as it prevails to-day in Germany, and as it is echoed by the Teulolatric disciples in England and America. Presbyterian scholarship reasonably and devoutly stands by the Lord Himself and takes His evidence as final, not counting the Saviour of

the world either a dupe or a deceiver, and from this holy position is abundantly able to meet and divert all the plausible darts of the adversary. It uses its reason and its learning not to magnify apparent discrepancies, but to trace out superb harmonies, and by the very history of criticism in the past, establishes this to be the only true way for scholarship to act. It has had enough of these harmonies revealed already in the teeth of sceptical objections to warrant it as the only reasonable thing to expect the ignominious overthrow of every sceptical stronghold.

This Biblical scholarship of the Presbyterian Church demands as a first requisite in Bible study as we have seen, the reverential spirit toward the Book of God. It cannot, it will not permit a jaunty air in the treatment of the sacred page. It flings from it such methods as vulgar and profane. Its position by the side of the Lord gives it this holy disgust with the flippant action of so many of the so-called higher critics. And we may be assured that this devout attitude, which is not the worship of the Book, but the worship of the Divine Author of the Book, will ever mark the Church that we love and which God has so wonderfully blessed.

The ringing words of Dr. Crosby against higher Criticism were applauded loud and long.

Judge Strong, of Washington, presided in the Academy in the afternoon, when Congressman J. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, and S. J. McPherson, of Chicago, who recently declined Dr. C. S. Robinson's church in New York, Congressman J. S. Cothran, of South Carolina, and S. J. McMillan, Congressman from Minnesota, were the speakers.

The points which Dr. Crosby made in speaking of the Bible of the Church of the Future, were these :

1. In the study of the Bible we must approach it with reverence. There is presumption in its favor. The family was used as an illustration of the spirit necessary in taking up the Word of God. A man comes to the speaker and says : " Dr. Crosby, I want you to look at your family critically, and yet without prejudice. Your father and mother are not your own parents. Your wife is not your wife." It would be ridiculous to advance such an argument in the case of one's family, and the man would be a fool to listen to it. The critics tell us to have a clean sheet in our study of the Bible ; and to have a mind free from prejudice. The argument is absurd.

2. The attack on the Bible and its motive. If the authority of the Bible is false, then its inspiration is null. Over and over again occur the words: "The Lord said to Moses." Now if the Lord did not say these words to Moses, the writer lies. There is no escape from that conclusion.

3. The attempt of Bauer and others, fifty years ago, to destroy the New Testament. The result of that attack was to make the New Testament more secure than it had ever been before. Just as that onslaught was used to strengthen men's faith in the New Testament, so will the present attack on the Old Testament result in good.

4. The style of attack. From the documents used to the complete upsetting of the whole. The speaker quoted approvingly, under this head, the admirable answer of Dr. Green, of Princeton Seminary.

5. Christ promised that the Holy Spirit should guide the Disciples into "all truth." He was to testify to them and they were to testify to others. The Saviour's prayer was that the Father should sanctify the Disciples through "Thy truth. Thy Word is truth." If the New Testament is a doubtful truth, where is Christ's promise? The Word of which he spoke is the written Word.

6. Science unscientific. It was shown how absurdities are swallowed without a word. Conclusions resting upon insufficient data are constantly accepted as truth. German facts, collected in dictionaries, lexicons, etc., mean German glory; while the German theories show German weakness. Attention was called to the frequent wresting of Paul's Epistles and other parts of the Scriptures to Man's destruction.

7. Christianity without the Bible becomes superstition. The assertion is made that Christianity is not in the Bible, it is in the life. The history of the Roman Catholic Church, with its Bible hidden away under rubbish, shows what will be the history of a Christianity which leaves the Bible out of sight.

[From the *Yonkers Statesman*.]

DR. CROSBY ON BIBLE STUDY.

THE monthly meeting of the *Yonkers* Sabbath School Teachers' Association, held last Monday evening in the Reformed Church, drew together a large gathering. Dr. G. P. Reeve, president of

the association, conducted the opening services, and introduced the Rev. Howard Crosby, of New York City. The subject of the exceedingly instructive address was "Bible Study," and the discourse in outline as follows :

The subject is a large one, and I shall give you but a few thoughts, and these not novel. I find we love to hear our own views rehearsed by others, and that this always makes an interesting discourse. Protestantism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was not conspicuous for energy and spirituality. Our own century shows a new phase. I believe the Protestant Church of to-day is showing a greater activity, and a deeper spirituality than it ever had before. The reason also, I believe, is that the Church has honored God's word as never before. In the sixteenth century, in order to define the new position, it became necessary for the Protestants to prepare confessions, catechisms and creeds, and they were from our Protestant standpoint true. But that which was meant for the fortifications of the new Zion, that which was intended to be the inscribed banner of the new Protestant Church, has in later years lost its original use, and that which was done to defend the Church against its vile and virulent enemies

was taken as the pabulum for babes. This was wrong. I know many of my brethren differ from me here, but I believe it is a great error to take these philosophical formularies and give them to children as God's word. They are very well for adults, but not for children. The Church is awakening up to the fact, and is finding out that this word as God gave it to us cannot be improved upon. Some say there were catechisms in the early Church. So there were, but they were simply questions on the history of Jesus Christ, as far as we can tell from the fragments that remain. Where was He born? who was His reputed father? etc. Facts in the life of Jesus formed the staple of these ancient catechisms, and not philosophic formularies. Therefore, because we have put the catechism aside and taken God's word just as he has given it to us, God has honored us.

We all believe that God gave us the Bible as it is, and never gave us any other. We believe that God inspired that sacred volume, but somehow we think we can arrange it better than He—put it in our own language, and that this will be better than the Bible itself. I believe that God arranged the Bible with the Pentateuch where it is, and Ruth and the Psalms where they are, on purpose. We

no more ought to change the form than the word itself. This Bible comes into our children's hands. We teach them that it is God's word just as He gave it. It is not a Baptist book, nor a Presbyterian book ; it came from Heaven where there is no denomination. When we so honor God's word He will honor us.

Now I wish to give you five hints in the study of God's word for ourselves and for those we instruct. We are commanded to search it. That word "Search it" in the original is a very strong word. We are to bore into it as into a mine—to devote time and use methods. We may lose time by using false methods.

1. There is no better way of studying the Bible than by comparing Scripture with Scripture. When one has not tried it, he has no idea of the concentrated light he obtains. No man can do so long without finding that the Bible is one book. It grieves me to hear Christians say, boasting, that they never read the Old Testament. They seem to forget that the Old Testament is the very Scriptures Christ commanded us to search, and which He declares testify of Him. The Old Testament is more valuable to us than to the ancient Jews, because we know how to understand it.

This truth was beautifully illustrated by Dr. Crosby by supposing prophetic pictures of the times of our Revolution, granted to our forefathers in 1750. These prophecies would be precious, but much more interesting to us who can look back and call every fact and interpret every line.

2. It is necessary, of course, to know something of the geography, history and archæology of the Bible. If we receive a letter we want to know who wrote it, from whence it came, and what it is about. It adds very much to the vividness of the story of our Saviour of the man who went *down* from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, to know that there is a descent of 3,500 feet in this journey of sixteen miles, and that the road runs through a wild, desolate, limestone region, abounding in caves, just the place for robbers. The twenty-ninth Psalm, and the bearing of the topography of Palestine, on the description of the thunder storm, and the woman sweeping her house of only one story, with a candle, because there was no window, were other illustrations given.

3. Read by the context. Great harm has been done by wresting Scripture out of its context. All the supposed difference between Paul and James comes of this. Dr. Crosby here also, as everywhere,

presented abundant and instructive illustrations. Among the common errors were praying for a baptism of fire as if it were a blessing. "Treading the wine press alone," as if it applied to the cross ; "the righteous scarcely be saved," as meaning salvation ; and "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," for funeral sermons, showing the error in each case.

4. What about commentaries? Use none but those who are mere commentators of the text. Here they are very useful. Dr. Crosby gave striking illustrations of frequent unfortunate divisions of chapters and verses, and made a strong plea for the revision of the Scriptures now in progress, on the ground that it is our duty to bring the truth out. He spoke of the old English words whose signification has changed, or that have become obsolete, as "prevent," for going before, "conversation," for mode of life, "thought," for anxiety, and "earring time," for ploughing time.

5. We must come to the word of God in humble prayer always, because we feel and know that the way to get at its beauty and glory is through prayer. In conclusion, Dr. Crosby made a very forcible appeal for Bible study, not only for the sake of the work in which Sunday school teachers

are engaged, but because bible men are strong men. Bunyan and Moody were presented as illustrations, and all were exhorted to more faithfully than ever prosecute their work.

After the address, which occupied about three-quarters of an hour, a hearty vote of thanks was given to Dr. Crosby, and then the association went into business session for the election of officers. Dr. G. P. Reeve, president, H. J. Decker, vice-president, and E. Gibson, secretary, were unanimously chosen. The selection of the Executive Committee, consisting of a delegate from each school, was left to the individual schools to name their choice. It is hoped that other prominent Sunday school men will be procured for the future meetings of the association.

DR. HOWARD CROSBY AT YALE COLLEGE.

THE Rev. Howard Crosby thus closed his last lecture in the Lyman Beecher Course at Yale College:

“There has been a growing dissatisfaction with the old stereotype custom of two services a day.

Take away the fourth commandment and we have no authority of the Bible for the Sabbath and none but historic and physical arguments to sustain it. The Sabbath is a stop day, the day for stopping all labor, and the devout man immediately seizes it as the time to turn his thoughts to God. The discussion upon this question arises from two causes: First, the wide-spread doubt of the sacredness of the day, and second, the baldness and barrenness of our public services. The sacred service of song is often stolen by four living creatures. The hymns should be selected for the congregation even if it does sacrifice some nightingale soprano.

DR. CROSBY ON DR. GREEN.

THE Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby speaks of an article by Dr. Green with his wonted clearness and force in the *New York Evangelist*. He says: "Prof. Green, of Princeton, has an article in the *Hebraica* of January-April, which ought to be put into a separate pamphlet form and a copy be placed in the hands of every minister in the land. It meets

the Higher Critics from Reuss to Wellhausen, not in a general way, but by a careful examination of every detailed statement they make, and shows the utter unreasonableness of their wild work with Genesis. Dr. Green exposes the sophistry by which these men start with their destructive hypothesis, and deliberately make the text bend to it, creating diversities and discrepancies where there are none, and assuming principles of style in imaginary authors, which they have to establish by recklessly striking out certain passages as spurious. He holds up the absurdity of making R. (the 'Redactor') put together a mass of incoherent matter, which the wise heads of this nineteenth century are first to discover and to tear into their original fragments, and he conclusively exhibits the oneness of the Genesis narrative. Higher Criticism in its legitimate exercise is a perfectly proper examination of the Old Testament (or any other book) as to its authorship, time of writing, etc., from evidences contained in the book itself. But the expression 'Higher Criticism' has come to mean in these days the arbitrary destruction of the integrity of the Old Testament, especially the Pentateuch, thorough bare assumption, false criteria and baseless dogmatism.

“The men who make this attack have influence because of their learning. They are not profound Hebrew scholars. This fact makes many weak minds yield to their extravagant statements. But their learning does not make them wise or safe. Their learning does not furnish them with logic or sense. Their poor reasoning is hidden behind their remarkable erudition and the unlearned world are expected to bow down before their oracles, while many who desire to be classed with the learned, humbly accept and endorse their dicta as necessary for entrance into the learned guild.

“Dr. Green has done a noble service to the Church of God, in exposing the shallowness of these German sophists and their English-speaking echoes ; and as he is equally learned in the Hebrew with them, they cannot say to him as they do to the rest of us, ‘You are an ignoramus, and only show your ignorance by opposing us.’

“I trust that this elaborate work of Dr. Green will be widely scattered over the country, and save our young men, especially our young theologians, from this German sciolism.”

CHRISTIAN UNION.

LETTERS FROM PRESBYTERIAN DIVINES.

FROM REV. DR. CROSBY.

THE Rev. Dr. Shields has prescribed a very simple remedy for Church separation among Protestants ; namely, union on the basis of the Protestant Episcopal liturgy. Coming from a Presbyterian, this is very complimentary to our Episcopal brethren, and very magnanimous for a Princeton man. We have heard of other easy schemes to the same end, as, for example, union on the basis of the Solemn League and Covenant.

But the plan is too easy and simple ; that is, it is so easy and simple for one denomination that it would be very hard for the rest. The one denomination that would have to do nothing would enjoy the operation, but those that had to do all the changing might find it a very severe process. We only know of two Presbyterian ministers who could be counted on as venturing on this one-sided consolidation—Dr. Shields himself, and my excel-

lent friend, Dr. Hopkins. I know a little about Presbyterians, and of them only I speak. They are not in love with the Episcopal liturgy. They cannot extol it in the panegyric of Dr. Shields. They like parts of it very well, and count most of it excellent English, but they object to a great deal in it, and could never make use of it.

1. They object to the breaking up of prayer into little fragments, each beginning with an invocation and ending with a formal peroration. They consider this style of prayer too artificial and leading to a mechanical worship.

2. They object to the open-eyed reading of prayer, as tending to withdraw the mind from the unseen.

3. They object to the stereotyped prayer, however excellent.

4. They object to the Litany *in toto*, as putting the believer far off from God, calling on him to *spare* him as a miserable sinner, when as an accepted child of God, he should reverently call upon God as a dear Father near at hand, ready to bestow his gifts abundantly. The Litany has no feature suited to the "heir of God, or joint heir with Christ." Many of the features of the Litany (like the prayer against sudden death) are but

relics of Romanism, and its repetitions are unmeaning.

5. They object to the absolution *declaration*, which is only a toning-down of the Roman absolution *bestowal*. No minister is authorized to pronounce an absolution on the penitent, any more than one who is not a minister. That grand truth is for everybody to know and to proclaim. The minister has no prerogative here, as this section of the prayer book would imply. It is a remnant of the priestly idea of a Christian minister, while Presbyterians hold that all believers are equally priests, and that a minister is only an ordained leader and ruler.

6. They object to the repetitions of the Lord's Prayer, as if it were a magical formula, which was effective by frequent repetitions.

7. They object to the clear remnants of transubstantiation in the Communion Service and of baptismal regeneration in the Baptismal Service—two doctrines which Presbyterians abhor.

With such objections on the part of Presbyterians (in which, I doubt not, Baptists, Methodists, and Congregationalists would largely concur), how can Dr. Shield's plan of union on the Episcopal liturgy be of avail?

The truth is that Christians cannot be made to agree on the points referred to, nor on secondary matters of doctrine and church government, nor is it desirable that they should agree. Down deep in the fundamentals of Christ's divinity, incarnation, sacrifice for sin, the gift of the Spirit, faith, repentance, the new life, Christians of all evangelical creeds and customs agree, and *on these they can unite*, but on nothing else. A visible union can be brought about only with the liberty of each Christian or group of Christians holding his or their differences in creed and custom. The union would be by periodical congress for prayer and conference, and by co-operative work in Christian associations and alliances for general effort against falsehood and infidelity. This union is feasible, and is, indeed, beginning to be a fact through more enlightened Christendom.

I am an out-and-out Presbyterian, but I find it a delight to work with my Episcopal friends in their admirable Church Temperance Society ; I have worked side by side with Baptists and Methodists in City Missions and in Young Men's Christian Associations, and it never occurred to any of us to think of denominational differences.

NO UNCERTAIN SOUND ABOUT INSPIRATION.

THE Presbytery yesterday discussed the inspiration of the Scriptures. Dr. Crosby presented the following resolution that was adopted:

Whereas, Loose views touching the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures have become current in certain portions of the Christian Church, and

Whereas, It becomes the Presbyterian Church to give forth no uncertain sound on so vital a doctrine at any crisis when its teachings may be questioned.

Resolved, That the Presbytery of New York emphasizes the declaration of the Confession of Faith, "the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, are the word of God," (chap. 1, sec. 4), that the old Testament in Hebrew, and the New Testament in Greek are immediately inspired of God (chap. 1, sec. 8), and that there is a consent of all their parts. (Chap. 1, sec. 5.)

DUTIES OF THE CITIZEN AND THE PRESS.

DR. HOWARD CROSBY pleaded for a greater interest in public affairs by Christian men. "If the duties of citizenship are of God," he said, "then for God's sake bring up your sons to discharge those duties and trust to Him for their protection." He would also have in this country a distinctively Christian press; not simply what is called the religious newspaper and the missionary magazine, but a secular press based on sound Christian principles, advocating the highest moral legislation, and free from all partisan connections; a press whose object is not to make money, but to uphold the Nation in truth and right; a press whose motive should be the glory of Christ in the Nation; a press which should every day, with the complete news of the day, furnished so cheaply that the humblest could buy it, furnish a wholesome moral pabulum for the people to feed on, which would mould their minds according to God's truth, and not according to man's falsehood. Such a press would have to be conducted by men who do not look for money returns, but who, with a capital consecrated to Christ, do the work for

His glory. And yet it is highly probable, he thinks, that if such a press were established, using all the modern resources for news in every department of life, and so making itself desirable to the whole public, it would soon command a sale that would amply remunerate the proprietors, even in a pecuniary point of view.

AGAINST TAMMANY MISRULE.

CITY CLERGYMEN. SPEAK WITH EMPHASIS.

A STRONG ADDRESS ADOPTED AT AN EARNEST MEETING—
THE PROMINENT MINISTERS WHO SIGNED IT.

OVER one hundred of New York's representative ministers met in Hardman Hall, at Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street, yesterday afternoon, to discuss the efforts now being made by the People's Municipal League in the direction of ridding this city from the grasp of Tammany Hall. The hall was more than comfortably filled and the clergymen talked about the situation with great earnest-

ness and vigor. Father Ducey, of St. Leo's Roman Catholic Church, called the meeting to order and in a short address told the object of the gathering. He referred to the meeting of ministers which was held early in the summer in Chickering Hall, when the ministers declared for morality and philanthropy as the inspiration of a movement the foundation of which was love of God and love of neighbors. Preachers and teachers of morality, he added, were not sinning against the decorum of their office by engaging in such a movement. He closed his address by nominating the Rev. Dr. Ensign McChesney for Chairman of the meeting. The Rev. Dr. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers, seconded the nomination. Dr. McChesney was elected unanimously.

The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby read an address which he had prepared, prefacing it with the remark that he was a citizen of New York before he became a minister of the Gospel, and he did not lay aside his citizenship or its functions when he became a preacher. This remark was vigorously applauded. The address was plain and to the point and expressed the situation of affairs clearly. It was as follows:

The undersigned are ministers of religion. As

such their office is to help their fellow men to a righteous life. In so doing they must needs consider and advise touching the application of moral truth to political as well as personal and social questions. It is only when such advice meddles with indifferent subjects involving no moral issues and so assumes the form of mere partisanship, that it can be justly condemned as inappropriate and pernicious. On all questions affecting the public morals it is the duty of those whose province it is to preach righteousness to warn the people against the dangers of a vicious solution and to urge them to a virtuous course.

It is for this reason that we address our fellow ministers of religion in the City of New York at this time in relation to the moral wants and dangers of the metropolis that has been so highly favored of Providence, and ask them to join us in seeking to overthrow the rule of falsehood and fraud that now disgraces our city.

NO PERSONAL ATTACKS MADE.

We make no charges against individuals, for we have confidence in many who are now in official places, but we distinctly impugn the methods and

habits that have for a long time prevailed in almost every department of our city government. Men are placed in important posts of honor and trust who are notoriously of depraved life, the frequenters of liquor saloons and houses of vice, and educationally unfitted for any municipal duties. They manage their official influence solely for their personal profit, or for the furtherance of the party that gave them their places. All public interests under such control either languish or are directly injured. The immense income of the city is fearfully squandered, and under pretence of urban improvement, jobs are created which never realize the improvements, but put thousands of dollars in plunder into the pockets of contractors and their governmental allies. It is estimated that the City of New York could be maintained in all its present condition for three-quarters of the sum now annually expended, and this estimate is made by comparison of the cost of maintaining the other great cities of the world, and with due regard to the difference in value of labors and products in the different countries. According to this estimate, twenty-five per cent. (i. e., \$8,000,000) is wasted annually, and so much added unnecessarily to the taxes of the people.

But this waste of money is the least evil. Loose views and practices are popularized. Dishonesty in many forms pervades the community and loses its disgraceful stigma. The police, who should be the picked men of character in the community, are notoriously in the pay of the law breakers, the high officials and the courts of this department being thoroughly tainted with public suspicion. The Excise Board make it easy for the disturbers of the peace to ply their vocation, and protect them against the complaints of outraged citizens. Money is found to be the key to open any difficulty and to shut off the efforts of justice. The poor are therefore oppressed and have no resource of relief. Every place, however humble, under the government must be bought. The poor man, who cannot obtain the hundred or the thousand dollars necessary, has no chance. Fitness for the place is of no account. Money and party are the only watchwords that gain an entrance. The effect of such an administration on public morals cannot be over estimated. In commercial circles the young men are tempted to follow the example of the officials who flourish by fraud, and, as a consequence, we have constant robberies by trusted clerks and defalcations by esteemed bank officers,

so that public confidence is shaken in the institutions erected for public security. The whole tone of intercourse between man and man, as seen from the records in the daily papers, is lowered, and false dealing is looked upon as a trifle.

EVIL EXAMPLES TO THE YOUNG.

Nor, is this all. The debauched life of many public officials leads the young to the lowest forms of vice, as they learn to couple success with debauchery. A drunken police captain will be the model of a hundred youths in his precinct, and a high official frequenting a house of ill-fame will have a thousand follow in his wake. Vice is made a prize instead of a disgrace to young men by the vicious conduct of men whom they see to be in authority and whom they regard as samples of success.

That these causes act directly and powerfully to increase crime cannot be doubted. The very government that is constituted to suppress crime and prevent it, becomes the minister of corruption and multiplies the sources of criminal life.

There is another aspect of the problem of municipal reform intimately connected with that which

has been presented above. A city government exists to order the conditions of life favorably for the mass of the citizens. As far as may be practicable, it must seek, if it be a true government, to lighten the burdens of the wage-workers, to ease the strain under which the poor earn their bread, to broaden the way to success for the average man, to promote the health and happiness and welfare of the mass of the people. It must concern itself with securing equitable taxation, with enforcing just legislation in behalf of labor and with guarding public franchises. It must provide clean streets, healthful homes, ample school accommodations, and the best possible system of education, rapid transit facilities, whereby families of modest means may make their homes in the suburbs ; public baths, museums, libraries, etc., —in short all that makes for manhood, physical, mental and moral. This problem of good government is the problem of philanthropy. Therefore it is the problem of religion. But every religious endeavor is handicapped by our inefficient and corrupt administration. The money which might be spent on public improvements is largely wasted. We could not intrust such schemes of public improvement as other cities have carried out to brilliant success

to any but capable, honest and public spirited rulers. To aid in obtaining such rulers is the urgent duty of all religious men, in the interest of humanity. We ministers of religion, whose duties lead us to face sadly the wretchedness of our great metropolis, call upon our fellow ministers, as well as on all religious people, to put into this practical form that religion which teaches that the love of God is the love of man.

FOLLOWING LEADERS LIKE SHEEP.

We are perfectly certain that the vast majority of voters in our city desire an honest and clean government, but they are ever failing to obtain it. And why? Simply because the great political parties of the country manage our local politics, keeping up their political divisions to the ruin of the city, that the parties may be continued compact for the National contests. This is the excuse which sends men by the thousands like sheep to follow their leader and vote for the "regular candidate," be he ever so mean or corrupt. It is this party spell that must be broken in the city of New York, if we are to have a good and permanently good government. Good citizens must work to-

gether and vote together for good men, utterly ignoring party lines. To this end there must be organization. The People's Municipal League is instituted to divorce our city government from State and National politics, to nominate candidates for ability and integrity, independent of parties, halls, bosses and factions, and to place the government on a foundation of righteous business principle, and by these means purify the moral atmosphere of our metropolis. We look upon this as a religious duty and are not to be deterred by any fear that the organization may be used by adroit politicians, for we trust in the righteousness of the cause and in the high moral sense of the great majority of the community. We therefore invite all ministers of religion to unite in this movement, and to put before their congregations the importance of using the elective franchise for the purpose of a pure government, as against the demands of corrupt party organizations. We ask no one to leave his party on any State or National issue, but we ask the members of all parties to unite on a moral and not a party basis in the direction of our municipal affairs. Thus with a clear conscience and in the honest pride of citizenship the good people of New York will use their power

and the day of deals and bosses will be over. Fitness and faithfulness will be the ruling condition of office, and the public morality will be guarded by the public administration.

We put before the people the names of those who are perfecting the organization of the citizens as a guarantee that no party end or personal advantages is sought, and that but one aim actuates the movement, the purity of our city government.

The address was then signed by the following ministers :

Bishop Potter, R. Heber Newton, Howard Crosby, Morgan Dix, Gustav Gottheil, De Sola Mendes, Charles H. Parkhurst, James O. S. Huntington, David H. Greer, Felix Adler, Charles F. Deems, Benjamin B. Tyler, Robert S. MacArthur, Ensign McChesney, Abbott E. Kittredge, William T. Sabine, G. Frederick Krotel, Robert M. Sommerville, William Lloyd, George James Mingins, Carl Erixon, Samuel S. Seward, Amadeus A. Reinke, Alexander Walters, Edward B. Coe, Wellesley W. Bowdish, Theodore C. Williams, Conrad E. Lindberg, Charles C. Goss, Homer H. Wallace, George Shipman Payson, George S. Baker, Waldo Messaros, Conrad Emil Sindberg, S. B. Rossiter, J. W. Brinckerhoff, George

E. Strobridge, A. H. Harshaw, Benjamin Brewster, C. E. Bolles, Charles E. Bolton, A. P. Ekman, James M. Whiton, L. N. Schwab, W. J. Macdowell, George D. Dowkoutt, Henry Wilson, Paul Quattlandery, Charles J. Holt, R. E. Wilson, J. G. Scharf, Thomas Dixon, Jr., D. M. Hodge, W. Warren Giles, Thomas Douglas, William Huckel, James M. Philputt, Charles B. Smyth, John Parker, Madison C. Peters, H. Weinchel, Jesse W. Brooks, H. Olsen, George G. Carter, Robert Mason, Frederick Glenk, James Chambers, John Sulton, William H. Lawrence, B. Hopkins, J. Worden, A. B. Lilja, Walter M. Walker, A. H. Burlingham, George M. Mead, George H. Mayer, P. Watters, Edward D. Flagg, Henry M. MacCracken, Aaron Wise, Thomas Drummer, James H. Cook, Peter Stryker, George H. Simons, Isaac McGuire, W. R. Harshaw, J. W. Foster, Hayman Bradsky, William Musgrave, Joseph Saxton, William Westerfield, Clifton H. Levy, Theodore A. H. Meissner, Ellsworth Bonfils, Charles L. Thompson, W. C. Bitting, Thomas J. Ducey, Walter B. Floyd, Newton Perkins, Jacob Freshman, Charles B. Smith, G. Edwin Talmage, Henry Morton Reed, Joseph Baird, Frederick N. Rutan, John Henry Hopkins, James H. Headley, William A. Layton, Joachim

Elmendorf, F. Hamlin, J. S. Stone, Gottfried Hammaskold, Arthur Brooks, J. G. Bates, Joseph Reynolds, Jr., S. De Lancey Townsend, S. D. Burchard, C. C. Goss, Philip Schaff, J. F. Busche, Spencer H. Bray, James A. Reed, A. F. Schauffler, R. N. Kidd, Samuel Buel and I. Ansonelliz.

The address was loudly applauded, and at its close Dr. Crosby said that he had watched such movements with great interest, and he had never seen one so promising.

"Under God," he exclaimed, "it will be successful, and the days of the iniquitous city government are numbered. There is no reason to be discouraged."

RINGING WORDS FROM DR. CROSBY.

THE Rev. Dr. E. Winchester Donald spoke briefly and closed with an applicable war story, when a loud and general demand from all parts of the house called the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby to the footlights. Dr. Crosby said :

It is too late my friends for a speech from me, but I will make just one remark. The principle

upon which we have entered this campaign is that we are going to do what we can, and not that we are going to try to do what we can't. [Great applause].

I have received a certified statement showing the condition of things in the town of Bangor, which lies in the centre of the State of Maine. It is a town of only 1,600 inhabitants, but small as it is, it has 225 open saloons. [Laughter.] If prohibition, after thirty years trial, cannot take care of a town of 1,600 people in the heart of Maine, how long will it be before it can take care of New York City with a population of 2,000,000. [Tumultuous laughter and applause.]

The chairman announced that the audience would find printed forms of a petition at the door and urged friends of high license to interest themselves in obtaining signatures for forwarding to the Legislature at Albany. The meeting, which was enthusiastic throughout, then adjourned with cheers for the proposed law.

February 6, 1888.

AT GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

THE Rev. Dr. Petrie, of Syracuse presented the claims of prohibition in a short address, and then the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby arose. In an instant the house was hushed to silence. He said in substance :

“ There is not a minister or elder in this assembly, I think, that does not consider the evil of intemperance to be one of the greatest curses of this land, against which the Church of Jesus Christ should set its face as a flint. In this we all agree, and every church member should use all the means in his power to overthrow this evil. While this is our prayer to God, many of us cannot vote to adopt these resolutions ; first, because I do not believe it is wise to make this Assembly the engine of operation in this work. It is better for the Presbyteries and Synods, which are nearer the people, to be this power. It is not best to appoint a secretary now, and by and by a special board of temperance, or Sabbath breaking, or financial greed among church members. Secondly, I do

not think it wise to commit the Assembly to any special political form of attacking the enemy. Why should we, when many of the best men in our Church are divided on this question, adopt a special line of political action? There are minor details which would doubtless come up if the resolutions were taken up *seriatim*. I do not believe it is a wise thing to organize little children against any forms of vice, intemperance or what not. I think it will create ideas in their minds which it would be better for them not to have."

THE OUTLOOK.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

FEW men of his position and busy engagements in this city have shown so much public spirit in exposing public evils and bearding and braving official wrong doers. In addition to the address referred to above, he also, last week, laid open the corrupt alliance of our authorities with the liquor power in an address before the Church Temper-

ance Society, Bishop Potter presiding. He said that there are 12,000 drinking saloons in this city, one for every 100 inhabitants, including women and children. Of these he boldly charged that 11,000 deliberately and constantly break the law, and that the reason why they can do it with impunity is that rum rules the city with its great political power. The entire city vote is 200,000, and of these voters, 40,000 are engaged in liquor traffic, who cast a solid vote for their selfish interests. It is not the fault of the police, he says, that the laws are not enforced. "They are a brave, noble and faithful set of men, second to none in the world," was his glowing eulogy. Their superiors, however, are in awe of the strong and unscrupulous liquor power, and upon them rests the responsibility. This fearless and direct impeachment from such a source has greatly disquieted the Police and Excise Commissioners, whose sensitiveness is very significant. The fact that there are such a host of illegal liquor-sellers in full operation, and that the laws restraining them are openly defied, is, however, incontrovertible, and is a disgrace to men holding positions of trust which they wilfully fail to discharge according to their official responsibility and oaths. Well would it be for New

York if such fearless, high-minded, upright citizens as Dr. Crosby could be greatly multiplied.

LETTER FROM DR. CROSBY.

NEW TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of the Tribune. Sir:—The movement begun at the Fourth Avenue Church last evening is intended to enlist against the tippling houses all those who have no sympathy with the radical doctrines of total abstinence. It is founded on the belief that the vast majority of New Yorkers consider the drinking shops the crying nuisance of the city, the prolific sources of pauperism, rowdiness, crime and high taxes. It affords a platform for all those to act who do not consider wine drinking a sin, and those who recognize the distinction between fiery liquor and mild beer. Well-meaning, but narrow-minded men, the moment you speak of such a distinction, open upon you with their anathemas, twisting Scripture and insulting common sense, until you are well nigh

sick of attempting measures of reform. In this way these injudicious men have paralyzed all efforts of practicable amendment, throwing the bulk of good citizens out of all sympathy with them, so that the so called temperance men have been the great hinderers of progress in the direction of temperance.

Now, what we want is that all citizens who prize good order and sound morals and low taxes should demand by an overwhelming public sentiment, that liquors other than malt liquors be sold to be drunk only in the regular hotels and restaurants, as they are well and clearly defined by the law.

The movement referred to began before the decision of the Court of Appeals. We hail that decision as a God-send, and ask our fellow citizens to protest to the Legislature with a voice of thunder against any alteration of the law of 1857, now declared binding by our highest court. Albany will be filled with representatives of the rum-holes, and "sugar" in any quantities will be provided. Let us watch the action of our legislators, and see on whom this crime-helping minority of our city will make an impression. We must rid this nuisance question of all entanglements with moral creeds and religious sects, and treat it as orderly

citizens, proud of New York and determined she shall not be enslaved and degraded by 10,000 tippling-housekeepers. Yours, etc.,

HOWARD CROSBY.

UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK, April 17, 1877.

THE CITIZEN IN POLITICS.

HIS DUTY POINTED OUT BY DR. CROSBY.

HOW HE MAY AID IN RIDDING NEW YORK OF THE GROG-SHOP—
WELCOMING THE FOREIGNERS.

THE Young Men's Association of the Temple Bethel gave an interesting entertainment in the Synagogue last night. A musical programme was presented by Adolph Glose, Miss Nina Bertini, Miss Maud Morgan, the harpist, and Messrs. Newton and Windeath. The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, the speaker of the evening, sat on the stage with Rabbi Kohler, and was introduced by Isaac N. Falk, the president of the association, who paid Dr. Crosby a graceful compliment, which

was greeted with hearty applause by the large audience. Dr. Crosby spoke on "The Citizen's Duty," and after speaking of the Liquor saloons as a nuisance he said among other things :

We are a people who welcome the foreigner. It is the glory of the United States that as a Nation it stretches out its arms to the oppressed of every clime and promises them a loving refuge under its Constitution and laws. It is a noble position to take, and God grant that we may never recede from it ! But evils have come in by this door of hospitality. There are foreigners and foreigners. Many have entered into our life and developed it by their wisdom, integrity and faithful citizenship. They have been loved and honored by us. These have truly merged themselves into our American National life. But a noisy few, who were the dregs of the populace at home, some of whom were criminals there and who left their country, for their country's good, have come among us not to merge themselves into our American National life, but to poison it by their habits of vice and their defiance of law and order. It is a remarkable fact that four-fifths of the liquor saloons I have described are kept by foreigners.

These low illiterate men, whose whole idea of politics is partisanship and money, are actually made prominent (and often dominant) factors in the government of the people. This atrocity is permitted by this great Nation who could stop it in a trice if they would. And how stop it? By any ban upon the foreigner? God forbid! To put anything in the way of the free entrance of the foreigner into the protection and prosperity which this country offers would be rebellion against God, who opened this Western Continent as a refuge and home for such. Are we not all the children of such? The free ballot, the common school and the quiet Sunday are three American institutions, dear to every American heart, against which these low-lived classes from abroad with marvellous affrontry make their deliberate war, and then erect their liquor saloons as their forts and redoubts and commissary posts whence to carry on the strife. They would so have it that a native American should have to apologize for being a native American, and the fact that he was born in this country should disqualify him from office. The impudence of these men is sublime. It is proportioned to their ignorance. Now all this would be simply laughable, if it were not that

our political parties make these low wretches of consequence.

The one aim of the public should be the destruction of the rum shops. That aim, singly held and unitedly sought, can be attained in two years' time, while "prohibition" will only divide the reform community and strengthen the rum power. All friends of reform can unite with the cry, "Down with the rum shops." Let anti-saloon clubs be formed in every ward, and through them let every candidate for office be questioned, and let not a vote be given for any one who will not promise his action and influence against the saloons. Make this the one grand object of civic action until the work is accomplished, a work which will give the laboring man the possession of his earnings, which will save thousands of families from destitution and beggary, which will shrink our prisons and almshouses and reduce the city taxation; which will destroy the power of bosses and rings, and which will elevate the morality, perfect the order and establish the prosperity of the people.

We have much to encourage us. The community is awakening. A correct idea of the root-evil of the community is beginning to take practical

shape in the minds of our citizens. We have a Mayor who is honest, wise and fearless. We have an Excise Commission that has cut down the number of licensed saloons by 2,000, that has revoked nearly 500 licenses in the past two months and that considers its mission to be the preservation of the peace and order of the city against the excesses of rum, God bless the Mayor! God bless the Excise Board! But they cannot do everything. They need and ought to have the hearty and pronounced support of every good citizen. It is for us to insist on a high license law that will reduce the saloon nuisance to a minimum. We are not to be deterred from our aim by the failure of Legislators or Executives at Albany. The united will of the great majority of the people will ride over Legislature and Governor, and put a Government in power at Albany that will do its duty to the long-suffering community. This is the task before us. The law is to be made that will strike down this impudent iniquity and save both the peace and the power of the city.

Meanwhile what law we have should be rigidly enforced, and the liquor men taught that they are not a privileged class to break the laws while the rest of us have to obey them. And here comes in

the utility of societies to prevent crime, and societies to enforce law. They can help the police watch these holes, and can prosecute offenders, or see that they are prosecuted. They can detect and expose all collusion between these places and the police, and they can bring before the public, from time to time, the facts which will make liquor-selling an uncomfortable business. Every respectable male citizen should be a member of such a society.

In a free country, where we are all sovereigns, such societies are a necessary outfilling of the scheme of a State or community. We make public servants, and then we watch and help them. The good ones like the helping and the bad ones hate the watching. The moment such societies are denounced or stopped we are in a despotism. Vigilance is the city's safety, and we are all of us by our Constitution made watch-dogs. Public officers, even when incorrupt, are sometimes lazy and careless, and we need to let them know that our eye is upon them in order to keep them wide awake. Many of our public officers are nothing but scamps, unprincipled ignorant scamps, and a little organized watching would have cleaned them out long ago.

I trust I have shown you the true remedy of our municipal evils in the divorce of State or general politics from city matters, the faithful attendance to the citizens' duties at the primaries and at the polls, the abolition of the liquor-saloon and the formation of law and order societies which shall be ready to detect, expose and punish the first act of official dishonesty or neglect. Public spirit—public spirit is what we want—public spirit in you lawyers, judges, merchants, tradesmen, mechanics, clergymen, physicians—public spirit in all of you, and then the filth will be washed away and the city will be clean and pure.

A NOTE FROM THE REV. DR. CROSBY TO JOSEPH COOK.

HERE I shall take the liberty of reading to you a most decisive note sent to me by one of the champions of New York law :

NO. 116 EAST NINETEENTH STREET, December 17, 1878.

DEAR SIR:— In response to your inquiries, the

results of a year's war for law-enforcement against groggeries, etc., have been :

1. Shaping and sharpening public opinion.
2. The vertebrating of officers and judges.
3. The snubbing of the insolent rum power.
4. The shutting up of the lewd theatres (two of them having been made examples of by us).
5. The closing of 1,739 groggeries, so that there are in New York City to-day 1,739 less than there were twelve months ago.
6. The laying bare of the source of the trouble ; the cause of difficulty in enforcing the law, to-wit : (a) Weakness of Judges inflicting the least penalties ; and (b) wickedness of Excise Commissioners licensing all the dens of infamy as "hotels."
7. The formation of a rallying centre for law and order.

These are the blessings which the Lord and \$4,000 have brought us in a year. In the same Lord, whether the dollars come or not, we trust for the next year.

Yours ever truly, HOWARD CROSBY.

God bless the Chancellor of New York University! [Applause.] If you would stand behind him you would reduce your thirty-five miles of grog-shops one-half.

IN THE CHURCH AT HOME AND ABROAD.

“FOR April, 1891, a paper by Dr. Howard Crosby on “Higher Education in New York,” one of the best things he ever wrote. It is an able plea for religious education.

“The first effort of a high university system of education in the city of New York (and probably the first in the United States) was made in the year 1829, when a few citizens of large thought (among whom were Albert Gallatin, Valentine Mott, M. D., and James Lenox) met to draw up a plan for a true university. At that time our highest education reached only to the beginning of a German Gymnasium. All beyond that had to be brought out by individual effort. The conference, beginning in 1829, resulted in the incorporation of the University of the City of New York in April, 1831, and students were entered in October, 1832. A brilliant corps of Professors formed the Faculty. Among them was the Rev. C. P. McIlvaine, afterward Episcopal Bishop of the diocese of Ohio, Henry Vethake the mathematician, Dr. John Torrey the prince of botanists, the Rev. Dr. Tap-

pan, the opponent of Edwards, Prof. Morse, of telegraph fame, Dr. Edward Robinson, the founder of modern Palestine research, Dr. George Bush the Hebraist, and Lorenzo Da Ponte, whose literary fame in Italy had been long celebrated. No institution in America had ever before collected such an array of talent, and the hopes of the founders were high for the future of the University. A marble building was erected on Washington Square for its use, and completed in 1835; a building without a rival at that time, for beauty and convenience, in the city of New York. Indeed, at this date, fifty-six years later, there are few edifices in the city that are more classic in their style or more impressive in their effect.

“But with this auspicious beginning the University proved a failure. It was born before its time. The public could not appreciate a University, nor were funds forthcoming for its support. Nor were there students offering for its high and extended courses.

“Accordingly it was obliged to contract itself to the ordinary dimensions of a college of that day; but it nursed its original idea, and as the community became better prepared for its manifestation, and as the means were obtained by it to that end,

it developed the University plan, and has to-day over a thousand students in its various schools of arts, science, law, medicine, engineering and pedagogy. Other colleges of the land, through the receipt of large donations of money, have been able to surpass the New York University in the apparatus of some of the departments, but in no institution has more faithful work been done, and none has a more hopeful future.

“ That which especially endears the University of the City of New York to Christian hearts, is its uniformly religious character from the start. Although it belongs to no particular denomination of Christians, it has always been marked by an atmosphere of Evangelical Christianity. Its original constitution provided that it should be a Christian institution, and that the evidences of Christianity should be regularly taught. And, as a fact, there has always been a direct influence exerted by instructors for the spiritual welfare of the students. Meetings of various kinds for religious worship and instruction have been held in the University all through the years of its existence, and in these members of the Faculty have been accustomed to meet the devout students and to lead their thoughts and devotions. The Word of God

has been honored, and the profoundest researches of science and philosophy have been shown to be in harmony with the divine revelation. A long list of prominent names in law, medicine, science and theology adorn its Alumni catalogue, and the works of its professors have received a world-wide fame. Its Prof. Morse first constructed the electric telegraph; its Prof. Draper first produced the human face on the daguerreotype plate; the younger Prof. Draper first photographed the moon, and the names of Da Ponte, Tappan, Torrey, Robinson, Lewis, Nordheimer, Loomis, Mott and Kent have high honor in both hemispheres.

“The great danger of the present age is that the higher education may be directed by men who virtually ignore God and eliminate all that is superhuman from the universe. The pride of the human heart is so intense that it would explain everything by second causes and escape the recognition of anything superior to itself. A material or (what amounts to the same thing) an agnostic philosophy thus prevails, and young men are tempted to think that it is something manly to scout religion as the superstition of barbarians. Professors in some colleges teach this superficial thinking as profound wisdom, and the inexperienced minds of

youth very naturally drink it in as quite comfortable to the tastes of the natural man. The material progress of the age and the prevailing worldliness of its practices help this godless teaching. Christian parents should be aware of this insidious poison that is prepared for their sons in some institutions of learning, and which much of the current literature of the day commends. It should be their care that their children be trained where God's Word is honored and Christianity is shown to be the highest philosophy. In a great city like New York there ought to be at least one institution of the highest learning which is safe from the influences of disguised infidelity, and which recognizes God devoutly in all its instructions. It is a false idea that young men in the crude and plastic condition of their minds should be cast into the crucible of speculative discussion. In such cases their passions and lower impulses will decide questions which only experience and calm judgment should determine. We need colleges to teach well-grounded truth and not to sow skepticism. The notion that the youth's mind must be a *tabula rasa*, and that the youth should write upon it his own choice of the truths or errors offered him is a false notion. Sin has by no means left his mind a

tabula rasa, but has thoroughly fitted it to receive the errors and to reject the truths.

“There is too great a readiness to divorce the higher education from religion, as if there were some antagonism between them. It is only falsehood which religion antagonizes. Where the higher education is true it is in perfect accord with the Christian faith. The more profound the learning, the better for Christianity. It is the cant of a false science and a false philosophy, a science and a philosophy fostered by the natural man, that religion is superstition and God’s Word a bundle of myths. Christians are to meet this broad but shallow tide of skepticism by rearing and sustaining (especially in our great cities) institutions of the higher education, founded in prayer and manned by godly professors. It is this which makes our Board of Aid for Colleges so important an agent in our Church’s work. It should receive tenfold its present support, for it represents the cry of the coming generations to save them from the blight of a sensuous and material philosophy unto God and His eternal truth.”

TWO HUNDRED NEW DOCTORS.

A GREAT CLASS IN MEDICINE.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK—THE LARGEST CLASS EVER GRADUATED IN THIS COUNTRY—
ADDRESS OF THE REV. DR. CROSBY.

THE thirty-eighth commencement of the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York was held last night in the Academy of Music, which was crowded with friends of the institution. The graduating class numbered 205, the largest ever known in this country. The address to graduates was made by Chancellor Howard Crosby.

ADDRESS OF THE REV. DR. CROSBY.

The address to the graduating class was then delivered by the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby. It was listened to with much attention and brought out

frequent applause. The following are the main features of the address :

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS : The same faculty who have counted you worthy to receive the degree of Dr. of Medicine have counted me worthy to address you with words of counsel on this occasion ; and if I respect their decision in the one case, I am obliged as a reasoning mortal to respect it in the other. You have no idea how much this bit of logic supports me in my present trying position ; when a man whose knowledge of medicine is a purely subjective one (and fragmentary at that) is called upon to advise those to whom medicine is the great objective, and who have made themselves familiar with the material man from the occipital to the metatarsals. Whenever I enter the medical college a new sense of my ignorance bursts painfully upon me, accompanied by a profound feeling of awe ; to conceal both of which I have to summon all my powers of hypocrisy, and to appear very knowing and perfectly at my ease. So I walk around the museum, and, delighted, examine the bottled diseases that ornament that instructive department, and if Dr. Darling is near, I drop a Latin phrase of admiration ; then I mount to the microscopic apparatus,

and put histological questions, whose answers, wholly indigestible, I nevertheless swallow with apparant gusto.

Now, when I have thus taken you into my confidence, what, I pray you, can I say to you that will either interest or influence you in the beginning of your practice? One thing is certain, I must get you away from the medical college. It will not do for me to utter a panegyric on the great medical names of the past, for though I might be safe with Hippocrates and Galen, (you are always safe with them, as you are with George Washington), I should surely get into trouble when I reached the times of Spurzheim and Hahnemann. I must lead you down, then, from the Olympian heights of medicine, into the academic groves of common sense.

The first I find is the terse adage : " A rolling stone gathers no moss," which I suppose may be also read : " an itinerant doctor gets no practice." There are souls in this world so impatient that they dodge their opportunities. Their opportunities come along and find them gone. If they had waited the tide would have turned or the wind would have blown from a different quarter. A professional man starting in life will be sorely

tempted to this restlessness. Wearily waiting for clients or patients, it is very natural to think : "This cannot be the spot. I ought to be in another part of the city or in another town," when it is the spot, only he isn't the man quite yet. He will be when he has become longer known to the neighborhood, when that acquaintance has ripened into confidence, and confidence into experience of his professional ability. Great names were once very small names, and large fortunes began with a dollar. Identify yourself with one place, and in due time you'll become as well known and well used as the penitentiary.

VALUE OF PROMPTNESS AND CHEERFULNESS.

My second gem is this : "The early bird catches the worms." I know malevolent wit has from this wholesome saw drawn an unhealthy conclusion about the stupidity of early worms. But it is with the early bird that catches them your moral lesson lies. The adage means promptness, and promptness means self denial, and self-denial is ugly. If you are ever ready on call, people will be ready with their calls. They always count the prompt doctor as the best doctor. They feel that he has

a personal interest in them, while their pride is wounded by the physician who appears to neglect their case. It may not be as we would like it to be, but nevertheless it is a fact, that moral qualities have more to do with success than scientific qualities.

My third jewel is from the Solomonian storehouse : " Pleasant words are health to the bones," which may be also read : " A doctor's cheerfulness is quite as good as his physic." For if you would have pleasant words come naturally and abundantly, they must well up from a cheerful heart. I wish some one of you would take the leisure of the next year, while you are waiting for patients, in studying the curative properties of cheerful manners in the sick room, and then publish your discoveries in a manual for the professors to use with their classes. I don't suppose you could do much with scarlet fever or small pox by using pleasant words ; but what a vast array there is of nervous diseases to which they would be like the breath of Spring and the oxygen of the mountain top. Men with long faces and fond of sighing should never become doctors. Medicines must sometimes be disagreeable but doctors should never. A physician's face should be like sunshine and his voice like

wedding bells. Who could get well with Polyphemus as physician and Medusa as nurse ?

NECESSITY OF ECONOMY IN TIME.

My fourth nugget is as old as Confucius, but it is pure gold, and so is as good now as ever it was. It runs this way : "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." Physicians may reduce œdemas, but they are not apt to be swells themselves. And it would be cruel to tell you to save up a thousand or so out of your first year's fees. No, I have have quoted the proverb for quite another purpose. It is of time, not money, I would use it. Your whole life is to be given to science, to one of the noblest departments of scientific research and activity. You are therefore to grow in scientific knowledge. But you'll have scraps of time, five minutes here, and a quarter of an hour there, coming along very tantalizingly, and these scraps are your very fortune. These are your time-pennies, which, if you take care of, will be pounds that take care of themselves. I knew an accomplished Latinist who got all his Latin by stealing it in this way, when, as an errand boy, he had to wait for answers. His

Horace or his Livy popped out of his breast-pocket while he stood in the hall, and when he ran back with the answer he carried two or three Romans in his head more than he had before.

My fifth specimen is a Latin one: "*Labor omnia vincit*," which in a free translation means "Industry wins the prize." You have two workshops—your office and your patient's bedside. Be very watchful of yourself when you are not at one or the other. You must avoid all switching off into "society," so-called, or into pecuniary speculations, or into light literature, or into professional slovenliness. Don't get the reputation of a doctor who got his full growth the day he was graduated. Keep abreast of medical progress. Take a good medical journal, even if you have to eat your bread without butter to pay the subscription. Seize every opportunity to increase your knowledge of remarkable cases, so that you will rise above the books, and have a judgment and power of your own. In short, be a telegraph in your quick perception and a steam engine in your activity, and you will laugh at and leap over every obstacle to success. You have entered on a course where laziness is a disgrace and would make you ashamed of yourself.

My sixth thought is also Latin: "Obsta principila," which good old Matthew Henry translates by an English proverb: "Nip mischief in the bud." Begin your medical career with a careful avoidance or abandonment of bad habits, especially such as would harm your standing in the esteem and regard of your patients. A man whose clothes are saturated with stale tobacco-smoke is not an agreeable visitor in a sick room. Nor is it reviving to a delicate organization to have stimulants applied through the physician's breath. Neatness in personal apparel and delicacy in manipulation may seem to be small matters, but I can assure you that their neglect may have a weighty influence toward failure.

TRUE AIM OF A PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

Let me now conclude by a few general sentiments. Yours is a profession and not a trade. Don't forget that. The object of a trade is to make money. The object of a profession is to bless mankind. The moment the making of money becomes the main idea of a professional man, he ought to have his uniform taken off and be drummed out of camp. Let the thought that you

are the world's benefactors sharpen your eyes in diagnosis and steady your hand in amputation. Let it come like a soothing breeze when you are flushed with the heat of disappointment. Let it draw the curtain of forgetfulness over that lost fee. Let it be butter to your bread and sauce to your pudding. Let it hide from your eyes the patch on your boots, and enable you afoot to meet with superb serenity the luxurious merchant rolling by in his cushioned chariot. He worked for that and won it. He deserves it. You worked for something better ; and from your high position chariots and livery, with dog-carts and their occupants thrown in, are too small to be seen. Remember, too, that you will have to mingle in close and confidential relations with men—men whose souls, even though their bodies came from monkeys, are going to live forever. For I cannot believe that any of you are so stupid as to confound mind and matter. Those men, I tell you, to whom you are going to administer quinine and ipecac are going to live forever, and so are you. So the acquaintance will be apt to be a long one. Wouldn't it be a good idea to make it a happy one? Wouldn't it be well to add to your transparent truthfulness in your dealings with these men, a constant recognition of

your and their relation to Him who formed these curious bodies, and gave us the wonderful power to study them? Nay, would you not in that recognition find the true incentive and support for truthfulness to others? It would be sad indeed if friendships and growing knowledge ceased with this short and brittle life of the body. Let, then, the higher life beyond this cheer you on in your successful way with its promise of still purer friendships and grander researches into truth; and all along your path, amid the changes of cloud and sunshine, up-hill and down-hill, let your hand confidently rest in the offered hand of God.

February 19, 1879.

DR. CROSBY TALKS TO HEBREWS OF ABRAHAM.

THE Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby gave a lecture on "Abraham" last night before the Young Men's Association of the Jewish Congregation Ahawath Chesed. A large audience filled the vestry rooms of the Jewish Temple, Fifty-fifth street and Lexington avenue, and heartily applauded Dr. Cros-

by's remarks. "The supreme virtue of Abraham," he said, "was faith ; faith in spiritual things. He was brave, dignified, patient ; but, above all, he was the friend of God. It was the Abraham's trust in the unseen which gave the Jewish Nation that splendid history which fills the world. There is a glorious future for the Children of Abraham. The promise given to the Father of Israel has not been fulfilled. But this future fame and glory will only come through a renewed devotion to that ideal which lead Abraham away from Mesopotamia to found a nation in an unknown and unfriendly land."

CHAPTER V.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[*From the New York "Observer."*]

HOWARD CROSBY.

EASTER SUNDAY, 1892.

One year in Heaven ! With the glory bright
Beyond the portals of the sky,
Made clear to him to whom the Lord of Light
Revealed the hidden mystery.

One year in Heaven ! All too short for him
To taste of life for evermore,
And yet how quickly do our eyes grow dim
Counting the long days o'er and o'er.

One year in Heaven ! Full of peace and joy,
While we are toiling here below,
He knows the happiness without alloy,
Which only God's redeemed can know.

One year in Heaven ! Loyal and sincere,
Sadly we miss him from our sight !
The world seems empty since he left us here,
Harder the battle we must fight.

One year in Heaven ! A new Easter day
Dawns softly on a world that sleeps.
How full of bliss that Easter far away,
Which with his risen Lord he keeps !

JULIA B. SCHAUFFLER.

FROM THE TENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE P. E. CHURCH TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

THE last session was held in the evening, and was well attended, Rt. Rev. Bishop Coleman presided, and gave an able address on "The Dual Basis" of the C. T. S., and by which it is distinguished from all other societies in the country. It defines "Use" and "Abuse," and elicited the short and pithy eulogium of the late Dr. Crosby: "It stands with one foot on the rock of the Gospel, and the other on the rock of Common Sense."

In the unavoidable absence of Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter the following letter was read from him :

“ Nov. 9, 1891.

“ MY DEAR MR. GRAHAM :

“ It is a matter of much regret to me that absence from the city will prevent my attendance upon the annual meeting of the Church Temperance Society. I had wished to hear of your year's work, and of the society's plans for the future ; but I must own that I had especially desired to give some expression to our sense of a loss in the death of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, which with me grows every day more keen.

“ You knew, as I did, Dr. Crosby's ready sympathy with every righteous cause, but you know, better than most of us, how much he prized the Church Temperance Society, and how courageously he espoused its cause. It cost him much criticism and some obloquy. But there never was a man more utterly indifferent to that sort of thing, while his generous sympathy with brethren parted from him, in other ways, by many differences, was a lesson to all of us. I shall always miss his keen, eager, and fearless personality, and the Church Temperance Society may, I think, wisely put upon record its tribute of respect for the memory of one

who served it so cheerfully and powerfully and whose resplendent example of dauntless devotion to duty is a precious heritage, as to every good cause, so pre-eminently to the cause of Christian Temperance.

“Believe me, dear Mr. Graham,

“Ever yours, faithfully,

“H. C. POTTER.

“ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq.”

FROM THE SAME REPORT.

In ✧ Memoriam.

THE Rev. Howard Crosby was a man among men; a citizen of whom New York might well be proud. He was a familiar figure on our platform. He stood there by right of work well done. His words were always brave and fearless. He saw eye to eye with us. We are glad to recognize the noble traits in the character of a minister of a church other than our own.

GOSPEL MISSION TO THE TOMBS.

THE services in connection with the inauguration of the Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor as president of the Gospel Mission to the Tombs, took place yesterday afternoon in the South Reformed Church, at Madison avenue and Thirty-eighth street. All the speakers referred to the high regard in which the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby was held as a man, and paid a graceful eulogy to his services as president of the mission. His death left the place vacant. The Rev. Dr. Roderick Terry, pastor of the church presided, and introduced the speakers. Dr. Taylor spoke briefly, saying he was impressed, not so much by the greatness of the work, as by its importance. He was moved to accept the place from his intimate acquaintance with and admiration for Dr. Crosby. There was a wide difference, he said, between succeeding to a place and filling it.

PROF. CROSBY'S LIFE OF JESUS.

A NEW work by Chancellor Howard Crosby, of the University of this city, entitled "Jesus: His Life and Work as narrated by the Four Evangelists," has just been published by the New York University Publishing Company.

In the preface to this *Life of Jesus* the author says: "Man's search into this truth must be a search into the great fact as given us, and not an independent appeal to consciousness or reason." This has been the guiding principle in the composition of the book. The writer has allowed no place for the ambitious display of his eminent abilities as a critical scholar of the New Testament Greek, or as a student of the voluminous German commentaries on the Gospels. He has given his readers a simple, literal transcript of the story of the four Evangelists, harmonizing them without violence, arranging the events in their most probable sequence, and adhering throughout to the most obvious meaning of the text.

He neither suggests nor attempts to explain away any difficulties in the story of the miraculous

birth of Christ ; he only tells the simple story of the angel's visit to Mary, of the vision of the shepherds, and the pilgrimage of the Magi.

The author always accompanies the incidents of the Gospel story by a description of the places where they occurred, and does it in the vivid and graphic manner of one who has himself visited the Holy Land.

He supposes the scene of the temptation to have been the wilderness of Sinai, and that Satan appeared in the guise of a veritable man, "probably as a holy man, who had been waiting for the Coming One, saluting Jesus with a gracious greeting to throw him off his guard," and urging him kindly to allay his hunger by turning the stones about him to bread ; Jesus refused, knowing that such was not the will of his Father. When the days of Christ's fasting are accomplished the "holy man" accompanies him on the journey out of the desert through the villages of Judea to Jerusalem, and there, mounting to the temple roof, Satan suggests to the Messiah that he could at once establish his divine origin by a leap to the ground among the crowds below, as such a feat would be accomplished without injury. Jesus rejects the appeal, without, however, perceiving the true character of his

companion. They thence proceed together to a mountain top, where "Satan uses his mighty power as a prince of the power of the air," and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, offering them all in return for an act of homage to himself. Now Jesus recognizes the fiend, and calls him by his name, "Get thee behind me Satan!"

Demoniacal possession the author regards as an unquestionable fact. In the case of the madmen of Gadara, for example, he presumes that they were actually possessed by at least two thousand devils, since these when cast out by the Lord entered into the bodies of that number of swine; adding that "if the name legion were to be literally used six thousand demons could make their home in one man's body."

The close adherence to the text and the clear and charming style in which the story is told combine to add to the charm of familiarity the interest also of novelty. One could wish that in quotations the very language of our translation were more closely followed. As, for instance, in the scene of the Last Supper, the author writes: "He who dips his morsel at the same time with me in the bowl of sauce, and to whom I give my dipped morsel."

The purpose of the work is said to be to promote the study of the Gospels, and we think no one can read it without being stimulated to read more carefully the text of the Evangelists, and to form a clearer conception of the reality of the people, and of the places and customs of which they tell us.

The work is printed on good paper and in large type, and illustrated with care and judgment, though it is be regretted that the woodcuts are not better executed. The frontispiece is an engraving of the head of Christ after a bust in marble by H. N. Kingsley, M. D., an amateur sculptor, one of Dr. Crosby's parishioners, who was led to do it by these discourses on the life and work of Jesus.

NOTICES OF SERMONS.

"SERMONS BY HOWARD CROSBY" (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) are a bit of Howard Crosby himself. They reflect his simple faith, his deep knowledge of things spiritual, his rugged honesty, and his wide sympathy with all that pertains to human life. In their classic simplicity and manly

tenderness they are a model for young preachers ; and with all their other merits they are also models of pure and idiomatic English. They are an appropriate memorial to a man of whom all Americans, whatever their religious affiliations, should be proud.—*N. Y. Tribune*, November 28th, 1891.

“Sermons, By Howard Crosby,” cloth, 247 pages, price \$1.75, (N. Y., A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) We are glad to get this modest little volume. Dear Dr. Crosby! How we loved him! Who could help but love him? We knew him as a boy, and a student, and a young man, and then as a minister and citizen. He was always a good companion and a genial friend. He was a true man and a thorough Christian. He was a theologian and a preacher. These sermons, prepared by him and delivered to his people, were not intended for the press, but they are worthy of publication and a large circulation. They are not only discourses, but full of juice and of the very best flavor. They are brief and practical, full of thought and calculated to please the mind and feed the soul. This book will, no doubt, have a

large sale.—*Christian Weekly*, December 12th, 1891.

Dr. R. S. McArthur, in his weekly letter to the *Christian Inquirer*, devotes the first part of it to a review of "Dr. Crosby's Sermons," published since his death. "At times, in reading this volume," the writer says, "one can almost hear Dr. Crosby's clear and manly voice ringing out his sentiments of faith in the Word of God, and his exhortations to men to obey its authority, and it is the pure heart of this noble man, which was sweetly imaged in his beautiful face, which throbs all through this volume."—*Christian Inquirer*, March, 1892.

"Sermons by Howard Crosby." In this volume there are twenty-two sermons, covering a wide range of subjects, and selected from those preached by the late Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., in the course of his regular ministry to his people at the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, of this city. It is stated that they are printed from the rapidly written original manuscripts, and re-

quired neither verbal correction nor revision to adapt them for publication. A careful reading of the volume fails to discover anything it were desirable to change. What a tribute is this to the clearness and precision of Dr. Crosby's thinking and his readiness of apt expression. No preacher has surpassed him in these respects, and perhaps it may be added, that in them comparatively few preachers have equalled him. Clearness of insight into the meaning of the Divine Word, a rare power of intense, logical and convincing expression, and an ability to felicitously lay under tribute a wide range of scholarship and reading for the illumination of truth, are conspicuous in these discourses. Associated at times with these is great descriptive power. But these descriptions of Dr. Crosby are *sui generis*. They are not wonderful pieces of word painting, but a massing together of suggestive incidents, which—as in description on pages 122-123—powerfully heighten the effect of the truth presented. This volume is a pleasing memento of Dr. Crosby's helpful pulpit ministrations, and many will rejoice to have a volume so characteristic as this is of the friend they have lost. (Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.)—*N. Y. Observer*, December 10th, 1891.

IN MEMORIAM—HOME MISSIONS.

TO KEEP in loving remembrance our beloved friends who have passed into the beyond, is the constant desire of those who linger here. We talk of the departed, we bring offerings of flowers in testimony of our undying affection. We carve their names in expensive granite, but more worthy of noble souls, and more enduring than these, are the living memorials which perpetuate influence in works of philanthropy and Christian education.

A memorial of this character, in harmony with the wide beneficence and the untiring labors of their honored pastor, Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., of New York, the ladies of the Home Missionary Society of that church purpose to dedicate to his memory. This memorial is to be a building which shall cover a school for Indian children, a teacher's house and chapel, to be located at Pelican Lake, sixty miles from Tower, in Northern Minnesota.

H. E. B.,

53 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

May 18, 1892.

[From the "University Magazine."]

REMINISCENCES of the DELTA PHI FRATERNITY.

BY REV. H. EDGAR PRATT, M. A., N. Y. U., 1892.

NEXT to these, let me here present another, who, though not one of the founders, came first among those initiated in the year of foundation—Howard Crosby: *venerabile nomen! Omni exceptione major.*

He was not only my classmate, but, by happy circumstances, my closest associate, if not the most intimate "friend of my early days." What "sweet counsel we took together," and "walked with each other," as brothers.

It chanced that we were near neighbors, his family residence being in Rutgers Place, then a fashionable vicinage, though few of the present generation can now locate it, and mine in Henry street, near Rutgers. Hence, we often walked together, returning home from the University in Washington Square, till it became customary to halt at my house, being nearer, and pass an hour or so discussing lessons. Crosby was proficient in Greek,

as was practically evidenced not long afterwards, by his appointment to the chair of that language (in his *Alma Mater*), as the successor of that eminent scholar, Prof. Tayler Lewis, LL. D.

On the other hand, his neighbor-colleague was somewhat readier in the Classics of Cicero and Horatius, and we were therefore able to exchange courtesies of aid in unravelling knotty points, and getting over difficult bridges, greatly facilitating our diurnal interviews with learned professors. It naturally followed that three or four years of such continuous association, such friendly mental communion, should result in helping us to know each other better than either one knew himself. Indeed, it was no surprise to me that Crosby, in later life, became so distinguished as "*Homo multarum literarum*."

His mental organization seemed an all-controlling, if not leviathan, power. It had been my expectation that his life, which appeared so capable of endurance, would have been prolonged to warrant his presence at the half-hundreth anniversary of his Chapter. That he should have been suddenly snatched from our midst within barely a twelve-month before that event, heightened the poignancy of our grief. For, otherwise, he would

surely have gladdened the hearts of his brothers at that rare convention, by his glowing words of welcome and of wisdom. As "*Primus inter pares*," he would, no doubt, have been then acknowledged by "*omnes fratres in concilio*." But the Divine Disposer of events had not so ordained, and we who remain, may justly bewail the loss of one of the brightest and purest spirits of our fraternity, who through so many years of his useful, graceful earthly sojourn, "allured to brighter worlds, then—led the way!"

I think it would not be vain assumption to maintain that the City of New York had never a citizen who was more disinterestedly devoted to its welfare than Dr. Howard Crosby. From the earliest manhood—excepting a brief professional experience in Rutgers' College, he had worked hard and faithfully in its best interests. While fulfilling the duties of his office, in New Brunswick, at the college which, I believe, took its name from his maternal grandfather, Colonel Rutgers, he passed through the course of Theology, which enabled him to be appointed a minister of the Reformed Dutch Church, in which capacity he rendered much acceptable service.

But, ere long it was evinced that his abilities

demanding a wider field of usefulness than he had yet known, when he was called to be pastor, in his own "city of no mean renown," of the important Presbyterian Church on Fourth Avenue. Not long after he was elected to the vacant Executive Chair of the "University of the City of New York." The cry was, still, "*Come Up!*" It came from his "Alma Mater," which, while yet quite young—as we have noted—had made him a member of its Faculty. Now, it was that as Chancellor and Pastor, in these two distinct offices at once, he gave many years of inestimable labors till—"not too soon for human nature's good"—he wisely relinquished the collegiate dignity.

For the remaining term of his ever-active life he was occupied in the manifold exercise of untiring energies in behalf of his fellow-creatures, as well as in pastoral ministrations to all in need, and other beneficences without number, until the *last call* came, "Come up higher!" And he accepted, with "all his armor on!"

The life of brother Crosby was a continued exhibition of good words and deeds in behalf of those among whom his lot was cast. As a star of the first magnitude, Delta Phi may be justly proud to point to him as one who cast bright effulgence

upon the Order. Distinguished in every capacity—a model pupil, professor, pastor, president, philanthropist, patriot, “philosopher and friend”—his memory should be revered as one of the best and foremost of illustrious citizens who (“through the ages all along”) have adorned this metropolis. If he ever made any enemies (and what great men do not?) they were such as could cause him no sorrow, because of his consciousness of rectitude. His heart was big enough to love them all. Pre-eminently he possessed what Horace termed, “*Mens conscia sibi recti*,” as well as “*Mens sana in corpore sano*.”

So recent was his earthly existence in our midst, and so patent to all his efforts towards the betterment of humanity that there is no need to dilate on the theme, though it would be an easy task to cover many pages more—did space allow—of eulogy, “*In Memoriam*.” * * “A Christian is God Almighty’s gentleman!” If this definition be just and true, it fits Crosby well!

It is quite apposite—in this connection—to note the repetition, in the chronicles of our Fraternity, of no less than seven possessing this surname, of whom we would especially mark that of his son, the Hon. Earnest Howard Crosby. He was ad-

mitted to our *Gamma* Chapter in '72, and to the *Delta* (Col. Coll.) in '76. While yet in early manhood, he served with distinction as representative in our Legislature. By the present national administration, he has been intrusted with an important judicial mission in Egypt, where, we doubt not, he will fulfill the expectations of his brothers of the Delta Phi, as well as of all his father's old friends.

HOWARD CROSBY.

ONE year ago to-day the spirit of Dr. Crosby departed from this world. How sad we felt when, anticipating the worst, we saw his death announced in the daily news! No one present at his funeral will ever forget the awful solemnity of the scene when the casket containing his body was carried up the aisle and placed before the pulpit from which he had so often preached the glorious Gospel. We looked for the last time upon his handsome features, sorrowing that we should see

his face no more. We had so long associated life and energy in highest degree with his frame, that it seemed difficult to realize the truth that both had departed from it forever.

We miss him in the writings which he gave so abundantly to the press; we feel the vacancy made in the ministers' meeting—in fact, as Dr. Martyn pithily predicted, New York is lonesome without him.

The affection of our hearts prompts us to lay a flower on his grave to-day. In student days, when we sat at his feet studying Greek, we admired his tremendous energy and great earnestness. When he left Rutgers to become a New York pastor, we followed him with our sympathies. His growing influence delighted our pride in him. We indulged the pleasing thought that, as once our teacher, we had a kind of ownership in him.

Now that he is gone, earth indeed is poorer. We ask, where has that active spirit been the past year? What has it seen? What are its attainments? Now it delights in the higher knowledge and purer love of the better land!

It may interest many of the old students of Rutgers if we state that a tablet of white marble has recently been placed upon the wall

of the Fourth Avenue Church, which reads as follows:

In Memory of Howard Crosby, D.D., LL.D.

The fourth pastor of this church.

1863-1891.

A learned, courageous, patriotic and godly man,
he was greatly beloved.

He shunned not to declare the whole counsel
of God.

Born February 27, 1826.

Rested March 29, 1891.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great
man fallen this day in Israel?" II Sam. 3: 38.

Only those who knew the departed can apprehend how fully he merited the above tribute to his worth. Every word is full of significance, because so just.

N. I. M. B.

CLOVERHILL N. J., March 29, 1892.

[From the "New York Tribune," 1892.]

A RESOLUTION CONCURRING IN THE LAST GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S DELIVERANCE.

THE New York Presbytery held an adjourned meeting yesterday. After it was called to order by the Moderator, the Rev. Dr. John C. Bliss, in the chapel of the University Place Church, the examination of candidates for licensure in the Presbyterian Church was named as the order of the day. There were more members of the Presbytery present than was expected, and some twenty-five of the students of Union Theological Seminary were present as visitors. When the examination had been in progress about an hour, Dr. Bliss called upon Dr. Alexander to moderate the meeting. Soon after this the Rev. John C. Nightingale, who was elected as an alternate commissioner the day before, asked permission to present a resolution, at the same time moving that it be ordered to be placed on the docket for consideration at the May meeting, and that a printed copy be sent to each member of the Presbytery before

that time. The resolution omitting the test of the deliverance noted, was as follows : * * *

Resolved, That this Presbytery heartily concurs in each of the above deliverances, as reaffirmed by the General Assembly of 1891.

The second deliverance, adopted four years ago in Philadelphia, was written by Dr. Howard Crosby, and is as follows :

4. We are constrained also to make another suggestion, which will not be taken amiss by the right-minded. It is doubtless necessary that heretical views should be made known to the students of theology, and that heretical authors should be quoted ; but care should be taken that these heresies should not be presented in more attractive form than the truth, and that these authors should not be commended and their works urged upon the students' reading. Emphasis should be laid upon the truth as against such heresies and heretics, and errors should be exposed and denounced with earnestness and zeal.

There is to-day a vast amount of infidel and semi-infidel writings by professional commentators on the Holy Scriptures and on Scripture history, especially in Germany. These make light of God's Word, and treat the sacred volume as a

mass of rubbish. Only commendation of such writers should be heard from a seminary professor, whatever may be the secular learning of the infidel authors or their rationalistic imitators.

It is not wise nor righteous dealing with young candidates for the Gospel ministry to commend this poison to their minds, when they have no antidote to save them from its insidious action. Truth must be emphasized, and all falsehood unsparingly condemned. Excuse or apology for these errors, or any mitigation of their heinousness coming from a professor, is tantamount to approval in the practical effect upon a young student. The professor, armed in his own mind with all the answers to the arguments of error, must not make himself stand a standard for the student, to whom these arguments appear conclusive. What is perfectly safe to the professor may be of the utmost danger to the student.

We insist upon it that the truth, as given in the Bible and the Confession of Faith, should be the truth taught in our seminaries. We make these suggestions unhesitatingly, because it is the duty of the General Assembly to watch over its theological seminaries, and to give them such advice as may seem useful and appropriate, and we know well the

special dangers which now press upon the Church of Christ from worldliness and from learned infidelity. In our seminaries, as spiritual arsenals, must the proper armor be furnished against these foes of our Lord and His Church, and to our faithful brethren laboring in these schools of the prophets the General Assembly confidently looks for the needed supply. (See "Minutes," 1888, pp. 89, 90.)

CHRIST.

FOR ages, in the shades of blackest night,
Enrobed in mourning for the sin of man,
The Earth had sat—no bright and cheering ray
Had lit the erring world, once innocent,
Save meteor-lights that shot through Judah's skies,
Yielding faint hopes of the returning day,
Which, van'shing, only left the night more drear.
But now back rush the thick black ranks of cloud—
Frighted, the darkness flies, while o'er the hills
Arises, in unequall'd majesty,
—Transporting sight !—the Sun of Righteousness.
Nations arous'd, leap from their lethargy,
Ecstatic, sing aloud with holy joy,—
The distant worlds take up th' inspiring strain,

And echoing angels catch the rapt'rous song,
Unceasing all thro' all eternity.

* * * * *

The mid-days sun pour'd down its scorching rays
With cloudless splendor on Gennesaret,
And by reflection from the water's face
Made doubly hot the summer's atmosphere
Some fishing boats were moor'd along the shore—
The crew employ'd, a few in casting nets,
But most to avoid the burning heat of day,
Beneath the awnings in their little barks,
Repairing all their implements ; and some
Were letting pass the time in idle talk
Or simple merriment. While thus engag'd,
A stranger's form draws near along the beach.
They stop to gaze. He comes—and as he comes,
Cries out to them, “ If ye would fish for men,
Then follow me.” Struck with the Stranger's mien,
All wonder, and *some* leave their well-worn nets,
Obedient to the call, and follow him.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Bow down, O earth ! and, cloth'd in sackcloth, weep ;
Ye sun and moon, and countless orbs of light.
Who makes your distant journies thro' the skies,
Raise sounds of lamentations as ye go,—
Ye hosts angelic, messengers of love,

Lift up *your* holy voices, loudly mourn,
 For—awful mystery !—the Holy One
 Kneels, spirit-stricken, in Gethsemane—
 And now hangs bleeding from th' accursed tree,
 The sport of wretched worms !—Yet now rejoice !
 He lives ! he lives ! forth from the lowly tomb
 He comes, triumphant over death and hell,
 The Son of God.—Oh ! shout ye cherubim,
 For man is saved by Jesus' godlike death,
 'Tis he, who humble at Gennesaret
 Was friend to fishermen, who now above
 All pow'rs in earth or heaven is uprais'd,
 And sits in glory, sov'reign Lord of all !

* * * * *

Long centuries have past—chang'd and rechang'd
 Have been the world's inhabitants, tho' earth
 Is still herself the same. Jerusalem
 Still sits by Kedron's stream, and Calvary
 Stands, as in days of yore—but far away
 Beyond the seas, through many a distant land,
 What mean those solemn chimes and holy sounds,
 That rise in pleasing harmony to heav'n ;
 And those assembled multitudes, with whom
 Faith, Hope and Love, blest three ! delight to dwell ?
 Ask of Gethsemane ! for he, who there
 Was seen o'erwhelm'd in sorrow's stormy waves,
 And who before had call'd the fishermen,
 From that small seed has rear'd this giant tree ;

For not the sons of Zebedee alone,
But families and nations, nay, a world,
Have heard the stranger's mild, persuasive call,
And, leaving all beside, have follow'd him.

H. C., 1845.

THE SABBATH.

I

I LOVE the Sabbath dearly,
God's presentation day ;
When the Subjects of his kingdom,
Approach his throne to pray.

2

God's ear is *ever* open,
To hear the suppliant's prayer,
But on the holy Sabbath,
United they draw near.

3

Then the angels in their glory,
Surround the solemn throng,
And upward through their army,
Ascends the prayer and song.

4

The cherubim exulting,
Attend upon their king,
While men redeem'd, together,
His praise in transport sing.

5

Then the ministers of Jesus
Expound the sacred word,
And the notes of love and mercy,
Are from their voices heard.

6

They tell the wounded spirit
There is a precious balm,
And they show the weeping sinner
The sin-atonement Lamb.

7

O how I love thy hours
Thou Holy Sabbath day,
Bright vestibule of heaven
Where christians love to pray.

8

The saint, when comes the Sabbath,
He presses near the throne,
And by his courtly garment
The praying saint is known.

9

But from that throne of glory
The sinner turns away,
O why thus spurn the blessing,
Of God's reception day.

10

This life shall soon be ended,
This earth shall pass away,
Then comes in dazzling splendor
Th' eternal Sabbath day.

11

Forever in the presence,
Of God, their Holy King ;
With gladsome hearts and voices,
The saints shall loudly sing.

12

While cherubim and seraphim
Shall swell the inspiring lay,
O who can tell the rapture,
Of that bless'd Sabbath day.

13

Thus happy are the righteous,
But sinners, where are they ?
They're gone to Satan's Kingdom,
To spend their Sabbath day.

[*"From the Christian Intelligencer."*]

THE SOUL-SAIL.

WITH buoyant heart I launch my bark,
And spread my canvas to the breeze ;
I love alike the light and dark,
The placid wave and stormy seas.
I tread my deck without a fear,
Secure upon my floating realm ;
I tremble not when rocks are near—
I have my Saviour at the helm !

When softest zephyrs breathe their lays,
And ocean sleepeth calm and fair,
I gaze upon its quiet face,
And see the sky reflected there—
The glorious sky, my Father's home—
The spirit-land I love so well,
Where golden-winged angels roam,
And where, hereafter, I shall dwell.

And when the hoary-headed waves
And roaring tempests shake my craft,
Opening a thousand wat'ry graves,
Wherein my brittle boat to waft,
My eye of faith is rais'd on high,
And thro' the elemental wars
It pierceth to the joyous sky,
And seeth there the smiling stars.

Whatever be the wind and tide,
 Whatever be the dangers near,
 In safety on my way I ride,
 While God-sent hope preventeth fear.
 In joy I cry " My little bark
 No sea shall ever overwhelm ;
 I sail alike thro' light and dark—
I have my Saviour at the helm !"

H. C., October 28, 1849.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A LEISURE hour ! not an oasis,
 For life is not a desert, with its heat
 And wildness dreary and monotonous,
 That dulls the pilgrim's soul, and burns his feet,
 Presenting nought or sweet or glorious,
 Save hope of rest at last in cool retreat ;
 Life is not such to me—a joyous path
 In this kind curious world my spirit hath.

A leisure hour ! not the honey'd sleep
 That followeth the weary day of toil,
 And o'er the prostrate stealthily doth creep
 As creeps the sun's still warmth o'er morning soil—
 That in Lethean streamlets loves to steep
 Him that has bath'd where turbid waters boil ;
 Life has no toil for me. Whose eyes are pure
 Can see no toil, where Heaven saith, " Endure."

A leisure hour ! not the tempests lull,
That speaketh to the mariner of rest—
That calleth down the hardy-winged gull
To hover nearer to his billowy nest,
And seeketh from the cloudy fields to cull
Some flowers of sunshine for the ocean's breast ;
Life hath no storms for me—its heaven-sent rain
Is not to ruin, but to rear, the grain.

A leisure hour ! See the country boy,
Who leaves the rural hamlet of his birth,
And, with a spirit full of new-born joy,
Beholds the glories of the shining earth ;
His every glance presents another toy,
'Till, bursting with the fulness of his mirth,
He shuts awhile his wond'ring happy eyes,
To open them again in new surprise.

Such is my leisure hour ! a time to breathe,
When from the world's bright cup I take my lips,
That cup 'round which my Saviour loves to wreath
His loveliest smiles. Oh ! happy he who sips
From chalice that around, above, beneath,
Is grav'd by God—his sun knows no eclipse :
I take my lips away—but 'tis for breath
To drink again—and drink again till death !

H. C., 1847.

THE SOWER.

Matt, xiii, 3-8.

THE Christian sower bears the precious seed,
 And, in the service of his heavenly Lord,
 Casts it, in spite of rock, or thorn, or weed,
 Upon the barren soil or verdant sward ;
 Upon the mountain or the lowly mead,
 Hoping to reap for Christ a rich reward.
 Sower ! not vain thy hope, thy zealous care ;
 Thy crop is rich, tho' mix'd with many a tare.

The way-side beaten by the traveller's foot,
 Is sorry home for so divine a guest ;
 The holy seed can never there take root—
 It finds no welcome in its hardened breast ;
 It dies—or hungry birds attracted to 't,
 Devour all before it findeth rest.
 So in some souls the gospel never lives—
 The devil taketh what the Bible gives.

Some seed is scatter'd where the rugged rock
 Is mask'd with scantiness of soil—and *there*
 It shooteth forth, a green and sudden stock,
 With goodly leaves, that promise wondrous fair ;
 But, when the noonday rays its greenness shock,
 It, withering, dies—the *rootless never bear*.
 Some hear the word and loudly they rejoice,
 Till persecution stop their fickle voice.

Among the briar-thickets some is cast ;
 They grow awhile, but with a feeble growth ;
 No victims to the heat, or bird's repast,
 Or to the tempest, when it fiercely blow'th ;
 But root and stem decay and die at last,
 The pressing thorns beset and choke them both.
 The cares of earth and Mammon's hidden spare
 Destroy the Word, and hope becomes despair.

Not all so die ; thank God ! the fertile mould
 Receives the sower's gift—the nourish'd grain
 Its root and stalk and leaf begins t' unfold,
 And careth not for sun, or thorn, or rain,
 Its loaded ears the precious produce hold—
 Sower ! I said thou hadst not toil'd in vain.
 Oh ! blessed he who with an humble faith
 Receiveth gladly what his Saviour saith !

H. C., 1848.

ON RECEIVING SOME FLOWERS.

THE *seen*—Heaven's love adapted to our eyes,—
 The deep *unseen* of God that touches ours,—
 These two your lovely gift doth symbolize,
 The *beauty* and the *perfume* of the flowers.

H. C., December 26, 1887.

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA.

LAST PIECE WRITTEN BY DR. CROSBY.

I DOUBT no more—the life was wonderful,
And yet I said He was a carpenter.
His fame was great in His own Galilee,
But learned scribes explained the mystery.
Of lepers cleansed and cripples leaping high,
Tracing the source of all to Beelzebub ;
And so I crushed my rising faith—besides
How could a prophet abrogate the law,
Tear down the Sabbath, hedge and devastate,
The holy garden of our heritage,
Pronouncing woes upon the sacred guides ;
The nation honored ? Surely all His word
That seemed to fascinate the multitude,
Was but the guile of genius. Thus I thought,
And yet the streams was eddied oft by doubt,
Striking resisting proof a thousand times,
As word and work were told my listening ear ;
Prompted by fear of scorn from reverend men,
I bade my soul be still, conservative,
And so repel the rising heresy ;
Nor would I see the noted Nazarene,
Lest by his sleight my heart might be subdued ;

And yet when in the august Sanhedrim
The scoff and curse were launched upon his name,
I shrank from joining in the guttural spite
As if his name were on me—why was this ?
I feared his power for ill, but could not hate,
Nor frame the words of hatred with my tongue,
The very violence of the Sanhedrim
Opened the channels of my adverse thought,
Set me to ponder on the prophecies,
And look for light from darkened Zebulon,
So, restless, while I tried to be composed,
Three years I plied my oars against the tide
Of strong convictions issuing from the Word,
Wearied with effort, weak, uncertain sad,
I was almost abandoned to despair,
When in my loneliness I heard the cry
“ The Galilean prophet has been seized,
Jerusalem will slay the hypocrite ! ”
Instant I sped as wing'd and reached the gate
As from it surged a wild tumultuous crowd
Of men and women, soldiers clad in steel,
Priests, scribes and citizens of every sort,—
And in the midst a bruised but manly form
Going to death—the cross behind Him showed,
I knew at once it was the Nazarene
Whom I had shunned so carefully before,
I joined the mob, and there at Golgotha
I saw the victim raised upon the wood:
Heaven's love and dignity were in His face ;
I heard the words of grace and tenderness :

I saw the gathered darkness o'er the scene ;
I felt the shaking of the troubled earth,
And all my doubts were gone.

And now I go
To seek from Roman power a privilege
Greater than Cæsar owns—to place within
My own new tomb the body of the dead,
The Nazarene, henceforth my living Lord.

HOWARD CROSBY.

PINE HILL, July, 1890.

MY HOPE.

BEFORE the great white throne on high
With all its holy brilliancy,
Known and belov'd of Heav'n am I
Because the Saviour stands for me.

He gave me life and made me his—
He called me by his own blest name,—
And where his home eternal is
For me his own becomes the same.

'Tis this—when fetter'd by my sin,
Restores my soul and sets me free ;
It's now no longer what I've been,
But that the Saviour stands for me.

'Tis this when restless under pain,
Feeling how weak and frail I be,
That brings me to my hope again—
The loving Saviour stands for me.

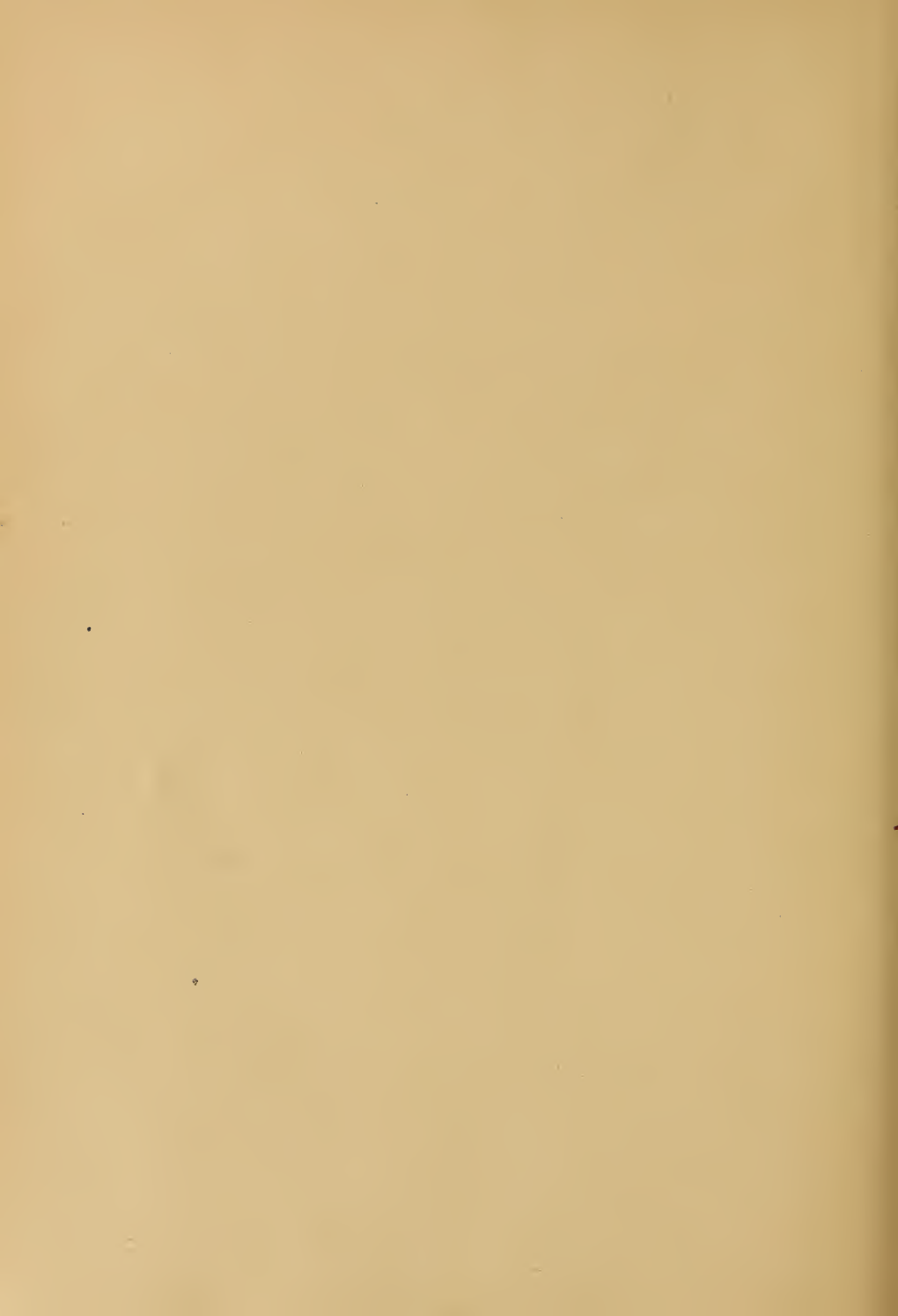
Earth's day soon past—Heaven's doors are lift—
The King of Glory's name, the key,—
Within the pearly gates I drift
Because my Saviour stands for me.

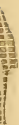
HOWARD CROSBY, October, 1888.

H. C.

GONE to his Saviour, gone to the blessed home,
Towards which his weary eyes were often drawn
When midst the cares of earthly strife,
He longed to pass away to cloudless life.—
Gone, and the scenes which knew him all so well,
May no more feel his presence magic spell,
The church, the platform, nor the hall,
Shall hear again his bold and fearless call
To fight the evil, or disseminate the good !
And we who knew him in his gentler mood,
Who saw his sweet unselfish life at home
For *there* his many virtues brightest shone,
How drear and lone our future here will be,
Without his radiant smile, ah ! that we shall not see,
Until like him we have “the victory won,”
And meet in glory round the Saviour’s throne.

M. C.





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